

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS

"*Myths and Legends of Maoriland* is notable for the generous way in which it has been illustrated and the straightforward, simple, yet lively, manner in which the stories have been told."—*National Education*.

"The tales have variety, vigour, and colour."—*N.Z. Listener*.

"Literature on Maori people enriched by latest publication: A valuable contribution to literature on the Maori people and the old legends and myths associated with so many place-names and well-known geographical points in New Zealand. . . . A beautifully bound and illustrated volume capturing the spirit of Maori folklore in its most romantic setting."—*The Dominion*.

"I cannot say when I have been so impressed on first opening a book for review. Over and over the illustrations I went until I had discovered the delight of the 50 full page drawings in black and white and the four colour plates. They do not, however, over-ride the author's story-telling capabilities. My personal thanks are due to the author for his excellent work in this book."—*Newsview*.

"Mr. Reed has written a book which will become a classic among literature on the Maori race."—*The Standard*.

"The tales recounted by Mr. Reed will interest young and old readers; they are doubly valuable because they are interwoven with Maori history—a romantic and thrilling story in itself."—*The Melbourne Age*.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

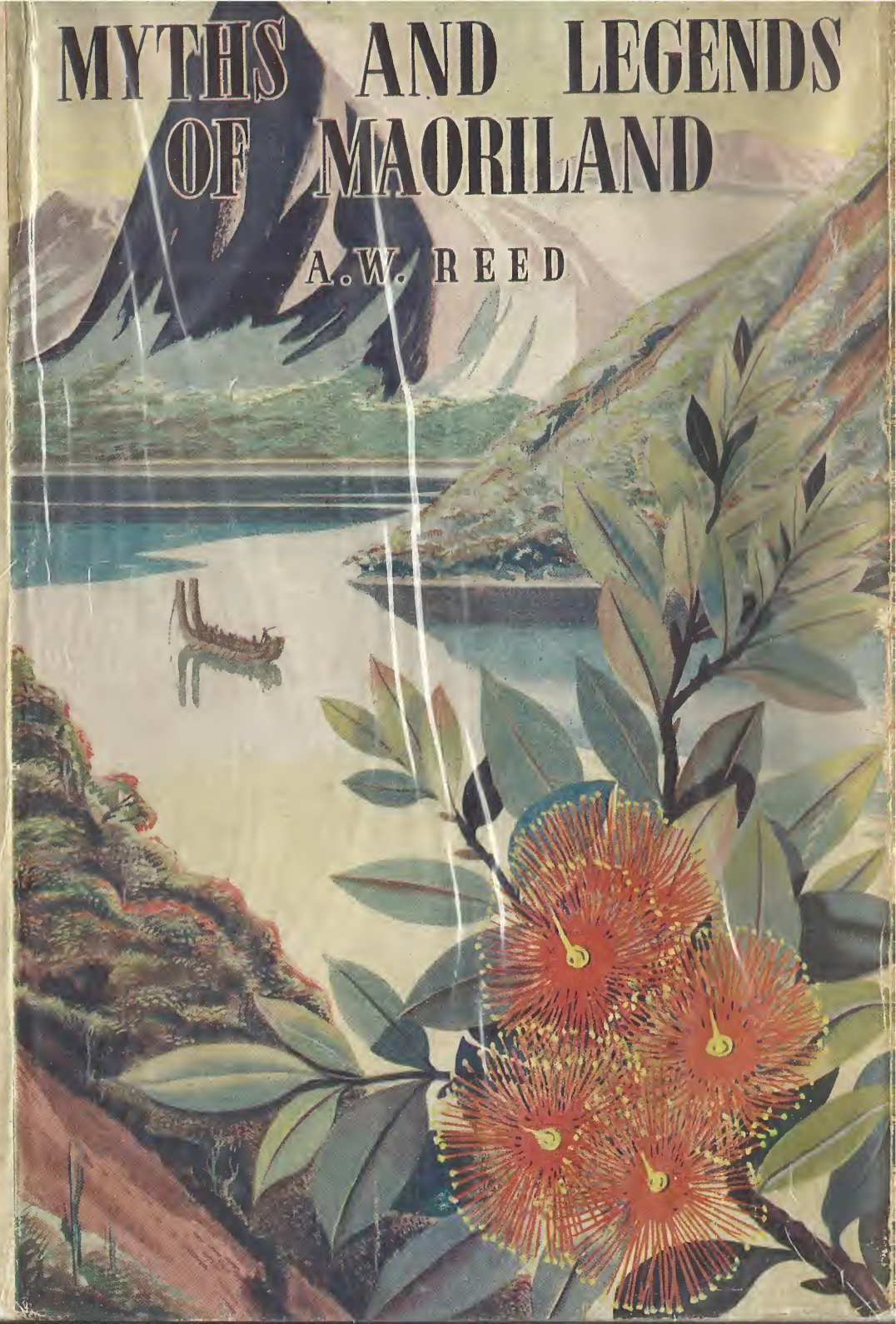
A. W. REED



REED

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

A.W. REED



GOOD BOOKS ABOUT NEW ZEALAND

THE STORY OF NEW ZEALAND. By A. H. Reed. This magnificent volume has been welcomed as the first simple, comprehensive history of New Zealand. It reads like a fascinating story from cover to cover and is profusely illustrated. Second edition. 20/-.

NEW ZEALAND BIRD-LIFE. By E. G. Turbott. A magnificent volume of articles and illustrations of New Zealand birds. Four plates in full colour and over 40 half-tone plates. 15/-.

THE GARDEN OF TANE. By Mona Gordon. The Garden of Tane, the god of nature, is the forest of New Zealand. This fascinating book tells all about our heritage of bird and bush. Profusely illustrated, with frontispiece in full colour. 15/-.

BIRD WATCHING. By Mollie Miller Atkinson. A fascinating book, telling of actual experiences in bird-watching, fully illustrated in line, and with 12 full-page colour plates by the author. 14/6.

FARTHEST EAST. By A. H. Reed. This is an unusual book, written in a quiet, intimate style and tells of a walking tour spent by the author in his seventieth year far from the beaten track round the East Cape of the North Island. The account is enriched with daily adventures and fascinating references to the early history of the district. Illustrated in line and half-tone. 12/6.

Continued on back flap

GOOD BOOKS ABOUT NEW ZEALAND—

Continued from front flap

FARTHEST NORTH. By A. H. Reed. A continuation of the author's travels, this time in the little-known farthest north of the North Island. 7/6.

GREAT BARRIER—ISLAND OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY. By A. H. Reed. A description and full account of this yachtsman's paradise of New Zealand. 6/-.

TALES OF THE MAORI BORDER. The latest collection of stories by James Cowan. Published in a cheap edition to introduce his work to an even wider circle of readers. Illustrated. 2/6.

RICHARD BIRD. By Mollie Miller Atkinson. A lovely book for children, telling how Richard Bird went to a party in the bush. Illustrated in colour and black and white. Second edition. 6/-.

Published by

A. H. and A. W. REED

182 Wakefield Street,
Wellington, New Zealand.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

HINEMOA

Sanguine drawing by George Woods



HINEMOA

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

By
A. W. REED

Illustrated by
George Woods and W. Dittmer



New Zealand
A. H. and A. W. REED
Wellington

First Edition 1946

Reprinted 1947

TO MY MOTHER

Wholly set up and printed in New Zealand
by Wright and Carman Ltd., Wellington,
for A. H. and A. W. Reed,
Publishers,
182 Wakefield Street, Wellington.

LIST OF CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>		<i>Page</i>
	FOREWORD	9
1	HEAVEN AND EARTH	13
2	THE BATTLE OF THE FISHES	28
3	MATAORA AND NIWAREKA IN THE UNDER- WORLD	32
4	MAUI THE HALF-GOD	41
5	TAWHAKI THE BOLD	70
6	RUPE THE KIND BROTHER	86
7	RATA THE WANDERER	91
8	UENUKU AND THE MIST GIRL	100
9	TINIRAU AND THE WHALE	106
10	THE COMING OF THE MAORI	112
11	WOODEN HEAD	134
12	YOUNG HATUPATU	141
13	HINEMOA AND TUTANEKAI	157
14	THE FAIRY PEOPLE RUARANGI AND THE TUREHU HOW MEN LEARNED THE ART OF CARVING	166 170
15	KAHUKURA AND THE FAIRY FISHERMEN	173

LIST OF CONTENTS *continued*

<i>Chapter</i>		<i>Page</i>
16	PEHA AND THE GOBLINS	181
17	LITTLE STORIES OF THE MOON AND STARS	
	RONA AND THE MOON	186
	THE LITTLE EYES	189
	THE SHINING ONES WHO FALL FROM THEIR PLACES	190
	SHINING LIGHTS OF THE SOUTH	191
18	LITTLE STORIES ABOUT BIRDS	
	THE GREAT BIRD OF RUAKAPANGA	193
	POU AND THE GREAT BIRD	194
	HOKIOI AND THE HAWK	198
	POPOIA THE OWL	200
	MIROMIRO THE TOMTIT	201
	WHAT KAKA STOLE FROM KAKARIKI	203
	KAWAU AND THE TIDE RIPS	204
19	LITTLE STORIES ABOUT INSECTS	
	THE ANT AND THE CICADA	207
	THE MOSQUITO AND THE SANDFLY	208
20	LITTLE STORIES OF GIANTS, FLYING MEN AND WALKING MOUNTAINS	
	THE FLYING TANIWHA	212
	MATAU THE GIANT OF WAKATIPU	215
	THE GIANT AND THE WHALE	217
	RESTLESS MOUNTAINS	218
21	LITTLE STORIES OF TANIWHA	
	THE LIZARD TANIWHA	221
	THE TANIWHA OF WAI-KARE-MOANA	225
	THE PET TANIWHA	226
	BIBLIOGRAPHY	231
	MAORI WORDS AND THEIR MEANING	232

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

COLOUR PLATES

Hinemoa	Frontispiece
Tangaroa and the Fishes	Facing page 34
The Throat of the Sea-monster	” ” 108
Ngatoro Surveys the Country	” ” 124

BLACK AND WHITE PLATES

	<i>Page</i>
The Sky-father and the Earth-mother	12
Swiftly Tane fashioned the trees	16
Tane visits the home of the stars	18
The Battle of the Wind and Sea Gods	21
The star-spangled mantle of Rangi	23
The Battle of the Birds	25
The booming of the waves on the shore	29
The tap-tapping chisel crept slowly across his face	37
It was Maui the unwanted who had been thrown into the sea	42
Maui and the sacred fish-hook	49
Each day the Sungod rose with a bound	51
They pulled the ropes which had settled round the Sungod	53
The shadowy land where the fire-goddess lived	56
Maui's hook had caught in the house of Tonganui	61
The canoe was paddled back to the land	67
The Fish of Maui	69
He called on the gods to release the floods of heaven	73

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS *continued*

Tawhaki climbed up towards the sky	81
The young men tried to snare the pigeon	89
Matuku turned into a bittern	93
The edge of the greenstone bit into the hard wood	95
The cloud wreathed itself round her as she drifted away	103
Kae clung to the back of the whale	110
Map showing early Maori voyages	113
The first sight of the new land	116
Farewell to Hawaiki	121
The sacred posts set up in the new land	123
"Majestic mountains, rough-hewn in ages past"	126
"Rippling creek in bush-clad gully steep"	129
Kauri trees—tall sentinels of the forest	132
The wooden head was silent	139
Hatupatu struck down the witch's birds	147
Hatupatu dived into the lake	151
The little waves struck cruelly against her face	161
The half-man seemed enormous in the dim light	169
The leaping place of the spirits	174
Fairy canoes were gliding on the water	177
The head accompanied him, leaping from tree to tree	183
The Moon-god carried Rona up into the sky	187
Tama heard the beating of mighty wings	197
Kuku, bellbird, tui and kiwi	199
Friendly fantails	202
Seagull and kaka	205
Slap went his great hand	209
The monster hurled itself at its tormentor	213
The angry mountains	219
The walls of the whare were ablaze	223
Teller of tales	229

FOREWORD

A GLANCE through the pages of this book will reveal its intention of providing a reasonably comprehensive collection of Maori myths and legends. Many books have been published on this subject, but a number of them are of interest only to the student, and others are out of print. Sir George Grey has enriched our knowledge with his *Polynesian Mythology*, collected from the Maoris during his term of office as Governor of New Zealand, and this work must provide the foundation of any popular collection of Maori legends.

Myths and Legends of Maoriland is obviously not intended for the student, nor will anything new be found in its pages. It is an attempt to put into simple form the more popular stories which entertained the old-time Maori. If it fails in its purpose, it will not be the fault of the old legends; yet it must be admitted that they present their difficulties. Maori and Pakeha do not think alike, and the neolithic man is far removed from the sophisticated adult of the twentieth century, though perhaps he is closer to the modern child than we might sometimes suspect. His folk-tales are intertwined with his cosmogeny and anthropogeny, his lofty religious beliefs as well as the darker side of primitive life and custom. Some of the stories must be "toned down" for popular consumption, and the more esoteric elements of religious belief, which later scholarship and the generosity of elders of the tribes have revealed in recent years, have to be omitted from a collection such as this.

A great deal of interesting material has therefore had

to be left out, for the pursuit of personalities of legendary, and in some cases historic, interest might be continued endlessly. No attempt has been made to say anything of the later adventures of those who came to Aotearoa nearly a thousand years ago, for their stories lie closer to the borderland of history than of legend. On the other hand, nothing has been said of many interesting personifications of natural phenomena. Such a story is that of the war between Tutunui, the personification of sandstone, and Poutini, the personification of greenstone. As a matter of actual fact, nephrite, or "greenstone," which was used for axes, weapons of war and valuable ornaments, was so hard that it could not be chipped but had to be ground down with sandstone. As a matter of legend, Greenstone fled before Sandstone far across the sea from Hawaiki and finally came to rest at Arahura, on the west coast of the South Island. These two always remain at war, and Tutunui wears down Poutini. But this is not the end. Hine-tu-a-hoanga, another personified form of sandstone, is said to have been the mother of Rata, of tree-felling fame (see Chapter Seven), and the name Rata means "sharp." The study of such matters is of interest to the student but is beyond the scope of this book.

Others have done the work of collection and, as the Bibliography will show, this is the fruit of their gleaning. Of those who undertook the real work, the collection of legends direct from the learned elders of the tribes and the transcription of the tales of the common people, especial mention must be made of Sir George Grey, John White, and in more recent years Elsdon Best, James Cowan and Johannes C. Andersen. A score or two of books have been consulted, and in particular the author wishes to acknowledge the following sources of information: *Polynesian Mythology*, by Sir George Grey; *The Ancient History of the Maori* (six volumes) by John White; *The Lore of the Whare Wananga*, by S. Percy Smith; *The Maori* (two volumes) and *Maori Religion and Mythology*, by Elsdon Best.

Extracts have been made from earlier publications by the present writer: *Maui* (which is embodied in Chapter Four in its entirety); three small booklets written for children under the general title of *Legends of Maoriland* and out of print for some years; *The Coming of the Maori to Aotearoa* (now appearing with some modifications and with the addition of an extract from *The Story of New Zealand*, by A. H. Reed, as Chapter Ten); and *Revenge*, by John White (edited by A. W. Reed).

A word must be said about the illustrations. Thanks are due to George Woods for his interest and the pains he has taken to enter into the spirit of the stories. The remaining illustrations with their distinctive style are the work of W. Dittmer. They first appeared in *Te Tohunga*, published in 1907 by Messrs. George Rutledge, and are reproduced with the permission of the publishers.

I could not fail to take this opportunity of thanking my uncle, A. H. Reed, who has been my mentor in matters relating to literature and publishing for twenty years and more. Also to my friend, W. P. Carman, for his assistance and counsel, to W. J. Wilson and indeed to many members of the staff of Wright and Carman, Limited, for whom I have a lively regard, who, with my uncle and myself, regard the transformation of MS to printed book as a matter of love as much as a matter of business.

Myths and Legends has been written in the hope that the children of New Zealand may learn to treasure their heritage of ancient story and the further heritage that lies within the stories and at their own back doors, the heritage of forests and birds, insects and fish and everything that has been given by the bountiful hand of Tane, the old-time god of the great out-of-doors.

A.W.R.

Wellington,
March, 1946.



The Sky-father and the Earth-mother

Chapter 1

HEAVEN AND EARTH

IN the far-off time before there was night or day, sun or moon, green fields or golden sand, Rangi the Sky-father lay in the arms of Papa the Earth-mother. For long ages they clung together and their children groped their way blindly between them. There was no light in the world where the children of Rangi and Papa lived, and they longed for freedom, for winds that would blow over the hill tops and light that would warm their pale bodies.

The closeness of this narrow world at last became unbearable, and the sons of Earth and Sky met together, crawling through the narrow tunnels and caves of their land. They sat down where a few trees sprawled against the sky, twisting their branches into strange shapes.

"What shall we do?" asked the Children of the Gods. "Shall we kill our Father and Mother and let in the light? Or shall we force them apart? We must do something, for we are no longer babies clinging to our mother's body."

"Let us kill them," said Tu-matauenga.

Tane stood up and straightened himself until his head pressed against the hanging sky. "No," he cried, "we cannot kill them. They are Father and Mother to us. Let us force them apart. Let us throw the Sky away and live close to the heart of our Mother." This he said because he was the god of trees that are nourished in the soil.

His brothers murmured their approval — all except Tawhiri-matea, the father of the winds. His voice whistled shrilly as he faced his brother.

"This is an idle thought," he said fiercely. "We are hidden here in safety where nothing can harm us. Out of your own mouth came the words: 'They are our Father and Mother.' Be careful, Tane, for this is a deed of shame."

His words were drowned by the other gods crying aloud in the confined place. "We need light," they said. "We need more room to stretch our cramped limbs. We need the freedom of space."

They brushed past Tawhiri, while Rongo-ma-tane, the father of cultivated food, pressed his shoulders against the Sky-father and tried to straighten himself. In the darkness they could hear his breath, fast and heavy, but there was no movement in the body of Rangi, and the darkness hung heavily round the gods. Then Tangaroa, the father of the sea, of fish and reptiles, put out his strength. Then followed Haumia-tikitiki, father of the wild berries and the fern-root, and after him Tumatauenga, father of men and women. Their efforts were all in vain.

Last of all, Tane-mahuta, the mighty father of the forest, of birds and insects and all living things that love light and freedom, rose to his feet. For as long as a man could hold his breath Tane stood silent and unmoving, gathering his strength. His feet were planted firmly on the Earth, and his hands pressed against the Sky-father. Then Tane straightened his back and thrust his feet strongly against the Earth. A low moaning filled the air. It crept through the gods as they lay on the earth, for the sound trembled through the body of the Earth-mother when she felt Rangi's arms loosing their hold upon her. The moaning grew louder until it became a roar. Rangi was hurled far away from Papa, and the angry winds

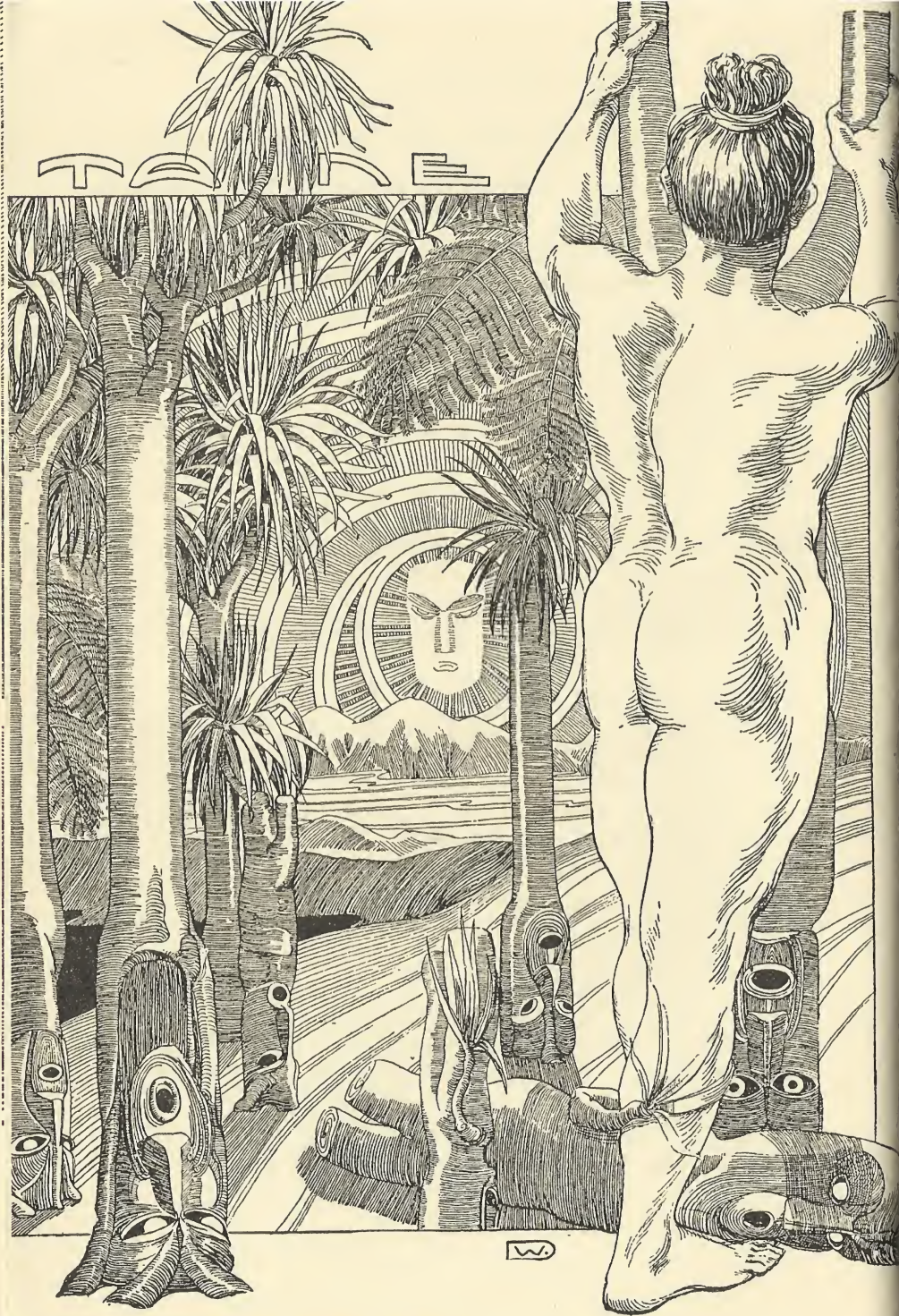
screamed through the space that had opened between earth and sky.

Tane and his brothers looked round on the soft curves of their mother. For the first time they saw her in all her beauty, for the light had crept across the land. A silver veil of mist hung over Papa's naked shoulders and the tears that dropped fast from the eyes of Rangi were the sign that he grieved for her.

The gods breathed the free air and planned their new world. Although he had separated his parents, Tane loved them both, and he set to work to clothe his mother in beauty that had not been dreamed of in the dark world. He brought the trees, which were his own children, and set them in the earth; but because the world was still in the making and Tane was like a child learning by himself the wisdom that had not yet been born, he made mistakes, and planted the trees with their heads in the soil with the bare white roots stiff and unmoving in the breeze.

He rested against the bole of a tree and frowned at his strange forest. It was no place for the birds and the insects, who are the merry children of Tane. He pushed over a giant kauri and set the roots firmly in the soil. Then he looked with pride at its lovely crown of leaves set above the clean, straight trunk. The rustling of the leaves was music in his ears.

The earth looked beautiful in her mantle of green. The brown-skinned men and women had come from their hiding places to frolic under the leaves of the garden of Tane. They lived in peace with Rongo-ma-Tane and Haumia-tikitiki. Tane-mahuta raised his eyes to where Rangi lay, cold and grey and unlovely in the vast spaces above the earth. He wept as he looked on the desolation of his father. Then he took the red sun and placed it at the back of Rangi, with the silver moon at the front. Up and down the ten heavens went Tane, till at length he



Swiftly Tane fashioned the trées

HEAVEN AND EARTH

found a wonderful garment of glowing red, which he took with him. He rested seven days after his mighty labours, and then he spread the red cloak over the heaven, from north to south, from east to west, so that Rangi glowed brightly. But he was not satisfied. The garment was not worthy of his father. He stripped it off, leaving only a little at the end of heaven, where you may see it at the time of the setting sun.

By day Rangi was good to look upon, and Papa watched her husband with pride, but at night Rangi lay dark and shapeless until Marama, the moon, shone upon him.

"Great father," cried Tane, "in the long, dark nights, before Marama shines on your breast, all things sorrow. I will journey to the end of space, my father, that I may find adornment for you." Somewhere in the silence far above Tane heard an answering sigh.

Tane remembered the Shining Ones who play in the Great Mountain at the very end of all things. He passed swiftly to the end of the world, out into the unknown where the smiling face of earth could be seen no more; out into the darkness until he reached Maungani, the Great Mountain, where the Shining Ones, the children of his brother Uru, lived. Tane greeted his brother and together they watched the Shining Ones playing on the sand far below at the foot of the mountain.

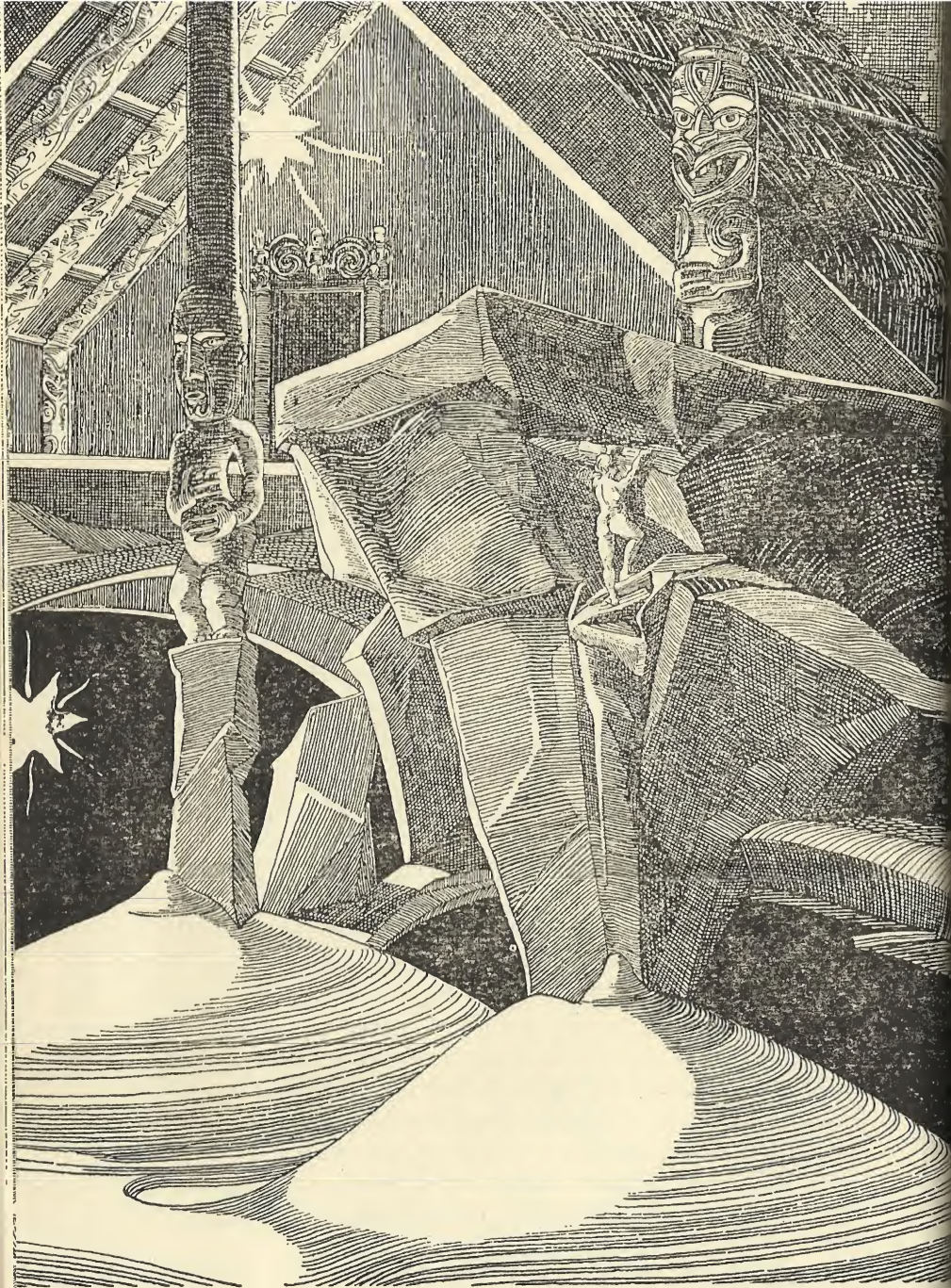
Uru listened as Tane told him how Rangi and Papa had been separated, and how he had come to beg from his brother some of the Shining Lights to fasten to the mantle of the sky. Uru rose to his feet and shouted so that the sound of his voice rolled like thunder down the mountain slopes. The Shining Ones heard. They stopped their game and came romping up the mountain to Uru. As they came nearer, Tane could see them rolling over and over, for every Shining One was shaped like an eye—

an eye that glowed and twinkled, lighting up the whole mountain.

Uru placed a basket before Tane, and they plunged their arms into the glowing mass of lights and piled the Shining Ones into the basket. Tane picked it up and went swiftly towards his father. Rangi could see him from afar, for a blaze of light marked his passage. Quickly he fastened the Shining Ones upon his father. He placed four sacred lights in the four corner of the sky; five glowing lights he arranged in a cross on the breast of Rangi; the tiny Children of Light he fastened on to his father's robe.

The basket hangs in the wide heavens where we can see its soft light — the light which we call the Milky Way. It is this light that shelters the Shining Ones and protects the Children of Light. When the sun sank to rest, the stars twinkled brightly and Tane lay on his back and watched his father shake out his robe till the heavens were filled with the beauty of Rangi and the glory of the Shining Ones.

While Tane and those of his brothers who had clung to Mother Earth were happy in their new-found freedom, black-browed Tawhiri-matea held the winds in the hollow of his hand and bided his time. He saw Tane wandering idly in the forest. Far out at sea he saw his brother, Tangaroa, who lived at peace with his grand-children, Ika-tere, the father of fish, and Tu-te-wehiwehi, the father of reptiles. He rose and towered like a heavy black cloud over the distant sea and land. He opened his hand and hurled the winds across the empty spaces, and swept down from beneath his father's robes, wrapped in dark storm clouds and flashing lightning. He rushed over the land. The trees bent as the first winds reached them. Then came Tawhiri-ma-tea and the tempest. The trees were



Tane visits the home of the stars

uprooted, and when the wind died down the forest lay in tangled desolation.

The storm-god swept on to the brink of the ocean. The water boiled and surged in sudden fright. The waves rose until the sea seemed to empty itself and dissolve in the storm of flying spray and tempest-wrack. The empty sea-bottom appeared in the gaping valleys between the waves, and Tangaroa and his grand-children fled down the valleys of their under-sea kingdom.

Tu-te-wehiwehi cried: "Let us fly to the shelter of the forest," but Ika-tere replied: "The sea is our only hope amidst the anger of the gods." So were the children of the children's children of Tangaroa divided. Tu-te-wehiwehi fled with the reptiles to the land, while Ika-tere hid his children in the sea. As they parted their voices rose above the screaming of Tawhiri-matea.

Fly inland," shouted Ika-tere. "Fly inland then; but when you are caught, before you are cooked for food, they will singe off your scales with burning bracken."

"And as for you," cried Tu-te-wehiwehi, "who run away to the sea, your turn will come. When the little baskets of vegetables are given to the hungry ones, you will be laid on top to give relish to the food."

And so unending strife was caused by Tawhiri-matea, for Tangaroa never forgave his children who fled to Tane of the dry land. When the winds roar, Tangaroa hurls his waves against the land and tries to break down the beautiful realm of Tane and cover it with the cruel waves of the sea; but when the wind has blown itself out and the waters are calm, the sons and daughters of Tane creep out in their boats and snare the children of Tangaroa, that they may be used as relish in the vegetable baskets of the children of men.

Tawhiri's anger had not died down. He rushed upon Tu-matauenga, leaving a trail of destruction behind him. The sea roared sullenly and the forest giants lay broken



The battle of the Wind and Sea Gods

amongst the tangled undergrowth, but Tu-matauenga held himself erect and did not bend before the fierce blasts. Tawhiri called all his winds to help him, but Tu defied him until at last Tawhiri went back to the Sky-father, defeated by the father of man.

Tu looked at the broken forests and the beaten sea. "I am the conqueror of all," he said proudly. "My children shall never fear the children of the wind; the sons of Tane shall be their subjects; the sea will obey them as they ride the waves in the canoes that Tane will give them; fish and bird and root and berry shall be their food. I am Tu!"

And for this reason the sons of Tu-matauenga are lords of the forest and sea.

The swift days passed by at the bidding of the sun while Tane fashioned the birds and sent them gliding down the wind, until the air was filled with the song of the feathered ones. This was the manner of their creation, but as yet they did not know where to find food. Tane called them to him and told them to fly to Tutu and Karaka, to Kahika, and many others, to feed among their hair. The birds flew off and there they found rich berries, for Tutu and Karaka were trees, and amongst the forest foliage the birds still find insects and berries and honey which Tane has appointed for their food.

The world grew older and the little feathered children of Tane grew in number. Some went down to the sea and played in the great waters, or on the wet shining sands where land and water meet; but most of them went inland among the bright lights and cool shadows of the trees, where their voices made the forest ring with music. Some came out only at night and crept through the gloom while the others slept. Each bird knew its home and its time for going out and coming in, its song to sing and its food to eat — everyone, until the boasting Kawau, the



The star-spangled mantle of Rangi

river cormorant, visited his cousin the sea cormorant. Kawau of the river was given a fish to eat, but as it slipped down the spines caught in his gullet.

"Ah!" said Kawau, "you must come to my hunting place and I will show you eels that have no spines. In my kingdom I have fish a thousand times better than yours." He took his cousin with him, and when the sea cormorant caught an eel and found that Kawau's words were true, he begged that he might share the river kingdom with him. When Kawau of the river saw how quickly the eel slipped down his cousin's throat, he was sorry that he had boasted so loudly, and drove him away. The sea cormorant went quickly, but he spread the news of the wonderful spineless fish that swam in the fresh water of the rivers. The sea birds gathered themselves into a mighty array and flew inland to attack the hosts of the land birds. On the morning of the battle, Pitoitoe the Robin called out his warning and the land birds gathered together.

"Who'll be the scout!" asked Kawau. "Who'll see when they are coming?"

"I'll be the scout," said Koekoea the cuckoo, "I'll see when they are coming." Presently Koekoea saw a cloud of birds flying in from the sea.

"Koo-o-o-e!" The birds heard his cry, and a distant "A-ha!" as Karore the gull called back his challenge.

"Who'll answer their battle-cry?" asked Kawau.

"I," said the fantail. "With my fluttering tail I'll flaunt a challenge."

"Who'll lead the battle-song?" asked Kawau.

"I," said the tui. "Let Hongi the crow, and Tiraueke the saddleback, and Wharauoa the short-tailed cuckoo, and Kuku the pigeon help me, and I'll lead the battle-song."

When their song was ended, Kawau faced the angry birds.

"Who'll begin the fight?" he cried.



The battle of the birds

"I'll begin the fight," shouted Ruru the owl. "With my beak and claws I'll begin the fight." He rose from his perch and swooped down on the sea birds, with the land birds flying in a great cloud behind him. Fierce was that battle, when feathers fell like snow-flakes as the sun rose high in the heavens.

At last the sea birds grew fearful. The land birds attacked yet more fiercely until the ranks of the sea birds wavered and broke, and they turned tail and flew to their homes. The mocking laughter of the grey duck rang in their ears as they flew. "*Ke-ke-ke-ke!*" laughed Parera the duck as the gulls streamed out like a cloud unravelling in the wind.

No longer does the sea bird eat the land bird's food and there is peace between them in the world that great Tane-mahuta made with his hands when Rangi and Papa were separated and the light came in.

Tane had seen the beauty of earth and sky, but he was still dissatisfied. He felt that his work would be ended only when Papa was peopled with men and women. Children had been born to Tane and his brothers but they were celestial, never-dying — gods who were not suited to earth and its ways.

The gods came down to earth and out of the warm red soil they made the image of a woman. She was lovely to look at, with soft skin and rounded form and long dark hair, but she was cold and lifeless. Then Tane bent down and breathed into her nostrils. Her eyelids fluttered and opened, and she looked round at the gods who were staring at her so intently. Then she sneezed. The breath of Tane had entered into her and she was a living woman.

The gods carried her to their home in the sky and purified her in the waters of heaven and named her

Hine-ahu-one, woman-created-from-earth; after this she was sent back to earth and Tane became her husband.

Tiki, the first man, was made by Tu-matauenga, god of war. In later years he too married Hine-ahu-one and became the father of men and women who peopled the earth and inherited all the wonder and glory that Tane had made for them.

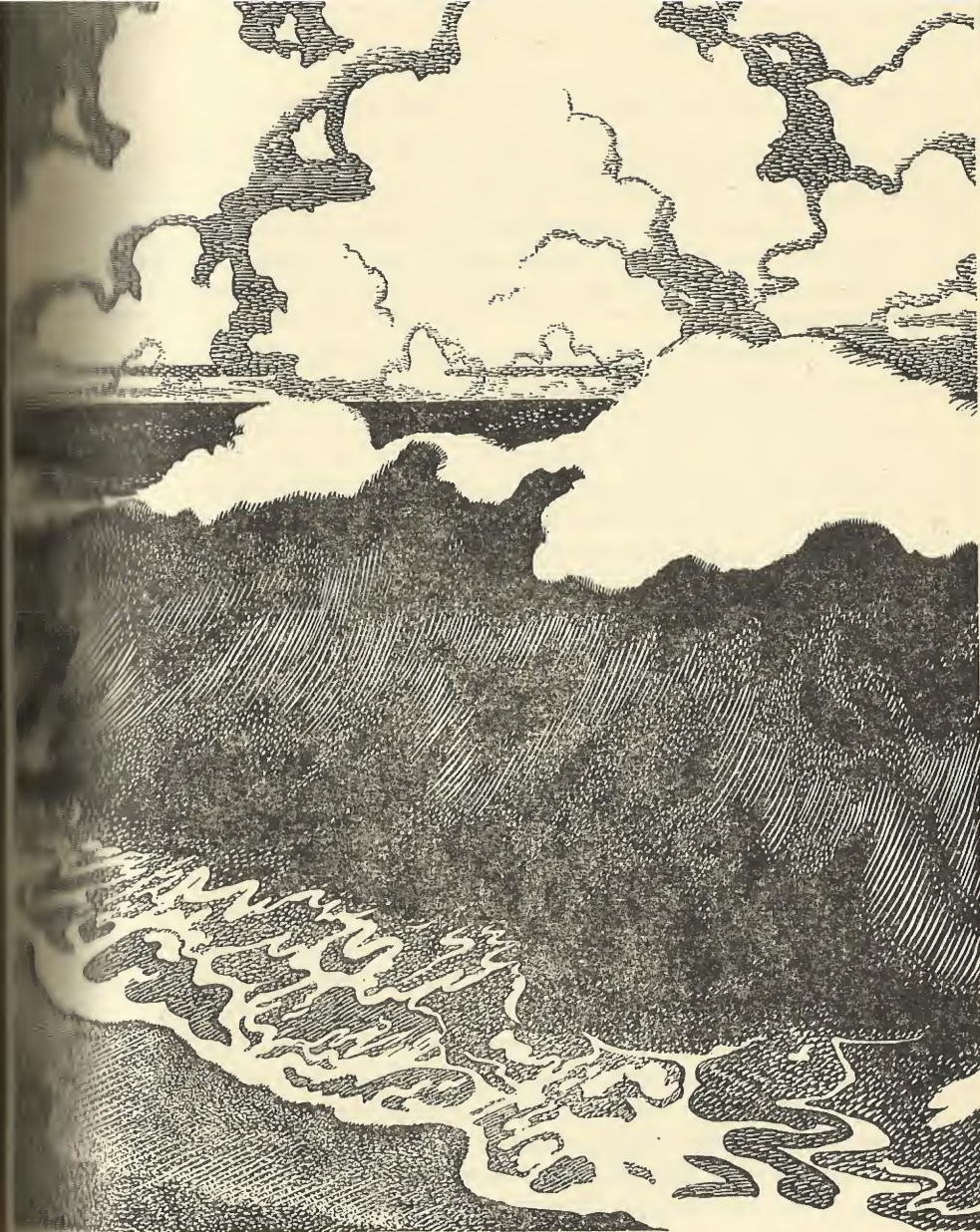
Chapter 2

THE BATTLE OF THE FISHES

THE tears ran down the woman's cheeks as she sat alone in her whare. Her husband had left her and she did not know where he had gone. She had asked the trees, but they were silent. The stream was enchanted and would give her no answer. The walls of the whare would not tell her. Only the calabash from which he drank took pity on her. As she lifted it to her lips, it spoke: "Do not grieve," it said. "Break me on the floor, gather up the fragments and take me with you. I will show you the way he went."

The woman thanked the calabash. Dashing it on the floor, she picked up the pieces, put them in a basket of flax, and set out. The broken calabash told her the path to follow. She went on till she reached the bank of the enchanted stream. As she waded through it the water crept into the basket, and when she reached the further shore the calabash was dumb once more.

The woman returned to her whare sorrowfully, for there were scores of paths under the trees and she could not tell which one to follow. In the dark night her heart was filled with bitterness because her husband had left her. She heard the booming of the ocean waves on the shore and decided to ask Tangaroa, god of the sea, for his help to avenge the wrong that had been done to her. Like a wild creature of the woods she slipped between the trees



The booming of the waves on the shore

till she came to the pale sand. With her face lifted to the stars and arms outstretched, she cried aloud:

"Hear my prayer, ruler of the sea. Great wrong has been done to me by my husband, and by men who have hidden him from me. Comfort me by destroying these evil ones."

Tangaroa needed little encouragement to make war on the subjects of his brother of the land. In a voice like thunder he called to his people, the fishes. They came to him quickly. Great and small, every one was there, and all alike, for they wore the grey livery of the children of Ika-tere, and they were all the same shape. Only in size did they differ, from Tohora the Whale down to Inanga the Whitebait. Like a mighty army they swam to the shore, to the village where the errant husband was living.

In the vanguard was the tribe of the Gurnards, and the rear was brought up by the whales whose huge bodies would act as a bulwark to stem the rush if the smaller fish fled at the onslaught of the Maoris. They reached the shore and climbed out on to the sand. They crashed through the undergrowth of the forest lands. Their wet shining bodies lumbered on, and presently they heard a wild cry of alarm as their dim grey shapes were seen under the trees.

All day long that dreadful battle waged. The Gurnards stormed the pallisades of the pa, and many of them were killed, so that they were dyed red with their own blood, even as they are to this day. Parore the Black Perch followed close in support of the Gurnard, until his warriors were covered with the dried blood of the advance.

Tribe after tribe, they hurled themselves into the fray. As the sun slid down the western sky they saw the dead bodies of their comrades all around them, and the little fishes were frightened. They turned back and fled into the cool shadows of the protecting bush where Tohora and his great warriors lay in reserve.

When he saw the little fishes retreating in panic, he bellowed out his orders. The Whales lurched forward. The trees tossed like raupo leaves in the wind as they pushed between them. The pallisades of the pa cracked and splintered at their onslaught; they fell with crashes that shook the ground.

The defenders of the pa fled in sudden terror and victory was won. The dwellers of the sea had defeated the Tangata-whenua, the people of the land.

The next day Tangaroa stood in his ocean home. His victorious army swam round him in a great circle, and as each tribe passed the god, he gave it the boon that was asked.

The Gurnards wore the honourable badge of their faithfulness, the rich red blood of the fishes who had led the hosts of war.

Patiki the Flounder had seen a boy's toy and wished to be shaped like a kite.

Takeke the Garfish proudly bore a spear under his fin and asked that he might wear it in his head.

Whai, the Stingray, too, had a spear, one with a double row of barbs at its point, and this he wanted at the end of his tail.

Last of all came Araara the Trevally, bearing a white cape that he had taken from the man who had left his wife. The cape was mottled with bright red stains of blood, and this became the garment of the Trevally.

So did Tangaroa avenge the wrong that had been done, and gave to the fishes their wonderful shapes and colours. The children of Ika-tere to this day wear the proud scars and the insignia of war that they gained on the day they defeated Man.

Chapter 3

MATAORA AND NIWAREKA IN THE UNDERWORLD

IN the days of long ago, Mataora, the warrior chief, tossed restlessly in his sleep. He dreamed that his taiaha was in his hand, and that he was engaged in a combat to the death. All round him were men and women seated on the ground, crying out in delight at every thrust and blow. Then in his dream the cries of the people changed to laughter. He looked round in amazement. The clouds of sleep drifted away from his eyes and he sprang to his feet. White faces were peering at him through the doorway and the window. He looked round and saw the flame of their hair framed in the opening like the plume of the toetoe in the morning sun.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"We are the Turehu," came the reply.

"Where do you come from?"

"We come from the Underworld. What are you? Are you a god?" one of them asked. Another said: "Are you a man?" and at this they laughed, for the Turehu are all women.

"Why do you ask?" Mataora said angrily. "Can you not see that I am a man?"

They laughed again. "We did not know because you are not tattooed. The designs are only painted on your face."

MATAORA AND NIWAREKA IN THE UNDERWORLD

He stared at them in surprise. "How else could they be drawn?" he asked.

No one answered for a moment, but presently a tall girl said: "Some day perhaps you will know."

Mataora forgot her reply at once. He was filled with curiosity, for the Turehu had never been seen in that place before. "Come inside," he invited, "and I will give you something to eat."

"Yes, we will eat," they said, "but we will wait outside."

Mataora hurried to his storehouse and brought cooked food. The Turehu were strange in their ways. "Is it good?" they asked, and some who had looked at it said: "No, it is bad."

Mataora was angry when he heard this. "Look," he shouted, "I will show you," and he ate some himself. The Turehu crowded round him, smiling and nodding to themselves as they watched him. One of them opened his mouth and looked inside and cried: "Oh, he has eaten mussels!" while several others shouted, "It is bad food!"

When they said this Mataora remembered hearing that the Turehu ate their food raw, so he went to the pond and caught some fish and put them in front of the fair-skinned women.

The Turehu laughed again with delight and quickly finished them up. While they were eating, Mataora watched them closely. They had fair skins and flaxen hair which grew to their waists. They held themselves erect and their noses were thin. They wore waistmats of dried seaweed.

When they had finished their meal, Mataora sprang to his feet and danced before them. As he whirled round he noticed one young woman watching him closely. She was taller than the others and Mataora could pick her out at once from her companions. Every time their eyes met he felt love for her rising inside him.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

He sat down, and the Turehu joined together in a stately dance. It was different to any poi-dance or haka that Mataora had ever seen. The tall girl who had been watching him, came to the front and wove a pattern with her feet. The others joined hands and followed her, bending under their companions' arms and gliding in and out till Mataora grew dizzy watching them. They sang as they danced but the only words he could hear were:

*Here goes Niwareka,
Niwareka, Niwareka.*

When the dance was over, Mataora asked them if he could choose a wife from amongst them.

"Which of us do you want?" they asked, crowding eagerly towards him.

He pointed to the tall girl who was behind her friends. There was more laughter and jostling until the young woman came forward shyly and pressed noses with Mataora. As he held her hand he felt contentment in his heart. Presently the Turehu went away, while Mataora and his wife stood at the door watching them.

"Where are they going now?" he asked, and Niwareka replied a little sadly, "Back to the Underworld, where everything is beautiful and full of light."

Mataora put his arm round her. "Ah, no, you will find the light only where Tama-nui, the hot sun, shows himself. Tell me, my wife, who is your father?"

She turned to him. "I am called Niwareka. I am the daughter of high-born Ue-tonga of Rarohenga, the Underworld, but now I belong to Mataora, the mighty chieftain of the Overworld."

Mataora loved his wife dearly, and the passing days increased that love. There was only one thing that ever caused a dark cloud to rise in their sky. Mataora sometimes had moods and fits of evil temper, and in one of these he struck his wife. She looked at him sorrowfully, for the Turehu are gentle people, and not used to violence.



MATAORA AND NIWAREKA IN THE UNDERWORLD

That night Niwareka ran away from home, and though Mataora searched everywhere for her, he could not find her. He missed her and sorrowed, for the light had gone out of his life. When many days had passed and she had not returned, he knew that she had gone back to her home in Rarohenga, the Underworld. He determined to follow her, even though he knew the dangers of the journey that lay ahead.

Presently he came to the House of the Winds where the spirits of the dead return to Rarohenga. He asked the guardian of the House: "Have you seen a woman pass this way?"

"What is she like?" was the reply.

"She is beautiful and pale, with long flaxen hair and fair skin, and a straight nose."

The guardian said: "Ah, yes, I have seen her. She passed this way many days ago, weeping as she went."

"May I follow her?"

"Yes," said the guardian, "you may follow if you have the courage. This is the way."

He opened a door and through it Mataora saw a tunnel leading downwards. He lowered himself into it and the door was shut behind him. There was no glimmer of light anywhere and the place felt airless and cold. He felt his way down through the thick darkness until, after hours of stumbling and silence, he saw a light shining in the distance. He hurried on, and soon in the half-light he saw Tiwaiwaka the Fantail fluttering about.

"Have you seen a woman pass this way?" Mataora asked.

Tiwaiwaka said: "Yes, I have seen her. Her eyes were red with weeping."

Mataora quickened his steps until he came to the end of the tunnel. He came out into a new world. There was no sun, nor any blue in the sky above. Only the rocks roofed the vast world he had entered, but light

seemed to fill every part of it; birds sang and trees and grasses waved in the breeze, and somewhere he could hear water moving over stones. He went on till he came to the village where Ue-tonga, the father of Niwareka, lived.

Ue-tonga was sitting on the ground and Mataora stopped to watch him. A young man was stretched full length on the ground while Ue-tonga cut lines into his face with a bone chisel and hammer, and smeared pigment into the wounds. Mataora looked on in astonishment as he saw blood flowing under the sharp edge of the chisel.

"That is not the way to tattoo!" he cried. "Up above we paint the face-designs in red and white and blue."

Ue-tonga looked up at him. "Bend down your head," he ordered.

Mataora bent his head and Ue-tonga rubbed his hand quickly across his face. The painted design was wiped off, and he heard the laughter of the fair-haired people that had woken him from his dream when he first met Niwareka. He looked round to see if there was one woman taller than the rest, but he could not recognise anyone he knew.

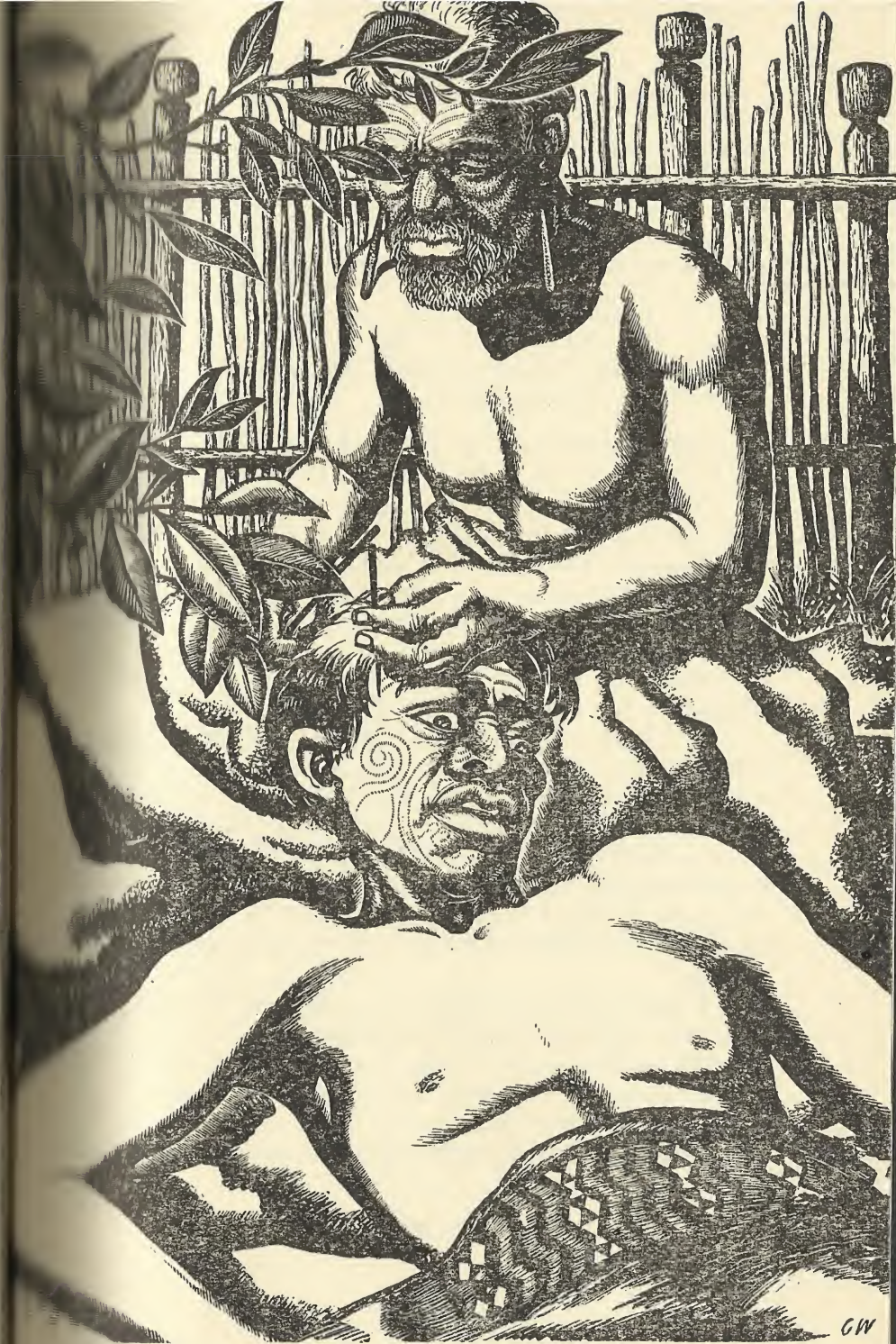
"You see how useless your painted moko is," Ue-tonga said. "You have not learned the art. Here in Rarohenga we carved designs in the flesh so that they will never wear out."

Mataora looked closely at Ue-tonga's face and saw the ridges and grooves there, stained with the pigment that remains fast through the changing years. When he saw the whorls that had come from the hand of a master-craftsman, he felt ashamed of the simple design that had been painted on his face.

"You have destroyed my moko," he said to Ue-tonga. "Now you must carve it on me."

"It is well," said Ue-tonga simply. "Lie down."

Mataora lay on his back while the design was drawn on his face with charcoal. Ue-tonga bent over him and



The tap-tapping chisel crept slowly across his face

tapped the bone chisel into his flesh. Mataora shuddered as he felt the rending edge. A tuft of grass that was caught in his hand snapped at the roots. The tap-tapping chisel crept slowly across his face while waves of agony swept over his body. Presently he began to sing:

*Niwareka, where are you?
Show yourself, O Niwareka!
'Tis love of you that brought me here,
Niwareka, Niwareka.*

The younger sister of Niwareka was not far away. She heard the words of his song and hurried to her sister. "A man is being tattooed over there and he keeps calling your name. Who can it be?"

Niwareka's friends said: "Let us all go and see."

They crowded over to the place of tattooing. Ue-tonga was annoyed at the interruption. "What do you want here?" he called.

Niwareka replied: "We have come to fetch the stranger to the village to entertain him."

By this time Ue-tonga had finished, for the operation was painful and he could see that Mataora could bear no more. The brown-skinned man got slowly to his feet. His face was swollen and disfigured and streaming with blood, so that no one recognised him, but there were many exclamations at his broad shoulders and handsome figure. Niwareka watched him closely. "This is the body of Mataora," she said, "and these are the garments I wove for him."

When he had sat down, she stood at a little distance from him and said: "Are you Mataora?"

He could not see her, for his eyes were sunk in his swollen face, but as soon as she spoke, Mataora knew her voice. He beckoned with his hand and she knew that he was indeed her husband, and came and wept over him for joy.

When the tattooing was finished and the wounds had healed, Mataora said to Niwareka: "Let us now return to our long-standing world above Rarohenga."

Niwareka looked at him. "I think we should stay here," she said. "Let us ask my father."

Ue-tonga said at once: "Let it be you alone who goes back, Mataora. Niwareka will stay here." He looked straight at his son-by-marriage. "I have heard it said that men sometimes beat their wives in the Upper World."

Mataora was ashamed. "That is past," he replied. "In future I will follow only the good that is done in Rarohenga."

Ue-tonga smiled. "If your words come from the heart, my son, you may go and take Niwareka with you. The Upper World is a place of darkness, but here in Rarohenga it is full of light. Take our light into your world of darkness."

"Look at my face," said Mataora. "Now you have carved it with the moko of the Lower World, and it will never wash off. So is my desire to follow the ways of peace and love."

The reunited husband and wife set off together. When they came to the entrance of the tunnel that leads to the Upper World they were met by Tiwaiwaka.

"You will need someone to guide you," he said. "Take Popoia and Peka with you."

"If we take them they will be chased by the forest birds of Tane."

"They will hide in the darkness of the night," said Tiwaiwaka. So they took the Owl and the Bat with them to become birds of the night, and these two showed them the way through the tunnel.

At last they came to the House of the Four Winds, and the Guardian said to Niwareka: "What is in the bundle you are carrying?"

She replied: "It is nothing. It is only the clothes we must wear in the Upper World."

The Guardian frowned. "It is more than that. You are trying to deceive me. I will never allow anyone to come again from Rarohenga to the Upper World. The way is closed. Only the spirits of the dead may pass on their way to Rarohenga. You have there the garment of Te Rangi-haupapa."

"It is so," Niwareka admitted, for she had brought it to the Upper World as a pattern for the beautiful borders that women wore on their cloaks in after years.

The Guardian held out his hand and Niwareka placed the bundle in it. The Guardian unrolled it. Its colours shone in that gloomy place when he hung it on one of the walls.

Mataora and Niwareka passed on as his back was turned. They went to their own home, and there they lived happily for the rest of their days.

It was Mataora who handed on to men the secret of the moko that cannot be rubbed off; and it was Niwareka who taught women how to weave coloured borders for their cloaks. From their love came these things, from the love of Mataora and Niwareka in the beginning of the world.

Chapter 4

MAUI THE HALF-GOD

FAR out in mid-ocean a bundle of seaweed rose and fell on the waves. Overhead the seabirds wheeled and screamed. A baby, tightly wrapped in its mother's hair, lay cradled in the seaweed that protected it from the birds and the terrors of the deep water. The baby was Maui, little Maui wrapped in the topknot of his mother Taranga. It was Maui, the fifth son, the unwanted, who had been thrown into the sea, with only his mother's hair to cover him.

Presently the bundle was washed ashore and as it lay on the sand, the birds became bolder and the flies clustered round it. The baby began to cry, for the seaweed was shrivelling and falling away, and the flies were beginning to settle on its tender skin. From his house by the cliffs, great Tama of heaven heard the thin wailing cry. He ran to the heap of seaweed, lifted the tangled hair, and unwrapped the baby. His eyes widened as he saw little Maui lying there, blue with cold. Holding the baby very carefully, he hurried with it to the house and tied it to the rafters where it swung gently to and fro in the warmth from the fire, and presently began to laugh and wave its arms.

This was Maui's first adventure, in which he was saved from death by the friendly seaweed, and the old man who lived on the borders of the sky. As he grew up, he



It was Maui, the unwanted, who had been thrown into the sea

MAUI THE HALF-GOD

learned many things from wise old Tama: the ways of the birds and their language, and of the cunning of fish; the games that are played by children and the thoughts of the old people as they sit round the fire at night. He grew in height, and learned about the forest creatures, and magic that made them his friends. Last of all he learned where his mother lived.

"Now I go to my own people," he said to Tama one day.

"Yes, you will go to your own people," Tama replied sadly. "You will leave the old man who has taught you so much. You will do many wonderful things, Maui, and there is only one who will be able to stop you. You will have many adventures, but the last will be the greatest of all, and you will lose in that fight. No, my son, I will not tell you what it is. It will be a good thing to be in that fight, but it will not matter that you lose. We all lose that fight, Maui, but you will not be forgotten. Now go quickly, my son; the world is waiting for you."

Maui ran along the sand dunes. He climbed the hills to the west and dropped down on to the plains. In the distance there was a house with a thin curl of smoke rising above it. In his bones he felt that this was his mother's whare. It was dark by the time he reached it, but he was guided through the forest by the sound of singing. He looked round the door and saw that a fire was burning on the floor and that the smoke was rolling through the house. Maui slipped inside like a shadow and sat down behind one of his brothers without being seen. Presently his mother came up to her children and said, "Stand up when I call you, so that we may dance. Maui-taha!"

The eldest brother stood up.

"That's one. Maui-roto! That's two. Maui-pae! That's three. Maui-waho! That's four. All my sons are ready."

Then little Maui stood up and came out of the shadows. "I am Maui, too," he said.

His mother stared at him. "Oh no, you are not Maui. All my sons are here. I counted them myself!"

"I am Maui," the boy insisted. "These are my brothers. See, I know their names: Maui-taha, you, Maui-roto, Maui-pae, and Maui-waho. Now I have come, and I am Maui the little one."

"I have never seen you before," his mother replied, while Maui-taha, Maui-roto, Maui-pae and Maui-waho stared at their brother. "No, you cannot be Maui, little stranger. Where do you come from?"

"I come from the sea. The waves were my cradle, the fish and the birds fought for me, but I was wrapped in my mother's hair."

His mother caught up a torch and held it close to his face. "What is my name?" she asked suddenly.

"You are my mother, Taranga."

She leaned forward then and clasped him to her. "Yes, you are indeed my little Maui," she said. "I have found you again. You will be the fifth Maui, and your name will be Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga—Maui who was wrapped in the topknot of Taranga. You will live here with your brothers, and you will be my own little son again."

Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga was a mischief, and now he had four brothers to torment. When they played with their kites, little Maui's always flew the highest. When they played tag, which they called *wi*, Maui always ran the fastest. When darts were thrown, Maui's fern frond always went the furthest. At the breath-holding game, Maui could always recite the longest. At swimming and diving, Maui was always boldest. He was a friend of all the forest folk, and because of the magic he had learned from Tama, he could turn himself into a bird and escape from his brothers when they were angry with him.

Because he could do all these things, and poked fun at them for being dull and slow, his brothers hated him. But Maui did not mind that, for he laughed at them and went off to play with his friends the birds. Only one thing ever made him unhappy. He had never seen his father. Every night he slept beside his mother on the floor of the whare, but when he woke in the morning, she was not there, and he did not see her again until night came.

"Where does my mother go in the daytime?" he asked his brothers.

"How should we know?" they said.

"Because you have known her longer than I."

"She may go north or south, east or west. We do not care," they said.

When Maui saw that they would not tell him, he made up his mind to find out for himself.

One night he stayed awake, and when he heard his mother breathing softly and knew that she was asleep, he crept to her and taking her beautiful girdle and apron he hid them under his sleeping mat. Then he went to every window in the house and blocked up the cracks where the light would creep in when morning came.

At daybreak Maui's mother woke up and raised herself to see whether it was light. Outside the clouds were tinged with pink, but in the whare there was not even a glimmer of light. She lay back and went to sleep. When she woke up again, the inside of the whare was still dark, but the birds were singing. Taranga sprang to her feet and opened the windows, and saw the golden sunlight everywhere. She looked for her girdle and apron, but they were not there, so without waiting to search for them, she threw an old cloak round her shoulders and ran outside.

The sudden light in the whare wakened Maui, and he slipped after his mother and followed her outside. Presently he saw her stoop and pull up a tussock of grass.

Underneath there was a big hole into which Taranga dropped lightly, pulling the grass back over it again.

Maui knew now that his mother spent her days in the twilit underworld. He hurried back to his brothers.

"I have found where our mother goes during the hours of daylight," he cried. "She goes to our father in the shadow land. Let us follow her, my brothers."

"Why should we care where she goes?" one of them said, and the others agreed. "Yes, what do we care? Rangi, the Great Heaven, is our father, and Papa, the Earth, is our mother."

"Then I shall find her," Maui said. "She is my mother. She brings us food and stays with us at night and loves us. I will find her."

He took his mother's girdle and her cloak, and dressed himself in them. While his brothers watched, Maui shrank to a tenth of his size, and they saw a beautiful pigeon where he had been standing. The girdle shone white and pure on his breast, and the soft glowing colours of his feathers were taken from his mother's apron. The brothers cried out in delight as he lifted his wings and soared over the trees to the place where his mother had disappeared. A moment later he had lifted the tuft of grass and plunged into the hole underneath.

He dipped his wings where the cave was narrow and flew on through the winding passages that lead to the underworld, until he came at length to a fair land where there was no sun, and the air was still. There were trees growing in that place, tall and leafy, but there was no breath of wind to stir the leaves. He flew on to a low branch and perched there.

Presently several men and women passed by. Two of them stopped and sat down under the tree where Maui had perched. One was his mother, and Maui knew that the man by her side must be his father. He picked a berry with his beak and dropped it so that it fell on his father's

head. His mother said, "The berry must have been dropped by a bird."

"No," said his father, "it was ripe and its time for falling had come."

Then Maui picked a cluster of berries and threw them so that they hit both his mother and father. They sprang to their feet, while other people came hurrying up, for they too had seen the pigeon. The birds of the underworld were drab and grey. The men threw stones at the beautiful bird, trying to dislodge it from its perch. Maui shifted from side to side, and dodged the stones.

At last Maui's father threw a stone, and the pigeon at once tumbled off the perch and fluttered down to his feet. It grew bigger, it lost the shape of a bird, it grew tall and slender, and there stood a young man, with the beautiful cloak round his shoulders and the white girdle shining against his brown skin.

Maui's mother knew her son. "It is not Maui-taha, my first-born," she said, "nor Maui-rotu, the second, nor Maui-pae, the third, nor yet Maui-waho. It is my little Maui, my youngest son, Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga," and she held him tightly to her. "This is the child who came by wind and wave. You will bring joy and sorrow to the world, you will bind the sun, Maui, maybe you will conquer even Death herself."

Maui went with his father to be baptised, and the spells that were repeated over him helped to make him brave, and unconquerable to the last.

So Maui, the littlest one, lived happily with his parents, and the pigeons that flitted through the bush were glad, because they now wore the glowing colours of the cloak of Maui's mother.

But Makea-tu-tara, the father of Maui, and Taranga, the mother of Maui, were sad, for they knew that part of the spell had been forgotten at the baptism, and Maui

could never hope to conquer the goddess of death in his last and greatest deed.

* * * * *

As he grew familiar with the underworld, Maui noticed that food was prepared carefully each day, and taken to someone whose name was never spoken. Maui liked to know the reason for everything, so he asked, "Who is that food for?"

"It is for your grandmother, Muri-ranga-whenua."

"Ah, I have heard of her," Maui said. "Let me take the food to her."

He took the basket and carried it off to the gloomy home where Muri lived; but instead of taking it to the old lady, he laid it down in a dark place where no one could see it. Each day Muri took the food and hid it, until Muri became hungry. Her voice rumbled through the arched caverns, "Where is my food? Who is robbing me?"

Maui stood still while his grandmother sniffed the food. "If I catch him, I will eat him," the old lady cried. She turned and sniffed the south wind, but she could not smell anything. She turned to the north, but there was no man-scent there. She turned to the east, but again there was no smell. Lastly she turned to the west, and and sniffed.

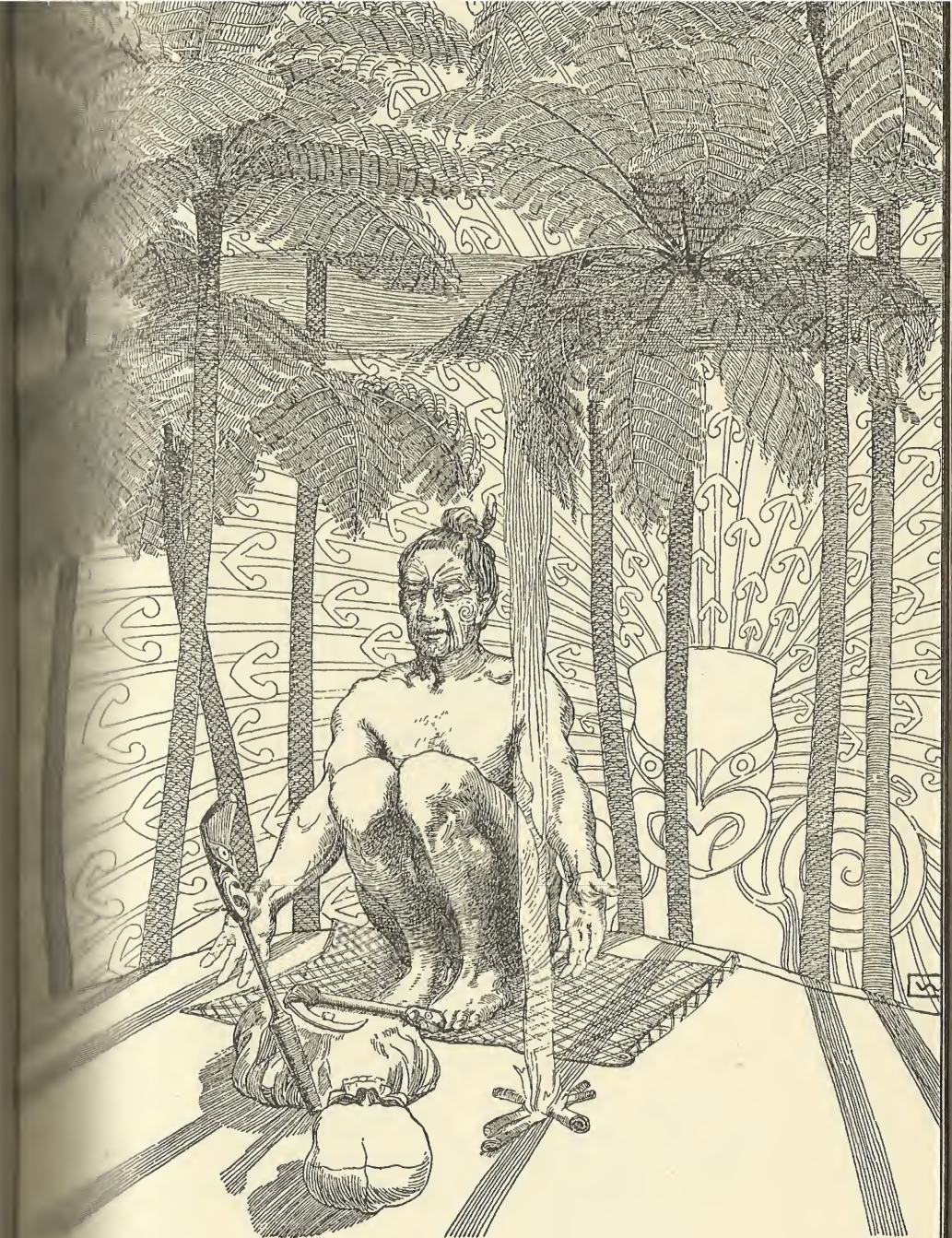
"Aha," she cried, "I smell him. What does a silent man-thing in the lonely underworld?" She sniffed again. "Is it Maui, my grandson, the little one?" she called.

"Yes, it is I, Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga."

"Why are you taking my food, little Maui? What do you want, little Maui?"

"I want your jawbone, Muri my grandmother," Maui replied. "Give me your jawbone, and I will give you food, and leave you in peace."

Muri thought for a while. "Bring the food, Maui," came the deep rumbling voice again. "Bring all the food.



Maui and the sacred fishhook

I am old and have no need of my jawbone. Take it, for you will need it soon."

Maui went forward fearlessly. He took the sacred jawbone of Muri and hurried back to the home of his father and mother. He hid it under his mat, and treasured it until the time came when he could use it.

* * * * *

Maui grew up and became a man. He married a woman of the upper world and went to live in the village with his brothers. Each day the sun god rose with a bound and travelled quickly across the sky. While light remained, the morning meal was hastily prepared and eaten, and then in a little while it was dark again. The people grumbled because the hours of sunlight were so short, but no one ever thought of trying to alter them. Only Maui watched the sun hurrying across the sky, and thought about it, until at last he knew what could be done.

"The days are too short," he said to his brothers.

"No, they are not long enough for us to do our work. That is why our games are always played in the dark," they said.

"We must make them longer," Maui declared.

His brothers laughed. "Is the sun a bird, to be caught while it perches on a branch?" they asked.

"Yes," Maui replied seriously. "I will snare it like a sitting bird."

His brothers laughed louder. "Are you a god to think that you can face the sun god in his strength?"

Maui's eyes blazed. "You forget my power too soon, my brothers. Can I not change myself into a bird? Am I not the strongest of all men? Whose is the magic jawbone of Muri our grandmother? Tomorrow we will journey towards the rising of the sun, and there we will make a snare of strong ropes and catch him and tame him."



Each day the sungod rose with a bound

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

"But the ropes will burn. He will break them like single threads, and we shall shrivel up in the heat of his anger," they objected.

"Get your wives to bring flax and we will make the ropes now," Maui said firmly, and because of the fire in his eyes, and because they were afraid of him, Maui's brothers sat down and plaited strong ropes. Then Maui took the magic jawbone and, followed by his brothers carrying the ropes, he set out towards the place of the rising sun. They hid in the daytime, but at night they travelled fast, until at last they reached the edge of the world. There they built a long clay wall behind which they could hide and shelter themselves from the heat of the sun. They built houses made of branches at each end of the wall, and hid themselves in them, Maui in one and his brothers in the other. Above the place where the sun rose they set a great rope noose and covered it with branches and green leaves.

Presently the sun rose in his strength. The brothers had the end of the rope in their hands. "Steady," whispered Maui. "Wait till his head and paws are through. A-a-h! Now!" The brothers pulled on the rope. Aha, they pulled the rope which had settled round the body of Tama the sun, till it quivered and sang the song of strong ropes that are stretched to breaking point. Tama felt the pain like a circle of fire round his body. He saw the wall and the huts made of branches, and the rope that stretched from his body to the door of the hut. In his anger he threw himself from side to side. He caught the woven flax in his hands to snap it, but it was too strongly made. He pushed with his feet against the earth and the singing of the rope swelled like insects in the bush in summer. It slipped through the hands of the brothers, and the sound of their heavy breathing could be heard above the roaring of the sun.



They pulled the ropes which had settled round the sungod

Maui left his hut with his weapon in his hand, and ran along behind the shelter of the wall. He rose to his full height and brought Muri's bone down with all his strength on Tama's head. Again and again he struck, while the air rang with the cries of the sun god. His head fell forward, and Maui's brothers gathered up the slack of the rope. Maui's blows still fell like the noise of forest trees crashing to the ground when they are felled by fire. At length the sun god was beaten to his knees and cried for mercy.

Then they let him go, for he was badly wounded, and his strength had left him. Instead of leaping swiftly along the path from morning to night, he travelled slowly, as he does to this very day.

* * * * *

Maui's restless mind was never satisfied with the answers he received to his questions.

"Where does fire come from?" he wanted to know.

"It is here," they replied impatiently. "Why do you want to know where it comes from? If it is ours, do we need to know how it comes to us?"

"But what happens if the fires go out?"

"We do not let them go out. If that should happen, our mother knows where to obtain the fire, but she will not tell us."

That night, when everyone was asleep, Maui left his whare and crept to the cooking fires that were smouldering in the darkness. Quietly he poured water on them until the last spark was quenched.

As soon as the sky flushed with the first days of dawn, Maui called to his servants, "I am hungry. Cook some food quickly." They ran to the fires, only to find heaps of grey ash. There was an outcry in the village as the servants rushed to and fro with the news. Maui stayed in his whare and smiled to himself as he listened to the

noise. Presently he heard the sound of voices on the marae, the village meeting-place. His mother was telling the slaves to go to the underworld to get more fire.

Maui threw his kiwi feather cloak round him and strode on to the marae. The slaves were huddled together in terror, for they dreaded the underworld. "I will go, my mother. Where shall I find the land of darkness? Who is keeper of the fire?"

Taranga looked at her son suspiciously. "If no one will go, then my youngest son must make the journey. If you keep to the path that I will show you, you will come to the house of Mahuika, your ancestress. She is the guardian of the fire. If she asks your name, tell her who you are. You must be careful. Be respectful, my son. We know the ways of Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga, but your ancestress is powerful, and if you try to deceive her, she will punish you."

Maui grinned mischievously and set off at once with a long, steady pace that covered the ground quickly, and soon took him to the shadowy land where the fire goddess lived. Presently he came to a beautiful whare with splendid carvings, with paua-shell eyes that shone like flame in the darkness. A woman's voice, old and broken, like the crackling of branches in the fire, came to his ears.

"Who is the bold mortal that stares at the whare of Mahuika of the Fire?"

"It is Maui."

"I have five grandchildren called Maui. Is it Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga?"

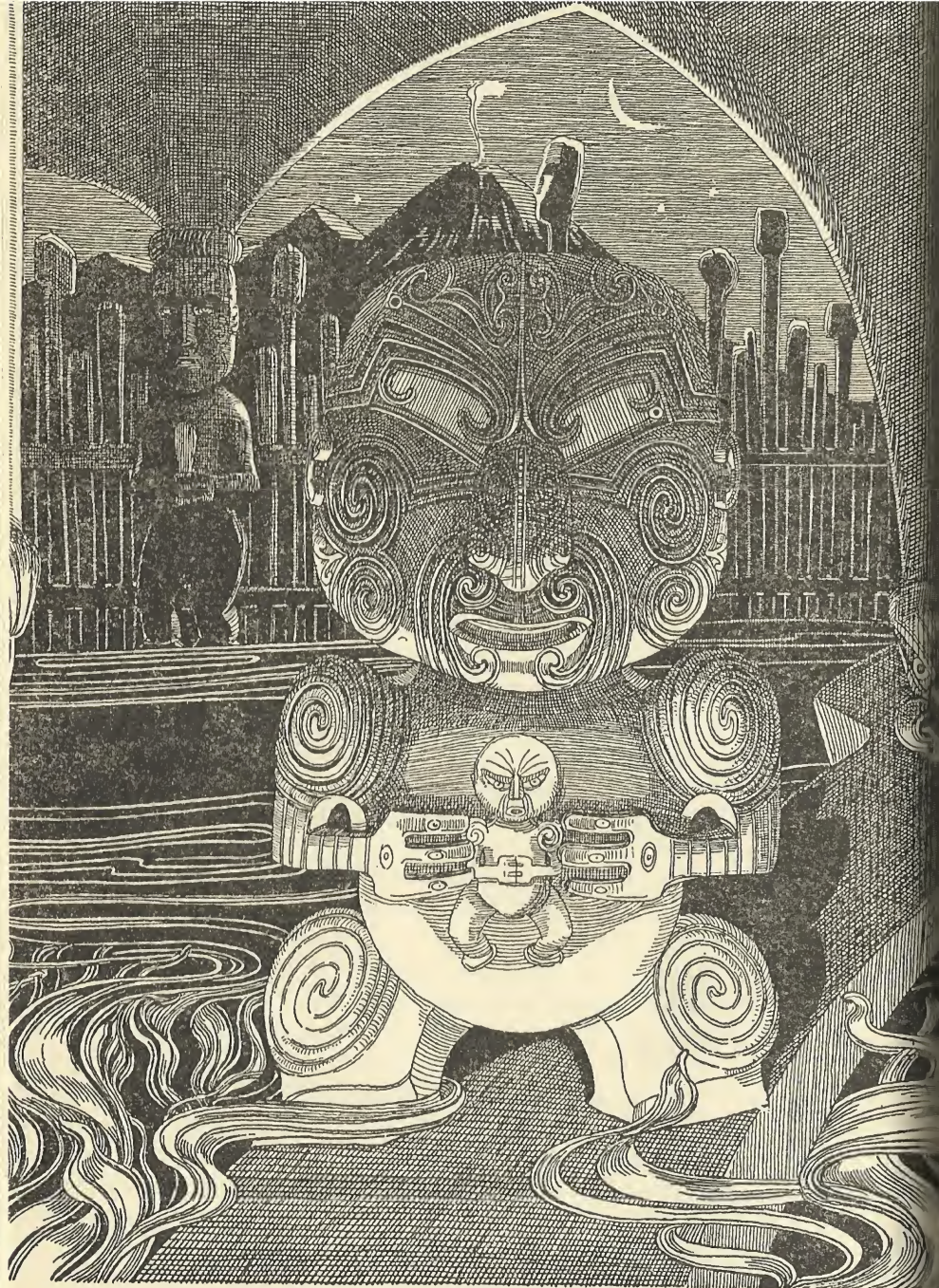
"Yes, it is I."

The old woman chuckled. "What do you want from your grandmother, Maui-the-last-one?"

"I want fire to take back to my mother and my brothers."

"I can give you Fire, Maui."

Mahuika pulled out one of her finger nails, and it



The shadowy land where the fire-goddess lived

MAUI THE HALF-GOD

burst into flame. "Carry it carefully, Maui, and light your fires with it."

Maui took it away, but when he had gone a little distance, he threw it on the ground and stamped on it until the fire was beaten out. He went back to the whare.

"Aha, it is Maui again," the old woman called. "What do you want this time, Maui?"

"Fire. I have lost it. The flame went out."

Mahuika scowled. "Then you have been careless, my grandchild. I will give you another finger-nail, but you must shield the flame with your hand."

Maui took the burning finger-nail. When he was out of sight, he beat out the flame and returned to Mahuika. The fire goddess scowled at him, and grumbled as she gave him another.

Five times Maui went away with the flame, and five times he returned empty-handed. Ten times he went away, and ten times he returned empty-handed. Mahuika's finger-nails had all been given away. Grudgingly she gave him one of her toe-nails, but in a little while the crafty Maui came back for another. Five times he went away, and five times he returned empty-handed. Nine times he went away and nine times he returned empty-handed.

Then at last Mahuika's patience was exhausted. The subterranean fires shook the house, and Maui had to force his way through the heat and the smoke that poured from the door and window. Mahuika's eyes glared through the darkness like flashes of lightning. She took her toe-nail and threw it at Maui. It fell short, and as it touched the ground there was a noise like thunder, and a sheet of flame travelled with the speed of the wind towards Maui. He ran as quickly as he could, but the flames were like a taniwha roaring after him. He changed to the form of a hawk and flew onwards with great strokes of his wings, but still the flames gained on

him. He could feel the heat singeing his feathers, and to this day you will see that the plumage of the hawk remains brown where the fire touched it.

A pool of water lay before him, and folding his wings he plunged into it. Presently the water grew warm. Maui stirred uneasily at the bottom of the pool. It was beginning to get hot now. A few moments later it started to boil and Maui flew upward. The air was full of flame. The forest was on fire and the flames were spreading up into the sky.

It seemed as though the whole world was in danger of being destroyed by fire. Then Maui remembered the gods he had known in Tama's house. He called to them and they saw that the earth was in peril. They sent down rain, heavy driving rain that hurled itself against the flames, and flattened their crests, and broke through the walls of fire. A harsh voice was heard crying in terror. Mahuika was in the midst of the fire, and as she turned and fled to her home, her strength began to fail her. The flames died down to fitful little tongues, and died suddenly in a puff of steam. Mahuika threw the last of her fire into the trees, and they gave it shelter and saved it for the children of men. These trees were the kaikomako, the mahoe and the totara.

At the last, then, there came goodness from the mischief of Maui, for men learnt to rub the wood of these trees together so that fire came from them, and they could at any time summon the fire children of Mahuika to their aid.

* * * * *

Maui patted his fish-hook lovingly. It had been made from the jawbone of his grandmother Muri-ranga-whenua. It was inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ornamented with tufts of dog's hair, and deep magic lay under its polished surface.

The sun had not yet lifted itself above the sea when Maui crept from his whare and climbed into his brothers' canoe. He lifted the bottom boards and slipped into the cramped space underneath. Pulling the boards over himself again, he lay down at full length.

He did not have long to wait. The eastern sky was still pink when the brothers of Maui piled their fishing-lines into the canoe and launched it into the breakers. Maui, hidden beneath their feet, heard them laughing together. "We have got rid of Maui, the tiny one," Maui-pae said. "He will still be asleep."

"Maui is not sleeping," said a deep voice. They looked round in amazement. It sounded as though it had come from beneath the canoe.

"Perhaps it is a gull," said Maui-waho, but they did not believe him.

They lifted their paddles again and the canoe sped forward. Then they stopped. This time there was no mistake. It was Maui who was laughing at them. They pulled up the boards and there he was, grinning at them like a goblin.

"Maui!" they cried. "We will not take you with us. You will spoil our fishing."

Maui's grin widened. "You will take me," he said.

"No. We will put back now. Our canoe is large enough for Maui-pae, for Maui-roto, for Maui-waho, for Maui-taha; it is too small for Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga."

"You will take me," Maui repeated. He stretched out his arm and pointed towards the land. The brothers looked behind them, but only the blue ocean of Kiwa was to be seen, for by his magic art Maui had spread out the sea, and the land was lost behind the lift of the waves.

"Paddle on," he commanded.

"No," said his brothers, laying down their paddles.

"Paddle on!" cried Maui. The laughter had faded from his face, and his eyes were cold and hard like chips

of greenstone. The four brothers lifted their paddles without a word and bent their backs.

They were weary when he gave the word to stop. "Let out your lines," he said, "and we shall see what the fishing-ground of my choice will yield."

They baited their hooks in silence and let them down into the water. Soon the lines jerked in their hands, and before long the bottom boards were covered with fish.

"That will do," said the eldest brother. "This has been good fishing. Now it is done."

Maui breathed on his fish-hook and admired it as it caught the light. "You have done your work, my brothers," he said softly. "Mine has not yet begun."

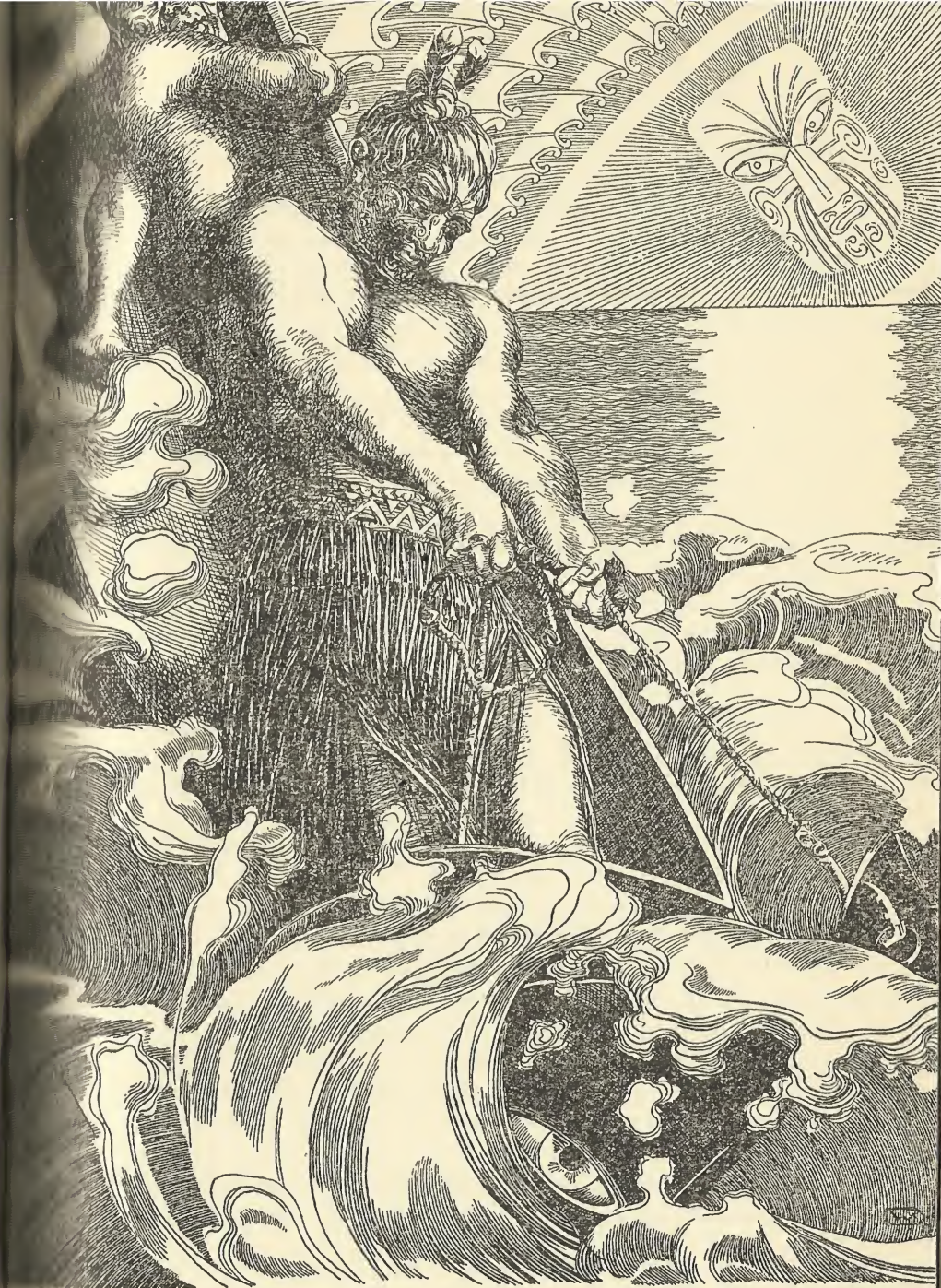
"No, no," they all cried at once. "We have enough for you as well as for ourselves, Maui. Let us go home to our wives and children now."

"Ah, my brothers, you have not seen the fishing of Maui. Only once shall I let out my line. Give me some bait."

They would not give him any for they feared what their brother might do. Then Maui clenched his fist and struck his nose so violently that it bled. He smeared the blood on the hook and lowered it over the side of the canoe.

Fathom after fathom of line passed between his fingers. The flax cord stretched far into the depths. Presently Maui felt that the hook had touched something. He breathed softly while his brothers looked on in silence. He tugged gently at the cord, and far below the hook caught fast.

In the silent home of Tangaroa, Maui's hook had caught in the doorway of the house of Tonganui, the son of the sea god. Maui took the strain on his line. He set his feet against the side of the canoe, and putting forth his strength, he hauled on the line. Tonganui's house groaned. It lifted a little, settled back and then, as the



Maui's hook had caught in the house of Tonganui

quivering cord strained upwards, it left the bottom of the sea, and with it came a great piece of land.

Maui chanted the song that makes heavy weights light. His brothers drove their paddles deep in the water. Maui's voice rose higher, and his muscles stood out on his arms like the roots of a tree. The cord sang with a high head-piercing note.

There was a deep-throated cry from the brothers as the tekoteko, the carved human figure on the roof of Tonganui's house, rose slowly above the sea, followed by the sides and the doorway, with the magic hook caught in it. And then came the land underneath, like a shining fish whose tail stretched far out of sight. It lifted the canoe high out of the water as it thrust the ocean from its sides.

It was the Fish of Maui . . . Te Ika a Maui.

"Remain here," said Maui to his brothers. "Make no sound. The sea god is angry, and I must make peace with him. Then we will divide the land between us."

He passed out of sight with long swinging strides. Smooth and bright and shining was the world that Maui had pulled from beneath the sea. On its broad surface were houses. Fires were sending columns of smoke in the still air. Birds were singing, and streams were chattering down its sides.

"This piece belongs to me," shouted Maui-taha.

"No, it is mine," called Maui-waho.

"Well, then, I shall take this," said Maui-pae. They sprang out of the canoe and ran about the land, slashing it with their weapons, and claiming pieces for themselves.

The Fish felt their running feet and the strokes of their weapons. It was but sleeping on the surface of the ocean. It tossed on the water, and its smooth surface was ruffled.

That is why the Great Fish of Maui has been broken in mountain and valley, and rough and rocky coastlines.

If they had left it alone it would be smooth to this very day.

It happened long ago, this fishing of Maui. Te Ika a Maui they call it, the Great Fish of Maui, this Northern Island of Aotearoa. Even the hook is here. It stretches out in the curved coastline of Hawke's Bay, to the point known to the Maori as Te Matua a Maui . . . the Fish-hook of Maui.

* * * * *

Tuna-roa was the Father of all eels. He lived in a swamp on the back of the fish that Maui had pulled out of the sea. Maui lived for a while on this great island with his wife Hina. Every day Hina went down to the swamp to fill her calabash.

One morning, as she bent over to dip it into the water, there was a swirl in the pool, and a long writhing body shot up above the surface. It was Tuna-roa. The water dripped from him as he raised his head high in the air. Hina drew back and turned to run, but she was too late. Tuna's head darted forward and struck her between the shoulders so that she fell forward on her face. Tuna slipped out of the water and wrapped his slimy coils round her. Then he slid back to the water again.

Hina said nothing of this to her husband. The next day she watched carefully as she lowered the calabash. Again she saw something swimming up through the still, dark water. She dropped her calabash and ran, but her foot struck a stone and she fell. In an instant Tuna's damp body slid over her.

This time Hina told her husband. Maui was angry. He went into the forest and cast spells on the trees to make them do his will. Then he cut them down and made tools from them—spades that would dig deep and fast with none to set foot on them, spears that would sink easily into flesh, knives that would cut quickly. These he took to the swamp and set them working. The spades dug a broad

ditch from the swamp to the sea. Maui stretched a net across the ditch and sat down to wait. Presently the rain fell. The little streams poured their water into the swamp. The water rose until it reached the ditch. It burst the narrow barrier of earth that the spades had left and roared down the trench. It carried great lumps of earth with it, tree trunks and plants, and in the middle of the torrent the struggling Tuna-roa.

He was tossed about, helpless in the turmoil of waters, until he felt himself caught in the meshes of the net. Then Maui raised his knife and slashed at Tuna's neck. The head fell off and was carried out to sea. Maui cut off his tail and, in his rage, chopped him into little pieces.

This was not the end of Tuna-roa. His head changed into a fish, his tail become the conger eel, and the little pieces changed into fresh-water eels. So Tuna-roa became the father of eels.

* * * * *

The years passed by and Maui grew older. He was as merry as ever, but there were silver threads in his hair, and his two sons were grown men. They were like their father. They were never serious, and Maui became jealous of them. One day he called them to him as the sun was setting. "My sons," he said, "I grow weary of the tale of your misdeeds. You bring shame upon me. The time has come for you to leave this world.

"But you will not be forgotten of men," he said, as he placed his hands on their shoulders. "I shall change you into stars. Who watches for the coming of night will see you, and you will be welcomed by those who look for the dawn. Farewell, my sons."

He touched them with his hand and their form changed, and they glowed with light. He took their jawbones to add to his store of fish-hooks. Maui lifted his sons in his hands and flung them far into space, until they took their place in the vast pattern of the sky. And there they

are in the wide-flung cloak of Rangi, the Sky Father. One of them is the morning star and the other the evening star.

Among those who had watched the fate of the young men was Taki, the elder brother of Maui. Taki was old and weary. He saw the stars shining peacefully in the sky, and he longed for such rest himself. "Throw me into the sky as you have thrown my nephews," he begged. "Then I shall live for ever in the sight of men."

Maui looked at his brother thoughtfully. Taki's teeth were white and strong, even in his old age. Taki's jaw would make an excellent fish-hook. But Taki had become fat and heavy.

"I cannot throw you into the sky," Maui said. "But give me your jawbone and I will show you how to climb the spider's threads that stretch from earth to sky."

Taki agreed, and with Maui's help he climbed the dizzy heights. His eye grew brighter as he went to his place in the sky, and there he shines cheerfully for ever. He is Takiara, the Guiding Star.

* * * * *

Maui went fishing with Irawaru, the husband of his wife's sister. He had with him his famous fish-hook made from the jawbone of Muri. But in spite of its polished beauty, and its magic, Maui caught nothing, while Irawaru's hook brought fish after fish to join the silver heap on the bottom boards. Maui's temper began to fray.

Presently he felt a jerk on his line, and he pulled it in quickly. The two lines had crossed and Maui shouted, "Keep your hook free of my line. This is my fish." Irawaru paid out the cord to clear his hook, and both men pulled in their lines. When the fish lay gasping in the canoe it could be seen that it was on Irawaru's hook.

Maui concealed his anger. The canoe was paddled back to land, and when it reached the shore, Maui called to Irawaru to jump out and lift the outrigger. As he stooped and lifted it on his back, Maui threw down his

paddle and leaped on to the heavy timber. Irawaru fell under the weight and lay helpless with the outrigger pressing him down on to the stones. Maui stamped on him until Irawaru's back became long. His skin grew furry, his arms and legs became short, a tail appeared, and his head changed in shape. In the place of Irawaru, there was a furry Maori dog, the very first of dogs.

Irawaru's wife met Maui as he came up from the beach. "Where is Irawaru?" she asked.

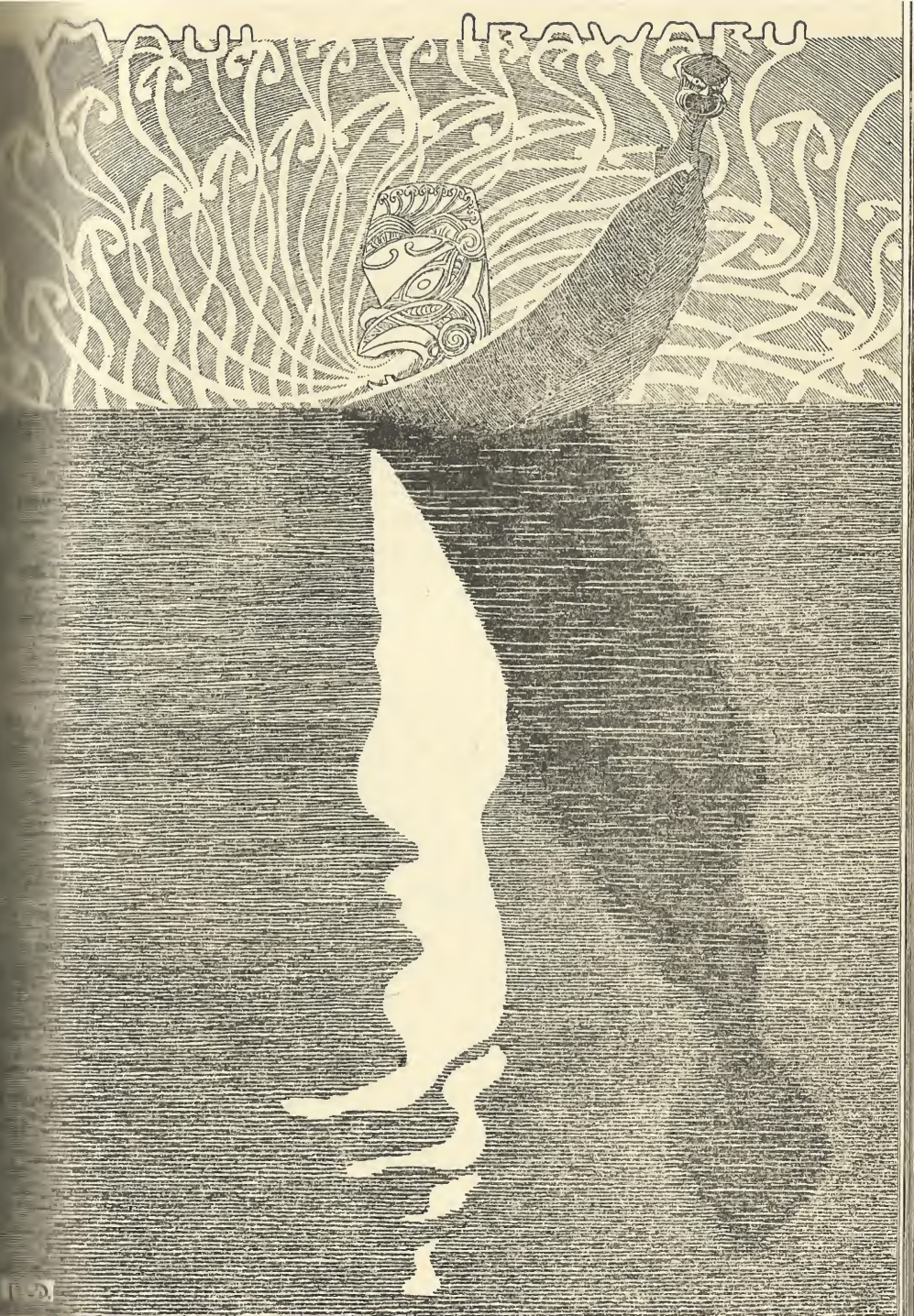
"I have left him by the canoe," Maui said with a laugh, though his eyes were not smiling. "Go down and help him, wife's sister. If you cannot find him, call him. Call Mo-i, mo-i, mo-i, and he will answer."

The woman hurried to the beach but she could not see her husband. She called him, but there was no answer. Then she remembered Maui's words and she cried, "Mo-i, mo-i," and at once there was a rustle in the bushes and a strange animal ran out and frisked round her. When she saw it, Hinauri, the wife of Irawaru, turned back and walked in silence to the kainga, for she knew that Maui had taken vengeance on her husband, and her heart was sad.

* * * * *

Maui was growing old. His sons were among the stars that shone at night. The sun, as it moved slowly across the sky, reminded him of his boldness as a youth. He lived on the land he had pulled from the bed of the ocean. His evening meal was cooked with the fire he had stolen from Mahuika.

His people remembered these deeds. In spite of his evil temper, they remembered how much they owed to his impatience, and they looked to him to show them things more wonderful than these. And so, in his old age, Maui planned his greatest deed. He determined to conquer the dreadful goddess of death, Hine-nui-te-Po.



The canoe was paddled back to the land

From far away he saw her. Her eyes shone, her teeth gleamed, the long mass of her hair flowed round her like surge-tossed seaweed, and when she spoke her voice rumbled like thunder.

Maui called to his friends the birds, and they flew to him. They came from sea and swamp and shore to do his bidding. He called for water, and Pukeko ran to fetch it. Maui was pleased, and he caught Pukeko and pulled his legs until they were long and thin, so that he could stride easily through the shallow waters of his native marshes. Only the birds were his friends as he drew near to the goddess.

Hine was asleep. Her mouth was wide open, and Maui threw off his cloak and made ready to crawl through her mouth.

"Listen," he whispered to the birds, "no one must laugh as I crawl through her mouth, even though the sight be strange. When I come out again, then you may laugh and sing, for I shall have killed the goddess, and men and birds need never die."

In the stillness Maui leaped head first into the open mouth of Hine. Like pointed rocks her teeth hung above him, and the frightened birds made no sound. Maui climbed further in until only his tattooed legs hung out. As he turned and twisted, his legs swung from side to side. Merry little Tiwakawaka, the Water Wagtail, was watching and his shrill voice suddenly rang with the laughter he could not contain. Hine awoke. The lightning flashed from her red eyes and her teeth came together with a mighty crash.

It was only the laugh of Tiwakawaka, the little Water Wagtail who laughs no more; only that, and an incantation that his father forgot, that prevented Maui from overcoming death.

For a day and a night the birds were sad and silent when they remembered their friend Maui. And then they forgot, for life is too short to be spent in sorrow, and death at the end is like sleep that comes to the weary.



The fish of Maui

Chapter 5

TAWHAKI THE BOLD

ON a flat reef of rocks which thrust itself through the swell of the waves and the surging bull-kelp, Tawhaki and his four brothers-in-law were fishing. As they pulled in the flax lines with the bone hooks, the heaps of fish behind them grew into piles of shining silver. But when the sun began to sink, Tawhaki's pile was as great as those of the four brothers put together.

Tawhaki laughed as he gathered them into his basket, and began to taunt his brothers. They had no reply to make, but in their minds they were yet more firmly resolved to carry out the plan that had been decided upon when they invited him to come with them. The real trouble was jealousy. Tawhaki was the most skilled of all their tribe in the arts of peace and war, in running and swimming, in fighting and love-making. As he shouldered his basket, he began to sing, for he could not read his brothers' minds.

Two of them reached the village as the sun dipped below the sea. Their sister met them as they dropped their loaded baskets. "Where is my husband?" she asked.

"We left him with our brothers," they said quickly, like people who have been expecting a question and have an answer in their minds all the time. Their sister looked at them closely and frowned. She felt there was something strange in the way they spoke. They had hardly

TAWHAKI THE BOLD

been civil to her husband for weeks on end, but that morning they had come early to her whare and with smooth words had persuaded Tawhaki to go fishing with them. She looked at their baskets, stuffed to overflowing with fish. Everyone knew that her brothers were poor fishermen.

She hurried down to the beach, where she met her other brothers.

"Where is my husband?"

Her voice was sharp, and the laughter of her brothers sounded false even in their own ears as they said: "Why do you ask us? He went home with our brothers. We are not his guardians."

She did not reply, but broke into a run, following the mark of footsteps in the sand. It was getting dark, but the footprints still showed faintly, just above the white line of the waves. Fear was in her heart as she ran. The shadow of the rocky headland lay dark upon the sand, and in it was a darker shape. She fell on her knees beside it. It was Tawhaki. She put her face close to his and felt the gentle stirring of his breath, so faint that it was almost lost in the hissing of the little waves as they lapped his outstretched arm. She raised his head and he stirred and opened his eyes. A smile curved his lips.

"Your brothers——" he said faintly. "They lack skill in battle as well as in sport. They thought they had killed me."

His head fell back again. The gods gave strength to the wife of Tawhaki. She lifted her husband in her arms and slid the dead weight of his body round on to her back. He weighed heavy on her but she bent her back until his feet were lifted clear of the sand. In this fashion, planting one foot heavily after another, she returned along the faint tracks her flying feet had made in the sand.

Tawhaki did not open his eyes until the morning. "Is there a tall tree near the whare?" he asked abruptly.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

"Bring it here and put it on the fire." His wife dragged a great log out of the bush.

"Do not cut it up," Tawhaki said. "Put it on the fire as it is."

While the flames licked the bark, he stretched out his hands to the blaze. "As the fire eats the wood, so shall my children eat the children of your brothers," he said, his eyes reflecting the fierce glare of the fire. "When our son is born he shall be named Wahieroa to remind him of the will of his father. Log-of-wood-for-the-fire shall be his name."

Months went by and a son was born to Tawhaki. His name was Wahieroa.

Tawhaki called his own relatives and warriors together. "Faithless are the people of this village," he said. "We shall take our families with us and build a pa of our own. Let us go to the mountain that looks down on this place, to the summit where the last gleams of sunlight linger. Let us go now, while the faithless ones skulk in their whares. None shall dare to hinder us in our going, and we shall have no pity for them."

On the top of that mountain they built their pa. Its treble line of pallsades could be seen against the morning sky with the sentries standing on their towers. At night time the cries of the watchers floated across the bush-clad valleys, even as far as the village by the sea where the brothers took their careless ease. They were happier now that Tawhaki had gone, and even the sharp silhouette of the pallsades that hung in the sky failed to disturb their quietness of mind.

But Tawhaki had not forgotten. The sight of little Wahieroa, lying in his mother's arms, reminded him of his promise. "Revenge must not be left to my son," he reflected. "The injury is mine and vengeance is mine."

He climbed up to the highest part of the mountain where the clouds seemed to float at arm's length. He



He called on the gods to release the floods of heaven

lifted his arms and called on the gods, his ancestors, to release the floods of heaven. The clouds dropped closer to the earth, heavy and black. The wind died down and a stillness lay over the land. Then the waters of heaven emptied themselves. The little streams became roaring torrents, but the noise of the hurrying water was drowned by the drumming of the rain. Out at sea the calm water had been turned into a mass of white spume, and as the hungry rivers hurled themselves into the sea, the little waves, faster than any tide, crept up the sand to the village where the murderers were crouching in the shelter of their whares. They watched the water creeping over the high ridge of grass-bound sand. It swirled across the marae and gurgled round their feet. It heaped itself in a long slow curve, and before they could leave their doorways, it rose silently to the tekoteko on the roof-tree and shut off the sound of their cries.

The last raindrops fell from the clouds and the sun shone again on a crazy world of intermingled forest and tossing sea. Looking through the steam that rose from every sodden hill and tree, Tawhaki could see the water slowly ebbing away from the village at the foot of the mountain. The tekotekos thrust their grinning heads above the waves, but the thatch of the whares had been carried away by the silent water, and with it the bodies of the brothers of his wife. Only the gaunt framework of the whares showed where the faithless ones had lived.

Some time after the great flood, Tawhaki thought of his parents who had been stolen many years before by the Ponaturi, the strange people who sleep on land at night, but who fear the sun and go down below the sea before daylight comes. He felt that he must leave home and seek them.

Taking his younger brother, Karihi, with him, he left the hill-top home and began his search. No one knew

where the Ponaturi lived. Tawhaki said to his brother: "Their sleeping-place must lie somewhere near the shore, for they will not dare to go far from the sea. We must seek for them along the coast."

They travelled a long way and slept many times. One day they crossed a ridge which gave them a view of the curving beach ahead. A huge whare stood by itself not far from the shore. There were no buildings to be seen except this solitary whare, the ridge-pole of which towered far above the forest trees at its side.

"The home of the Ponaturi!" Tawhaki exclaimed. "I know it, for there are thousands of the sea-creatures, and until now no house we have seen would be big enough to hold them all."

The two brothers walked boldly along the grass that bordered the sand, for it was midday and the Ponaturi were hidden in the dark valleys below the ocean. Tawhaki sang an ancient chant as they drew near. Then they stopped to listen. Somewhere near the top of the whare they heard the faint rattling of bones. Tawhaki's hair bristled like a dog's. "Those are the bones of our father," he said to Karihi. "They are rattling with gladness because we have come. Our father knows that vengeance is at hand."

"This is indeed the house of Manawa-tane," Karihi replied. "And there is our mother standing at the door."

The old woman wept as she recognised her sons. She embraced them, and when her weeping had come to an end she spoke. "You must return to your home at once," she said. "Your father was killed by the sea-people; my children must not be lost."

"We shall not return till we have avenged our father," Tawhaki said firmly. "We have heard the bones proclaim his joy; we are not to be turned aside from our resolve."

"You cannot stand against them, my sons," his mother said sadly. "Go now while there is time."

Karihi spoke. "We are determined. You shall hide us in the whare."

"That will not serve you well, my sons. They will see you even in the dark."

"We shall make ourselves invisible," Karihi said.

"They will smell the man-scent."

"That we shall see." Tawhaki spoke abruptly. "This is what you shall do, my mother."

His mother bowed her head. She helped her sons to block up the holes and chinks in the walls of the whare and watched them climb into the thick thatch that covered the roof.

They were hidden when night fell and the first of the Ponaturi put his head through the door.

"Tatau!" he called. "I can smell the man-scent."

"That is nonsense," she replied. "There is no one but old Tatau here."

The scout was not satisfied, but while he sniffed round the walls the Ponaturi came crowding up the beach, shaking the water from them and pressing into the whare. They lay down on the floor, and the scout lay down with them for the man-scent had been lost in the crowd.

The hours of the night passed slowly while Tatau sat in the darkness outside the door. Occasionally an old man would stir and call out: "Ho, Tatau, Tatau, there; is the dawn coming?"

She would answer: "No, no, it is deep night; it is lasting night; it is still night; sleep soundly; sleep on."

Present the glowing fingers of the dawn began to spread over the eastern sky and the stars paled before them. Tawhaki and Karihi stood beside their mother and listened. A voice called: "Ho, Tatau, surely the dawn is coming?"

The old lady replied: "No, no, it is night; it is lasting night; it is still night; sleep soundly; sleep on."

Rangi's mantle of daylight spread from east to west and the sun shone brightly on Manawa-tane. Several voices cried impatiently: "Tatau! Tatau! The dawn must be near. Is it not light yet?"

At a sign from her sons, Tatau shouted: "Yes, it is light!"

She pulled the door away while Tawhaki and Karihi leaped to the widow and burst through the reed walls so that the sunlight flooded the house. The Ponaturi had risen to their feet, but the sunbeams smote them before they could stir from their places, and they melted away like mist. Not a single one of them remained. Only the kanae, the salmon, escaped, leaping and bounding through the broken walls and across the sand to the water, even as he does to this day when he scales the waterfalls of the rivers.

The brothers took their father's bones reverently from the roof-tree and wrapped them up. They set fire to the tall house of the Ponaturi and led their mother away. As they crossed the ridge they looked back and saw the last charred timbers settling down into the greying ashes. A thin column of smoke rising in the air was the only thing left to mark the grave of the myriad Ponaturi, the fish-men of Manawa-tane.

The years passed by and Tawhaki was lonely. His mother and his wife had gone to the Reinga, and his son had taken a wife. But Tawhaki's fame had spread afar, even up to the heavenly places. Looking down from her home in the sky, a daughter of the gods who had heard of his mighty deeds, saw the strength of his limbs, the muscles that rippled under his skin, the deep tattooing, the fire that glowed in his eyes, the clear-cut features, the way he walked, the fearless manner of his talking.

She came down from the seventh heaven and lived with Tawhaki. In time a daughter was born to them, descendant of the immortal woman and the mortal father. They lived happily together until one day, in a thoughtless moment, Tawhaki made a careless remark about his daughter that wounded his celestial wife. She was not like a woman of earth. She caught her child up in her arms and rose up towards the sky. Tawhaki realised the consequences of his words. Hapai, his wife, had risen beyond his reach. For a moment she rested by the teko-teko at the roof gable and looked sorrowfully at her husband. "I shall never come back," she said.

"Tell me then what I may have as a remembrance of you," Tawhaki cried.

Hapai remained silent for a little space. "You will follow, Tawhaki. I know it. My message to you is this: When you climb the heights of heaven, beware of the creeper that sways in the wind. Choose the one whose roots have struck deeply into the earth. Farewell."

The moon had swelled, night by night, and diminished night by night until it was but a line of silver in the sky.

"Come, Karihi," Tawhaki said to his brother. "Let us go out again together."

"Where shall we go?" asked Karihi.

"A long way, brother. I am going to search for my wife and daughter."

The brothers travelled together far over the land until they saw the tendrils that stretched like the threads of a giant spider's web between earth and heaven. They hurried towards them, and there, holding the tendrils in her hand, sat their old, blind grandmother, Matakerepo. Ten taro roots were spread in front of her. Tawhaki and Karihi came up quietly and watched the old lady. With her free hand she felt the roots and counted them slowly: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine——" With

a twinkle in his eye Tawhaki had quietly removed the tenth root. A puzzled frown wrinkled the old woman's brow. Thinking she had counted them wrongly, she began again. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight——" This time Karihi had taken a root.

Matakerepo grumbled to herself and once more she felt the roots. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven——" For a moment she sat silent in thought. Someone was stealing her roots. With a lightning move she snatched up a weapon and lashed round her in a wide circle with a blow that would have laid open a man's skull. Tawhaki and Karihi were watching her like hawks and as the weapon sang through the air they lay flat on their faces so that it passed harmlessly over them.

Their grandmother put the weapon away and sat wrapped in thought. Tawhaki crept forward and struck her playfully on the face. The old woman was frightened. Releasing the tendril she had been holding, she put her hands to her face and cried pitifully: "Who is it? Who is there?"

Tawhaki struck her again across her eyes and immediately her sight was restored. Blinking in the unaccustomed light, she peered into the faces of the men in front of her. Then she gave a loud cry of welcome.

"It is you, Tawhaki, my grandson, and Karihi."

She embraced them both. When greetings were over, she asked them where they were going.

"I am searching for my daughter and wife," Tawhaki said.

"Where are they?"

"They are above, somewhere in the Sky-land."

The old lady blinked. "What made them go to the sky, Tawhaki?"

"Hapai was a goddess, my grandmother. She came down to earth and lived with me for a while, but now she

has returned. The days are empty without wife or daughter, so I have come to seek them."

"There lies your ladder to the skies," his grandmother replied, grasping the creepers again. "That is the road you must travel. Beware the tendrils that sway in the breeze; and when you are between earth and heaven, my grandson, do not look down lest you become giddy. Look ever up."

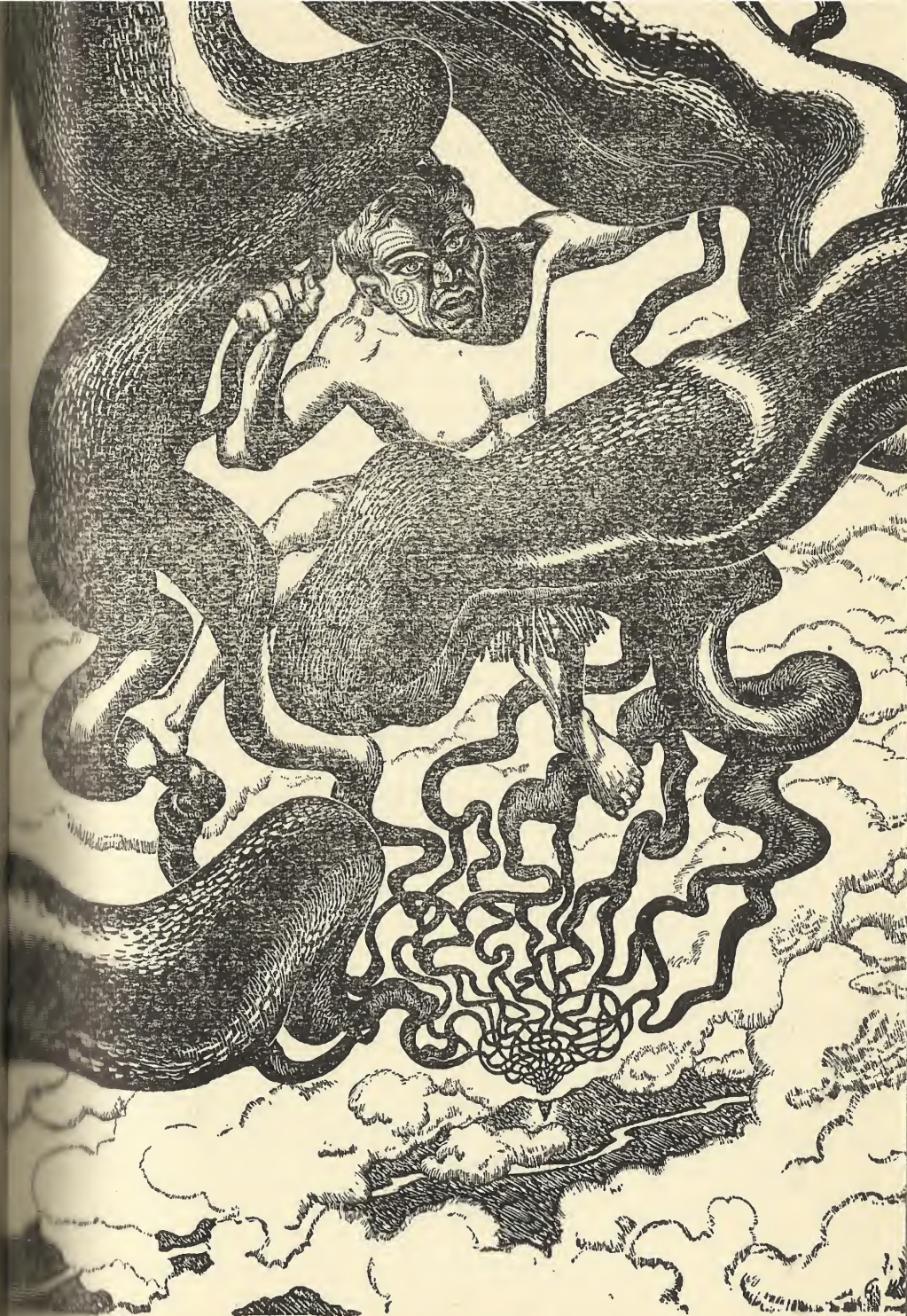
Karihi had been looking up at the creepers. Without waiting to hear his grandmother's words, he sprang up and clutched one of them; but it was one which was drifting loosely above the earth. The moment his fingers closed on the rope-like stem a gust of wind caught it and swept him out of sight. His breath choked him as the forests and seas raced below in a flashing pattern of green and blue. A moment later another fierce gust swung up towards the sky. He dropped with a sickening jolt that almost tore his hands away. Again he was swept out towards the horizon. Again he was swept back. Far off he could see Tawhaki and Matakerepo. They grew suddenly large and Tawhaki shouted: "Let go now." As the creeper swept past Karihi dropped off and fell at the feet of his brother.

Tawhaki felt alarmed for his brother's safety. It was not a light thing to undertake, this storming of the citadel of the gods. In his heart he knew Karihi was not fitted to face the dangers of the long journey to the heavens.

"Go home to our people, Karihi," he said kindly. "Our families need protection. Go back to the pa while there is time, for I may not return, and it is better that one chief should be lost rather than two."

Karihi felt that his brother was right. He longed to dare that stupendous climb, but Tawhaki knew best, and sadly he returned to the pa upon the hill-top.

Tawhaki chose the firmly-rooted creeper carefully and grasped the stem in his strong hands. He climbed



Tawhaki climbed up towards the sky-land

steadily, clinging firmly with his toes as well as his fingers. He kept his eyes fixed on the creeper where it thinned to a thread in the bright sky and was lost to sight. His grandmother's voice came up to him, fainter and ever fainter as he climbed, but it gave him new strength. "Hold fast, Tawhaki, hold fast. Let your hands hold fast." Presently the voice faded away and there was no sound but the singing of the tendril in the air, and the never-ceasing whisper of the winds, the restless children of Tawhiri-matea. He longed to see the comforting earth and perhaps that distant speck that would be Matakerepo, but he continued to look upwards. It was cold in that empty space, but he chanted the incantation that gave strength to his hands and warmth to his body.

Before he could realise it, Tawhaki found himself in the Skyland, lying among the ferns and breathing heavily. Presently he stood up and looked round. The trees grew close together, and there was no one in sight, but he could hear the thud of an axe and the sound of voices. He changed himself into the form of an old man, white of hair, thin and stooped, and pushed through the undergrowth.

He came to the edge of a clearing and stood watching the scene. An unfinished canoe lay on the ground and a score of god-men were busy on it, cutting and smoothing the long hull. They were the brothers of Hapai, his celestial wife, and Tawhaki knew that he was coming to the end of his search.

They stopped their work to look at him as he approached. One of them shouted: "Look at the old man there. Come, it is nearly night. Let us finish now. The old man can carry our tools."

They threw down their axes and one of them addressed Tawhaki: "Come, slave, pick up the axes and follow us as quickly as you can."

Tawhaki picked up the tools and followed the chattering god-men. He limped amidst the shadows and soon they were out of sight. Then he turned and hurried back to the canoe. Throwing off his cloak, he took an adze and putting the sharp edge to the rough wood, he ran swiftly along the sides. The wood curled crisply from the green-stone blade and instead of the uneven timber a smooth surface slid from under the planing edge. Several times Tawhaki laid the adze blade to the huge log and in a few minutes the shape of a finished hull grew under his cunning fingers.

As he approached the village where the brothers of Hapai lived, old and decrepit and bent under his load of axes, he met two women who had been gathering wood for the fire. "Here is the new slave they have been telling us about," one of them laughed. "Why should we carry wood when there is a slave to do it for us. Come, old man, come over here."

Tawhaki went to them and stooped while they laid a bundle of sticks on his back. And so he came to the home of his wife, Tawhaki the warrior-chief who was without peer in the Earth-land, stooped as an old man, dishonoured as a slave. They laughed at him as he crossed the marae. He saw his wife and daughter but he made no sign. Still bending under his load, he walked steadily towards them.

"Put the wood down there, low-born," someone shouted, but Tawhaki took no notice. He walked straight on towards Hapai as she sat warming herself by the fire, and threw the wood close beside her. Then he lowered himself to the ground, slowly and carefully as an old man will, and held out his hands to the blaze.

"Fool!" a young man shouted. "You have made yourself tapu by sitting so close to the high-born Hapai."

Tawhaki did not answer but stared at his wife and child through the leaping flames; but they took no notice

of the old man who lay back in the darkness of their home.

The next morning Tawhaki was awakened by a cry: "Get up, slave, and take the tools to the canoe."

Like an old man he straightened his back slowly and stood up. He picked up the adzes and followed the god-men through the bush to the canoe. As they came into the clearing he heard their shout of surprise and smiled to himself. They took no notice of him when he lowered the tools to the ground and listened to their exclamations as they walked round the half-finished canoe, looking at the work that had been done since they left the previous night.

When the dusk began to creep down on the clearing, the god-men left their work with little to show for the day's toil, and Tawhaki followed with the adzes. When they were out of sight, he returned once more with swift steps and adzed and planed until the canoe was nearly finished.

The following morning there was even more talk and bewilderment. At nightfall Tawhaki returned to the clearing and added the last strokes to the delicate whorls on the prow and the stern-post. He had shed his disguise, and as he reached up to the lofty column of wooden tracery at the stern, he looked like a god. Keen eyes were staring at him out of the undergrowth, for this time his brothers-in-law had remained hidden behind the bushes to watch for the coming of the skilled worker who had completed their task. Without a word they hurried to their village and sought out their sister, Hapai.

"Tell us," they said, "what does your husband look like? Is he a man in the fullness of his strength?"

"Ae."

"Tall and straight as a kauri?"

"Ae."

"Is his hair black and his eyes like stars?"

"Ae."

"Then it is Tawhaki who has finished our canoe. Watch you for him when he comes."

Presently the old man walked on to the marae and lowered the adzes from his back. He walked towards Hapai. She looked at him carefully. This man's back was bent. His face seemed wrinkled and the flesh hung in loose folds on his body.

"Who are you?" asked Hapai.

The old man walked on without a word.

"Tell me, are you Tawhaki?"

He continued on until he reached Hapai's daughter. He lifted her up and held her tightly in his arms. As he straightened himself his limbs filled out and the muscles rippled again on his broad back. When he turned to Hapai his face had become young and handsome, and the fires of joy were shining in his eyes.

"It is Tawhaki!" the god-men cried, but Hapai lowered her head and cried, for her heart was melting with gladness.

Tawhaki took his place in the whare with his wife that night. When the sun rose they broke down the wall of their home and carried the little girl through the place where no feet had walked before, and she was baptised. Her father was there, bold Tawhaki among the god-men. Thunder and lightning broke from the ground beneath his feet when he walked.

When the lightning flashes and the thunder roars through the heavens, men listen and look up at the lofty sky and say to each other: "It is Tawhaki who walks in the heavens."

Chapter 6

RUPE THE KIND BROTHER

HINA-URI, whose husband the madcap Maui had turned into a dog, had thrown herself into the sea in her grief. The tides washed her to and fro, and at length cast her up on to a sandy beach. She was found by two brothers. Under the barnacles and tangled seaweed that had grown over her, they could see that she was young and beautiful.

They lifted her tenderly and carried her to their home. She was set down by the fire, and the growths that had covered her were scraped off. Presently, as the warmth of the fire revived her, she sat up and spread her hands to the blaze. In the gentle heat her wrinkled skin tightened and the colour came into her face and hands. When they saw that she had recovered, the young men went to their chief, Tinirau, and told him of the young woman who had come from the sea. Tinirau hastened to their whare, and as soon as he saw Hina-uri, he said, "She shall be my wife," and in spite of her protests he took her back to live with him.

Hina-uri was unhappy in Tinirau's whare. She still loved her husband, and her sorrow increased within her daily, for Tinirau had two other wives who hated her. They insulted her and called her names and even went so far as to strike her, and to make plans to kill her. Hina-uri, who was of the same blood as Maui, refused to submit to these indignities, and one day she rose and

RUPE THE KIND BROTHER

chanted a powerful incantation to the gods. The birds and insects fell silent as her chant rose on the cold morning air. Even the leaves of the trees ceased their endless whispering, and Tinirau's wives felt their blood running cold in their veins. As the chant ended they swayed and fell, and lay cold and lifeless on the ground with their feet pointing up.

Tinirau took no notice of them. He led Hina-uri back to his whare and gazed on her beauty, but Hina-uri stared back at him with unseeing eyes.

Far away, Maui-mua, the brother of Hina-uri, was sad. He had sought her far and wide, but no-one could tell him where she had gone. While he was still grieving for her, a sudden thought came into his mind. "The great god Rehua who lives in the tenth heaven is my ancestor," he reflected. "I will seek him, for surely he can tell me where I may find Hina-uri."

The tenth heaven was far away, and Maui the first-born could reach it only by flying as a bird. With magic spells and incantations he changed himself into a pigeon, into the gentle Rupe, and breasted the thin air. After a time he came to the first heaven and asked the people there whether he might fly higher still. They shouted in anger because a bird had dared to think of piercing the heavens which Tane had sewed together; but Rupe was rested after his long flight, and he flew upwards again, brushing past the hands that were stretched out to seize him.

At last he reached the highest heaven where Rehua, the god of kindness, lived. As Rupe looked at his face he knew that he would help him. He bowed before him and told him of his long search for his sister. Rehua embraced him and ordered his servants to cook food for the weary wanderer. They brought empty calabashes and set them before him. Then as Rupe looked on in amazement,

Rehua unbound his long hair and shook it over the calabashes. As he did so many birds flew out and were caught by the servants and cooked.

Rupe did not dare to eat the birds that had nested in the sacred hair of Rehua, and he refused to eat the delicious food, though it is true that some people say he did eat them, and that for this reason his voice became hoarse, and remains so to this day.

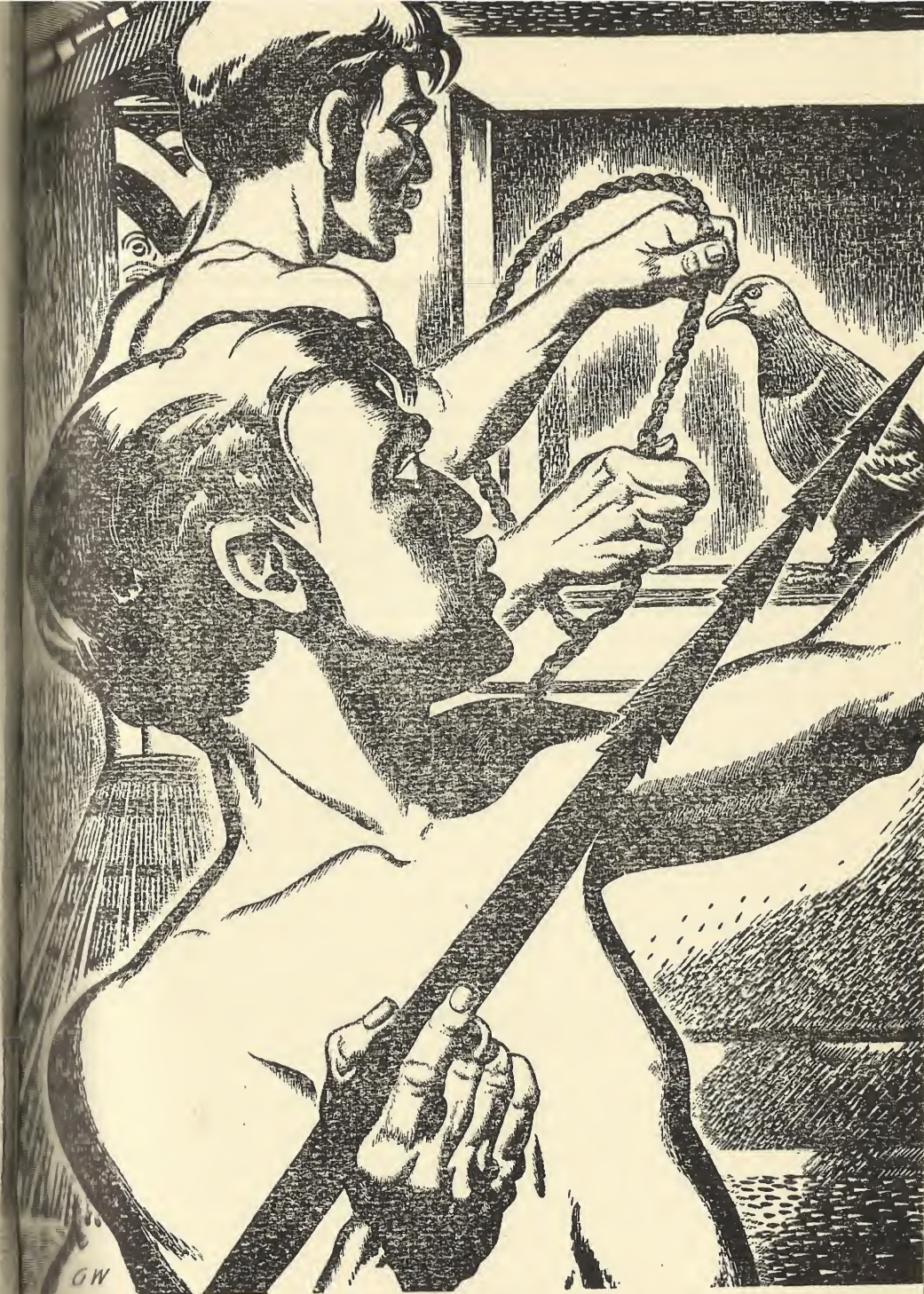
Rupe asked the god of kindness if he had ever heard the noise of voices in the world below, and Rehua replied, "In the Sacred Isle (Motu-tapu) have I heard the constant sound of voices, and there you may find your sister."

Rupe did not delay. He flew down the ten heavens to Motu-tapu, and there he perched on a window-sill and watched the people to see if his sister was among them. Hina-uri was indeed on the Sacred Isle. That very day her little baby had been born and she was nursing him in the cool shelter of a nearby house. Presently she heard people running and shouting, "Rupe! Rupe! Come and see the pigeon who has bewitched our warriors."

She looked through the doorway and saw a pigeon on the window-sill of a whare. The people were throwing stones at it and trying to spear it. A young man had nearly slipped a flax noose over its head, but the pigeon hopped warily from side to side, and not a stone or spear could touch him, while the flax noose slipped from him. Hina-uri picked up her baby and walked over to see the strange sight.

Rupe saw her coming and knew his sister at once. As he danced from side to side, he sang clearly:

*It is Hina,
It is Hina,
Who was lost
At Motu-tapu.
Yes truly,
She is here.*



The young men tried to snare the pigeon

Hina-uri then knew that the pigeon was her brother,
Maui-mua. She hurried towards him, singing as she went:

*It is Rupe,
It is Rupe,
The elder brother.
Yes, truly,
He is here.*

Rupe saw that she was unhappy on the Sacred Isle, and he flew with her up to the tenth heaven, even to Rehua's home. There they lived happily for long years, and Rupe kept Rehua's home free of dust and dirt. That is the story of Rupe the Pigeon. We may not often see his beautiful plumage, but we may remember him when we see the sunset, for Rupe, as keeper of Rehua's house, set up a post in the tenth heaven, over which Kai-tangata, the man-eater, fell. It is his blood which spreads over the sky and often stains it a vivid red at the time of the setting of the sun.

Chapter 7

RATA THE WANDERER

THIS is the story of Rata, the grandson of Tawhaki, and his earthly wife. When Rata became a man he set out on a long journey to the home of Matuku who, many years before, had killed his father. All his life Rata had trained himself in the arts of war ready for the day when he should avenge the death of his father.

He took with him a band of young warriors. When they reached the home of Matuku, Rata repeated spells to protect them from witchcraft. Matuku was away from home. Only an old woman was there, who helped them with their plans.

"Light a fire," she said, "and Matuku will hurry home to see why it has been lit. Now do you hang a noose over the door and as soon as he comes in it will drop over his shoulders and secure him by the waist. It is useless to catch him by the neck, for it is strong. There is not so much strength in his waist."

Rata and his warriors soon had a fire blazing, and before long the ground began to shake. Matuku was hurrying home. The fighting men were hidden on either side of the doorway waiting for him to enter. When he was a few steps away he halted abruptly and sniffed with his long nose.

"Ah!" he cried. "I smell men, living men!"

"No," the old woman called out, "it is nothing. Hurry in."

But Matuku was suspicious.

"It is fresh meat I smell. There is danger in the air."

"No, no," the woman cried. "It is nothing. It is only the flesh you are carrying on your back that you can smell."

So Matuku came in. The noose dropped lightly over his shoulders, and as he started back the warriors hauled on the rope. It tightened with a jerk and Matuku was swung off his feet.

"Ha-a!" shouted Rata as he rushed forward. "You have murdered my father. Now you will also be murdered."

But Matuku only laughed.

"You cannot kill me," he shouted. Rata slashed at him with his mere and cut off one arm, then the other. Matuku laughed again. His voice boomed louder than ever in the narrow confines of the house. Rata raised his mere for the third time, and with one clean blow he severed Matuku's head.

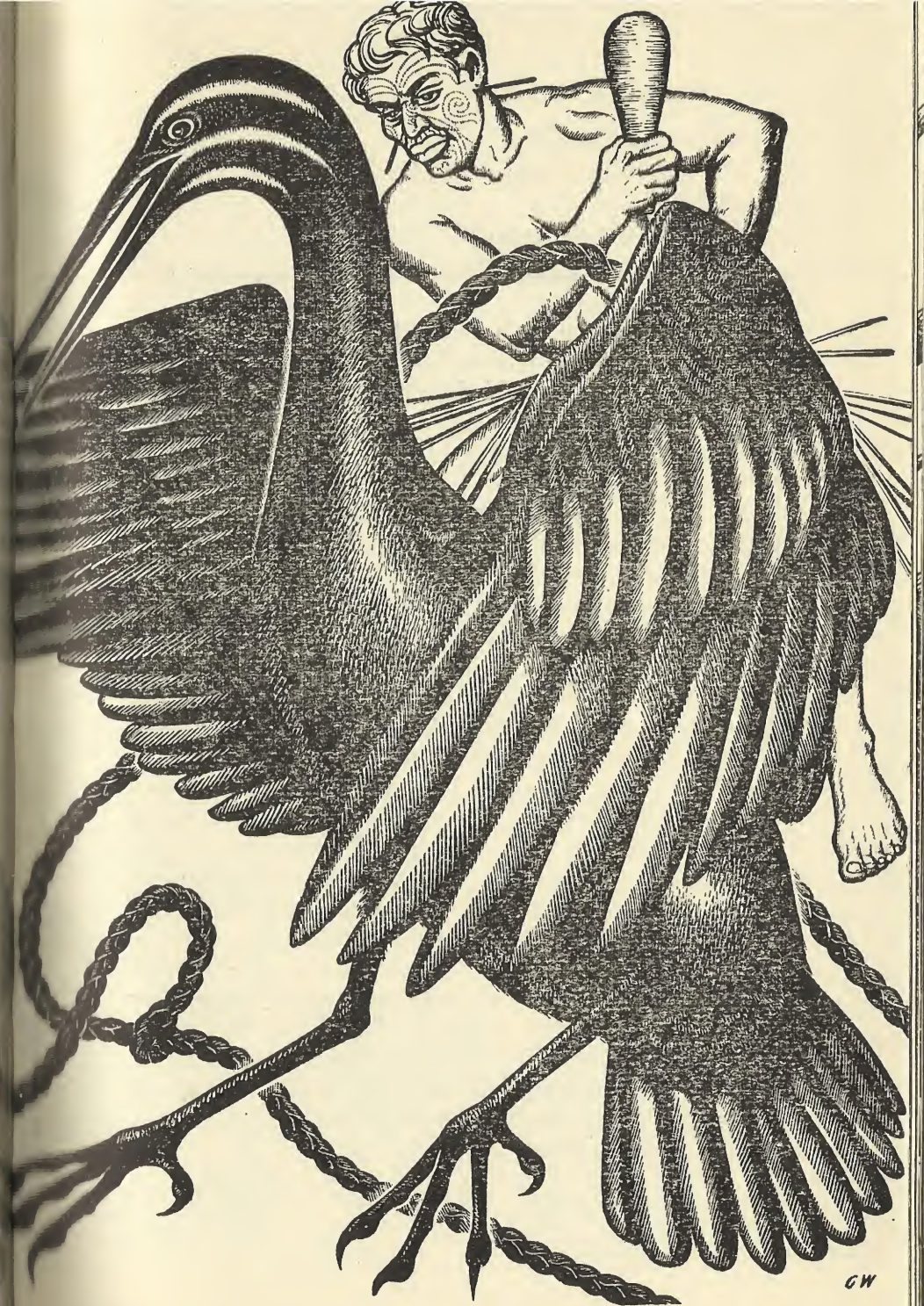
While the triumphant warriors loosed the flax ropes, Matuku's voice suddenly boomed out again. His legs grew thin, the long hair that covered his body changed to feathers, he became smaller and slipped out of the ropes. He had changed into a bittern. Running past the astonished men, he vanished into the night. They could not see him, but far away in the swamp they heard his booming voice.

He still booms in the lonely swamps, for Matuku is the name of the bittern of the swamps.

The old woman appeared again as the bittern ran to the swamp, a toothless smile on her face. "It is good," she said simply. "Now I can take my rest."

Rata went up to her. "Tell me," he said, "where are the bones of Wahieroa, my father?"

"They are not here."



Matuku turned into a bittern

"Where are they?"

The old woman peered at him and replied, "No one can tell."

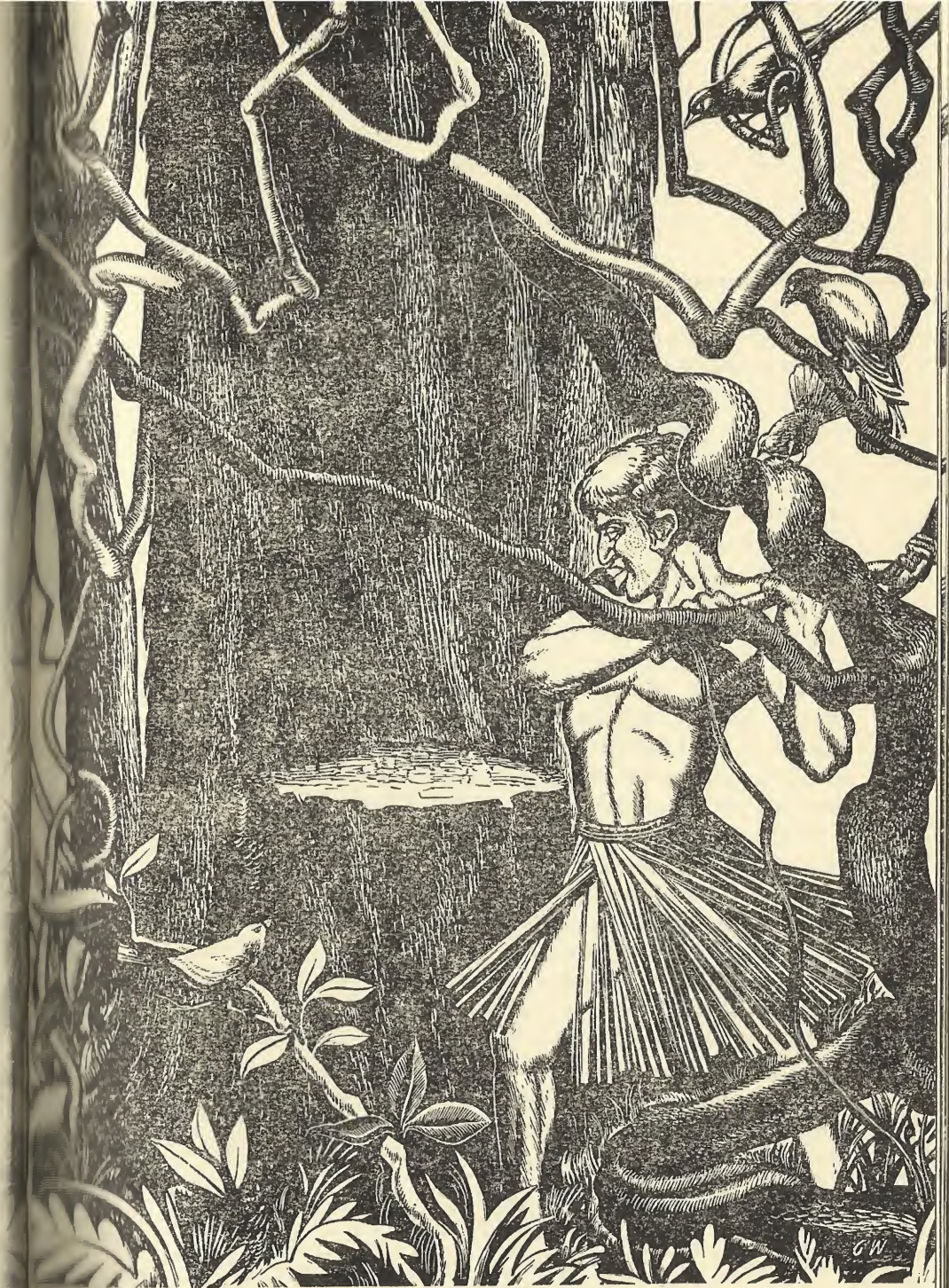
"Who took them away?"

"A strange people. They live far away," she said vaguely.

Rata returned to his home with the fighting men and for days he sat in the whare, lost in thought. When he came out there was new life in his step. He had thought of a plan. If he could build a canoe and endow it with strength and wisdom, it would carry him to the place where his father's bones had been taken.

He searched for a tall, straight tree, and when he found one that pleased him, he laid his axe to it. The edge of the greenstone bit into the hard wood and in a little time the tree crashed through the undergrowth and thundered to the ground. Rata cut off its green head.

Then it was night, and he returned to the kainga. While he slept, strange things happened in the forest. The children of Tane were angry that this tree, the pride of the forest, should have been cut down. The children of Tane are like the grains of sand on the shore in number—more than can be counted by men. Only Tane can tell how many there are. The bush was alive with them, riro and kuku, korimako and tui, hihi and tauhou, kokako and huia, popokotea and mohua and many others, and with them all the family of insects, those that run about on the bark of trees and under the leaves, those on the ground and those with wings. They gathered themselves together and pulled at the forest giant. It stirred uneasily on its grassy bed and the air was filled with the whirring of wings; slowly it rose upright and stood in its own place. The smallest insects carried the chips and grains of wood and fitted them in place.



The edge of the greenstone bit into the hard wood

*Fly together, chips and shavings,
Stick ye fast together,
Hold ye fast together;
Stand upright again, o tree!*

It was the song of myriads of insects and birds.

When Rata returned in the morning to begin the work of shaping the canoe, he rubbed his eyes. For a moment he thought he had mistaken his direction, but this he could not believe for he was wise in the ways of the forest. When he looked round him he could see the broken branches and leaves of the undergrowth, and even the unmistakable groove where the trunk of the tree had pressed into the ground; but there it stood where it had been growing for many times the life-span of a man.

Rata chanted an incantation to protect himself against the spirits before taking up his axe and cutting down the tree again. He worked swiftly and soon the tree lay prone with its head severed, and his adze sped along the straight trunk, taking off the long curling shavings, like that of his grandfather in the sky-land so many years before. By nightfall the graceful lines of the canoe had been shaped out of the timber and only the hollowing of the hull remained to be done.

But when he returned the next morning, not a sign of his work remained. Throughout the moonlit night the children of Tane had laboured at the raising of the tree until it stood proudly lifting its waving branches above the lesser trees of the forest.

For the third time Rata hewed at the bole of the tree and for the third time it crashed to the ground. Without troubling to work any further at it, Rata picked up his axe and went towards the village. When he was out of sight of the tree he turned from the track and slipped noiselessly through the clustering ferns until he could see the place where the tree was resting.

The low-pitched, reverberating song came to his ears.

*Fly together, chips and shavings,
Stick ye fast together,
Hold ye fast together.
Stand upright again, o tree!*

It was like the sound of the bush in summertime, a throbbing melody that set the air itself quivering. He could see the flash of wings. Never had there been so many forest birds together at one time. The weka and the kiwi ran round the fallen tree; the fantail fluttered anxiously above it, ruru and kaka and kakapo and thousands of others were pulling and tugging at it. He looked closer and saw insects running to and fro, falling over each other in their eagerness to help. The singing deepened in tone, throbbing like the huge greenstone gong in the pa. Rata felt the force of that many-tongued incantation. His own feet seemed almost to leave the ground. Before his startled gaze the tree rose upwards, hidden under a canopy of birds. It stood up straight with the sharpened point of the trunk, where his axe had bitten into it, resting lightly on the point of the stump. Insects swarmed upwards from the ground, fitting the tiniest splinters accurately into place.

"Ha!" cried Rata, springing up and rushing towards the tree, "it is you who have undone my work."

The birds crowded round him. "It is you, Rata, you who have dared to fell the forest god. We are the protectors of the garden of Tane."

Then Rata felt ashamed of working against these little loved ones of Tane.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "My heart yearned for a canoe of grace and power that I might honour my ancestors and bring back the bones of my father to their resting place."

The song of the forest guardians swelled again. "Return to your place, Rata. We will make your canoe."

Rata turned away and left the building of the mighty canoe to the tiny forest people. In a day it was made—Riwaru, the Great Joy.

It was dragged through the forest on sapling skids and launched on the waves. Proud and stately it rode, and within its strong bulwarks there was room for a hundred and forty men. They took their places, the fighting men of Rata, and plied their paddles until Riwaru skimmed the waves like a gull as it flies above the water, lifting to the incoming waves.

The creaming wake lay behind them, straight and broad, and soon they were in sight of the shore where the Ponaturi lived, the enemy who had taken the bones of Wahieroa.

At nightfall Rata swam to the beach alone, leaving the canoe floating off-shore. There were lights on the beach close to the forest, where the fires of the Ponaturi burned. Rata hid behind the flax bushes and watched. He felt the makutu in his bones. There was strong magic round the fires. The hairs on his neck bristled, for the tohungas of the Ponaturi were knocking the bones of his father together to assist them in their arts.

They chanted their powerful incantations and the strong magic flowered in the firelight. Rata lay motionless, learning by heart the words of the karakia. When it had entered into him so that it could not be forgotten, he leapt to his feet and sprang among them with his mere in his hand. The tohungas were unprepared. Their magic had not revealed the enemy lying so close at hand. The bones of Wahieroa had not betrayed their son. In a moment or two, while the flames ate through a stick and a charred fragment fell into the ash, the tohungas lay still.

Rata gathered the bones together by the light of the dying fires and returned swiftly to his canoe. At sunrise

Riwaru ran lightly up the beach in front of Rata's village.

When the Ponaturi came to the tuahu they found the tohungas lying stiff and cold in the morning sunlight, and the bones of Wahieroa gone.

"Rata!" they cried, "Rata, son of Wahieroa, has done this thing." They gathered together at once and manning their canoes a thousand strong they followed the path of Riwaru until they reached the village.

A mighty battle was fought there, and sixty of Rata's men fell before the surge of the Ponaturi. A dozen of the Ponaturi surrounded every man and the battle turned against the defenders.

Rata heard a stirring in the pa. The bones of Wahieroa had a message for him. Suddenly he remembered the karakia he had heard from the tohungas the night they met death. He chanted it boldly and his dead warriors rose to their feet, the life blood running through their veins again. The Ponaturi faltered as they met the weapons of their slain enemy. They looked round them and then turned and ran for the canoes, but too late. Of the thousand Ponaturi not one returned to tell the tale.

That is the story of Rata. Because of his courage, the little people of the forest came to his aid. Countless times the bright sun has lifted himself above the rim of the sea since the day they helped Rata in his quest, but they have not changed. To those who love the Garden of Tane, the Children of Tane are kind; but where the lovely children of the forest god are driven away, there the winds of Tawhiri-matea sweep through the land, and the tears of the Sky-father fall, washing away the fertile soil, leaving the bare bones of Mother Earth that are unable to nourish any living thing.

Children of Aotearoa, remember!

Chapter 8

UENUKU AND THE MIST GIRL

As he walked along the narrow path between the trees, Uenuku stared at the column of mist hovering over the lake. He had often seen mist lying low on the water but never a column of it standing up like the trunk of a tall tree. He quickened his step, overcome with curiosity. At the edge of the forest, close to the beach, he stopped. Two young women were bathing in the still water. He could see that they were beautiful even through the veils of mist which were wrapped round them like a cloud. Further out the air was clear, but nearer to the shore everything had turned to silver in the clinging cloud. These two women were Hine-pukohu-rangi, the Girl of the Mist, and her sister Hine-wai, the Misty Rain Girl. They had come down from the sky to bathe in the clear water of the lake.

As he looked at them Uenuku felt a strange sensation come over him. He seemed drawn to them by a powerful force. They looked at him with clear eyes, unafraid and wondering. Uenuku knelt down at the water's edge and said to the Mist Girl, "I am Uenuku. Tell me your name."

"I am Hine-pukohu-rangi, daughter of the sky. I am the Girl of the Mist."

Uenuku stretched out his arms. "Come and live with me in this world of light," he said. "I have never seen a woman so beautiful as you. I am strong and will take care of you."

UENUKU AND THE MIST GIRL

"I cannot leave my home," the Mist Girl replied. "Even now my sister is waiting for me to return."

"Ah, you will love this world," Uenuku pleaded. "It is not cold and empty like the space above. There is fire and warmth here, with the summer sun shining through the leaves of the trees and in winter the glowing fire on the hearth. There are birds and their songs, men and women and their laughter. Come with me, Girl of the Mist."

She took a step towards him and then drew back. "You would not be happy with me," she said.

"I would always love you," Uenuku said simply.

"But you do not understand. I come from the Outer Space, and though I might spend the night with you, I should have to return to my home in the heavens as soon as the sky grew light."

Uenuku was stubborn. "I still want you," he said. "Even though I shall be lonely during the day, please come and live with me."

The Mist Girl smiled. "I will come with you," she said.

No one saw Uenuku and his bride as they slipped into the whare when the firelight glowed in the creeping darkness. No one heard his words of love as he took her into his arms. In the morning, before the sun had risen over the hills, the Mist Girl met her sister. They seemed to mingle like two clouds and drifted upwards before the sun's rays could pierce them.

Every morning the Mist Girl left her husband and every evening she joined him when the shadows stole across the marae. As the summer days grew longer the women of the pa began to poke fun at Uenuku.

"You say you have a bride in your whare," they laughed. "Where is your bride, Uenuku, this bride we have never seen? Perhaps she is only a log of wood or a

bundle of korari. Show her to us and we will believe you when you say she is beautiful."

There was only a little time between the sinking of the sun and his rising again. During the long hours of daylight Uenuku missed the laughter of the Mist Girl and longed to hear her voice lifted up in song, and to see her take her place among the poi-dancers.

In the end he could bear the absence of his wife no longer. One day he tied mats across the windows and pushed moss into the crevices between the planks. When the door was shut the whare was as dark as a moonless night when the clouds have covered the sky.

That night the Mist Girl entered the whare unsuspecting. The hours of darkness passed until the first light flushed the eastern sky and the Rain Girl called to her sister.

"Come, Hine, we must rise up from the earth."

"I am coming," the Mist Girl answered and felt round in the darkness for her cloak.

"What are you doing?" Uenuku asked.

"It is time for me to go."

"Nonsense," he replied, pretending to be half asleep. "Why are you disturbing me? Look round you, there is no light anywhere."

"But morning must be near. My sister has called me."

"Hine-wai is mistaken. Perhaps she has seen the moonlight or the starlight. There is no light anywhere. Go to sleep again."

Hine-pukohu-rangi lay down. "She must be mistaken," she said, "but it is strange. I do not understand it. She has never made such a mistake before."

The Misty Rain Girl kept on calling and her voice was mingled with the sound of the waking birds, but Uenuku maintained that she was mistaken. Presently



The cloud wreathed itself round her as she drifted away

she could wait no longer, and the husband and wife heard her voice growing fainter as she left them.

"I am sure there is something wrong," the Mist Girl said, suddenly wide awake. "Listen, I can hear the forest birds singing."

They listened. Hine-wai had gone but the song of the birds was very loud and there were voices on the marae. Hine-pukohu-rangi ran to the door, forgetting her cloak. She opened it and the broad daylight flooded the whare. She stood there a moment and a gasp of amazement went up from the people, for the Mist Girl was so slender and beautiful that no one had ever seen anything so wonderful before. She did not look as though she belonged to the earth.

Uenuku followed her out, smiling because everyone was envying him his wife. As he passed through the doorway, Hine sprang on to the roof of the house and climbed up to the ridge-pole. Her long hair covered her body.

The exclamations of the people were silenced as she began to sing. It was a sad song; there was pain in it, and longing, and love for Uenuku. Then a strange thing happened.

Out of a clear sky a tiny cloud drifted down. It wreathed itself round her, fold on fold, until she could no longer be seen. Only her voice could be heard coming from the tiny cloud. Then the song stopped and there was silence. The cloud drifted away from the roof. It rose upwards, higher and higher, until it seemed to dissolve in the bright sunshine which bathed the empty ridge-pole in a glow of golden light.

Uenuku was heart-broken. He could not meet the pitying eyes of his friends. His whare was cold and cheerless. Night after night he waited for the Mist Girl to return, but she never came back.

One day he left his home and set out on a long search for his wife. He met with many adventures and passed through strange countries but no one could tell him what had become of Hine-pukohu-rangi.

As his search went on, year after year, he grew old and bent and toothless, and at last, lonely and disappointed, he died in a distant country.

He had paid for his thoughtlessness and pride, and so the far gods of space took pity on him. They lifted up his old body and changed him into a many-coloured rainbow and set him in the sky where everyone could see him.

Hine-pukohu-rangi still rises when the sun comes over the hills and warms the damp earth, while Uenuku, the shining rainbow, circles his lovely wife with a band of glowing colour.

Chapter 9

TINIRAU AND THE WHALE

BEFORE Hina-uri took her son Tuhuruhuru up to the heaven of Rehua, Tinirau, the father, made arrangements for him to be baptised by a famous tohunga from a distant pa. He sent his canoe to bring Kae, the tohunga, to the ceremony in state.

After the performance of the rites and incantations that were some day to make a bold and fearless warrior of the baby, Tinirau and Kae walked together on the beach. When they reached the rocks at the end, Tinirau stopped and in a loud voice shouted, "Tutunui!" Kae looked round in surprise for he could see no one. The beach was deserted, and the only footprints were those they had made as they walked together on the sand. He looked inland but there was no sign of life among the manuka trees. He looked out over the ocean, thinking there might be a fisherman somewhere in his canoe, but the canoes were all drawn up on the beach by the pa.

Then to his surprise he saw a big shapeless mass rising out of the water. It was a whale. The water rushed off its back like a waterfall and two spouts of hot vapour soared in the air and drifted lazily on the breeze. Kae had never seen a living whale so close before. To his amazement it came closer until its body was touching the rock on which the two men stood.

Tinirau cut a piece of flesh from the side of the monster. The whale rolled its tiny eyes at him, gave a

TINIRAU AND THE WHALE

sigh and then slid back into deep water.

Kae could hardly believe his eyes. Tinirau saw his look of astonishment and laughed.

"Have you never heard of my pet whale?" he asked. "That is Tutunui. He is a great friend of mine. He takes me over the sea faster than any canoe. He has a great affection for me."

Kae scarcely knew what to say.

"But what did you cut the flesh for?"

"That you will see when we have taken it from the cooking oven, and you sink your teeth into it."

That night Kae tossed uneasily on his mat in the Strangers' House. He had eaten too heartily of the whale-meat and could not sleep. As he lay awake he coveted Tinirau's whale.

When the time came for Kae to return to his own village, Tinirau had a canoe in readiness for him, but Kae was not satisfied.

"Tinirau," he said, "are you satisfied with the karakia I have recited over your son?"

"Surely," Tinirau replied.

"And do you feel that they will make him a great fighter?"

"Of that I am sure, too, my friend."

"But perhaps the tohunga of your own tribe could have done as well?"

"No, no," said Tinirau quickly, for he did not wish to offend Kae. "No, it is only Kae who is powerful and has the favour of the gods."

"Then I have a favour to ask."

"Speak."

"It is this. Call Tutunui and let him carry me back to my own place."

Tinirau was dismayed at Kae's suggestion. "But you would be much more comfortable in the canoe," he said.

"It is a more fitting place for a great tohunga. And you do not know how to ride Tutunui."

Kae's face darkened. "Do you think I have no strength or wit?" he demanded. "Do you imagine I have no power to guide your whale? Have a care, Tinirau."

The chief knew it was dangerous to anger a tohunga. He hastened to make his peace with him. "I was only joking. He shall take you to your pa. But remember this, Kae. When you are near the shore, Tutunui will shake himself. That is a sign that he cannot go further in safety. When he gives the signal, jump off quickly from his right side and swim ashore."

"I know," Kae said impatiently.

Tinirau went down to the beach and lifted his hands to his mouth. "Tutunui!" he shouted, and in a few minutes they saw the whale coming close to the shore.

Kae scrambled on to his back and his strange voyage began. It did not take long, for Tutunui swam quickly. Kae soon became used to the sensation of riding on the back of a whale.

Before long they approached his pa. The whale shook himself to show Kae that it was time for him to jump off; but Kae took no notice. Tutunui shook himself again, but Kae pressed heavily on his back, repeating incantations, until Tutunui sank in the shallow water. He struggled, but Kae continued to weigh heavily on him while he sank in the soft sand. The tiny particles filled his blowholes, and with a final flurry Tutunui lay still and died.

There was great rejoicing in Kae's pa that night. The people were all there, and steam rose from the ovens where the flesh of Tutunui was cooking.

Far away on the Sacred Isle, Tinirau looked in vain for his whale to return. Always in the past his cry of "Tutunui!" had brought his pet to him. Tonight his voice



boomed out over the water and was lost in the distance. Suddenly he raised his head, his nostrils distended in the evening breeze. From far-off Tihi-o-Manono, where Kae and his people lived, there came the delicious odour of cooked food.

Tinirau addressed his people while the moon made a silver path over the sea. "Kae has stolen my whale. Who will go with me to revenge this insult?"

The warriors leaped eagerly to their feet.

"We will go with you, Tinirau!" they shouted as one man.

"No," said a soft voice. "I will go. I, Hine-te-iwaiwa."

The people looked at her in astonishment. "Yes, I will go, and other women of our tribe. Kae has many fighting men. Let the women go. We will bring him back to you without shedding of blood, O Tinirau, that you may avenge his insult to you."

In the house of Kae there was laughter. Hine-te-iwaiwa and many other women of Tinirau's tribe were there. They had travelled from village to village entertaining everyone with their songs and dances. No one knew who they were. Now the men and women of Kae's tribe had gathered to see them.

As they danced, Hine-te-iwaiwa and her friends looked sharply about them. Somewhere in this house was their enemy, Kae. They would know him when he laughed, for his teeth were broken and uneven.

The laughter of the people rang in the rafters of the house as the women played their games. Only one man sat with grim face, silent and close-lipped. The women had saved their best item until the last. Even the silent man was forced to laugh. When he put back his head

and opened his mouth, everyone could see the ugly broken teeth. It was Kae.

When the fire had died down and all was quiet in the house, the women sang a soft song of magic which caused their host to sleep soundly. They crept to the door and arranged themselves in two long lines. They lifted Kae gently, wrapped his sleeping mats round him and carried him down the beach and laid him in their canoe. Kae slept his enchanted sleep as they sped back to Motutapu, the Sacred Isle. The dawn had just brightened the sky as they picked up their living burden again and carried him to Tinirau's house, where they laid him upon his sleeping mat again.

It was broad daylight when Kae awoke. Tinirau walked up to his house, while the tribes-people called out, "Here comes Tinirau; it is Tinirau!"

The mists of sleep still hung about Kae's brain. He knew nothing of the night and fancied himself still in his own house. Tinirau walked up to the door and cried, "Greetings to you, O Kae!"

"Why have you come to my house?" asked Kae.

"Ah!" Tinirau said. "Why have you, O Kae, come to the house of Tinirau?"

"What do you mean? This is my house."

"Look about you, O Kae."

Kae looked round him. The house seemed different. The reed pattern on the walls was different. The carved posts were different. He looked out of the door, past Tinirau, and saw only the friendless, grinning faces of strangers.

Then he knew. He bowed his head.

The death of Tutunui, the whale, was avenged.

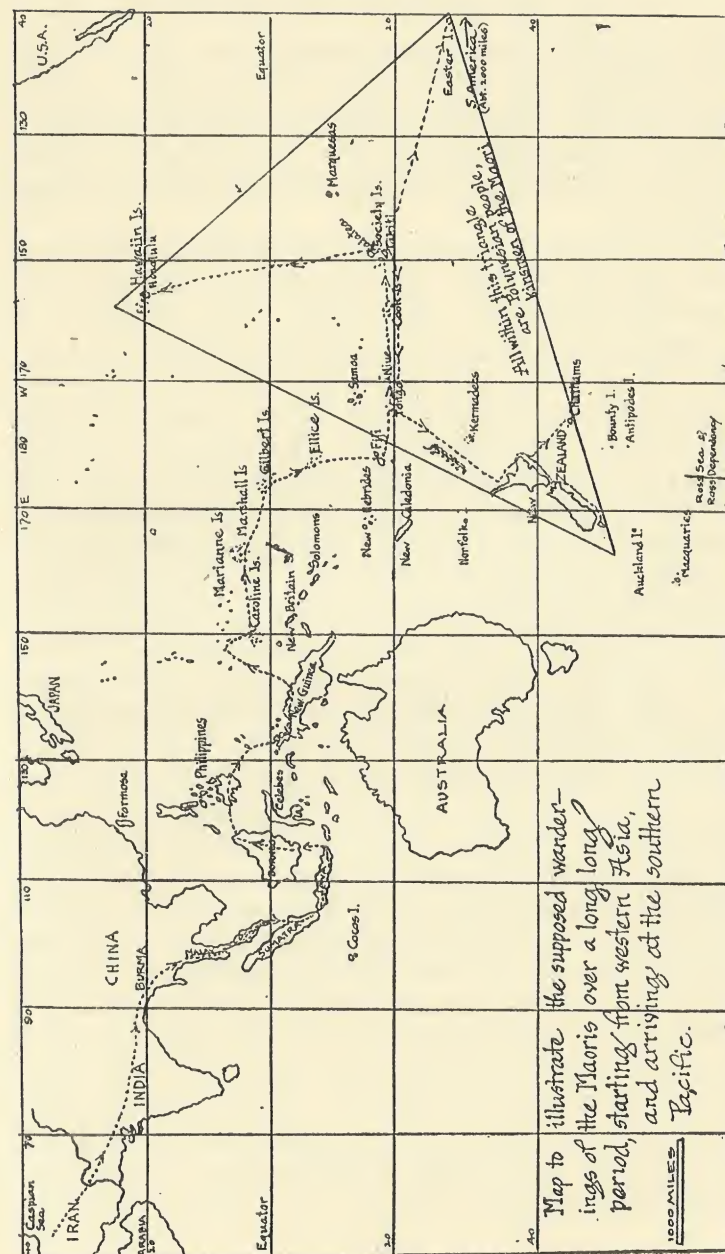
Chapter 10

THE COMING OF THE MAORI

NOW we shall hear how the Maori left Hawaiki, the far-famed homeland, and came to New Zealand. Where did the Maori people come from? Where was the cradle of this dark-skinned, seafaring people?

To get a clear idea of whence the Maoris are thought to have come, and the far-off lands through which they wandered, we need to look at a map. There we may trace their supposed journeyings over many thousands of miles of land and sea, almost from the borders of Europe. It has been thought that their first home may have been as far away as the Eastern shore of the Caspian Sea. In that neighbourhood, as long ago as the days when David and Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, about 1000 B.C., there lived people called Aryans, now a lost race. After flourishing for many years it fell into decay, but lived again in some of its tribes which founded new nations. Eight of these tribes wandered away in various directions to make new homes for themselves. Six of them trekked westward toward Europe, and it is from one of these that, our own Anglo-Saxon race traces its descent. A seventh got no further than Persia, or Iran as it is now called.

The eighth group moved off in a south-easterly direction to India, into the Malay Peninsula, and from there to that group of islands known as Indonesia — Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Philippines, New Guinea. This period of island-hopping probably took hundreds of



years, and still they moved on, farther and farther toward the sun-rising, into Polynesia—a Greek word meaning “many islands.” At last, perhaps by way of the Ellice, Fiji and Tongan groups, they reached the Society Islands where, particularly on Tahiti and Raiatea, they made their headquarters.*

It is believed that when the Maori people were driven out of Java by a Malay invasion in the long ago, they called each new place where they stayed Hawa-iti or Hawa-iki, after their old home, for Hawaiki means Little Saba or Little Java. We can see how difficult it is to piece together this far-off history of the Maori; but learned men have told us that Hawaiki is Hawaiki-runga, which includes all the island groups round Tahiti, so that the new land to the south was reached by way of Rarotonga and Rai-atea, which is known to the Maori as Rangiatea.

Before we hear of their vast journeyings where ancient legend and story alone have given us history, we should try to picture the ocean-going canoes of the Vikings of the Sunrise. These canoes were of two kinds, single and double. In some cases they were over a hundred feet in length and were manned by a crew of one hundred and forty. The ones which came to New Zealand were either double canoes or ones with outriggers. Some of the double ones had a small house built on a platform connecting the two canoes. Sleeping accommodation was cramped, but as the work was divided into regular watches there was no need for sleeping space for the whole crew at once. The hollowed tree trunk which formed the canoe had its sides built up with many slabs joined neatly together, each plank being sewed to the next with sinnet which was passed through holes bored through raised edges on the inside of the planks. Thwarts lashed across the top-strakes stiffened the vessel, and in bad weather

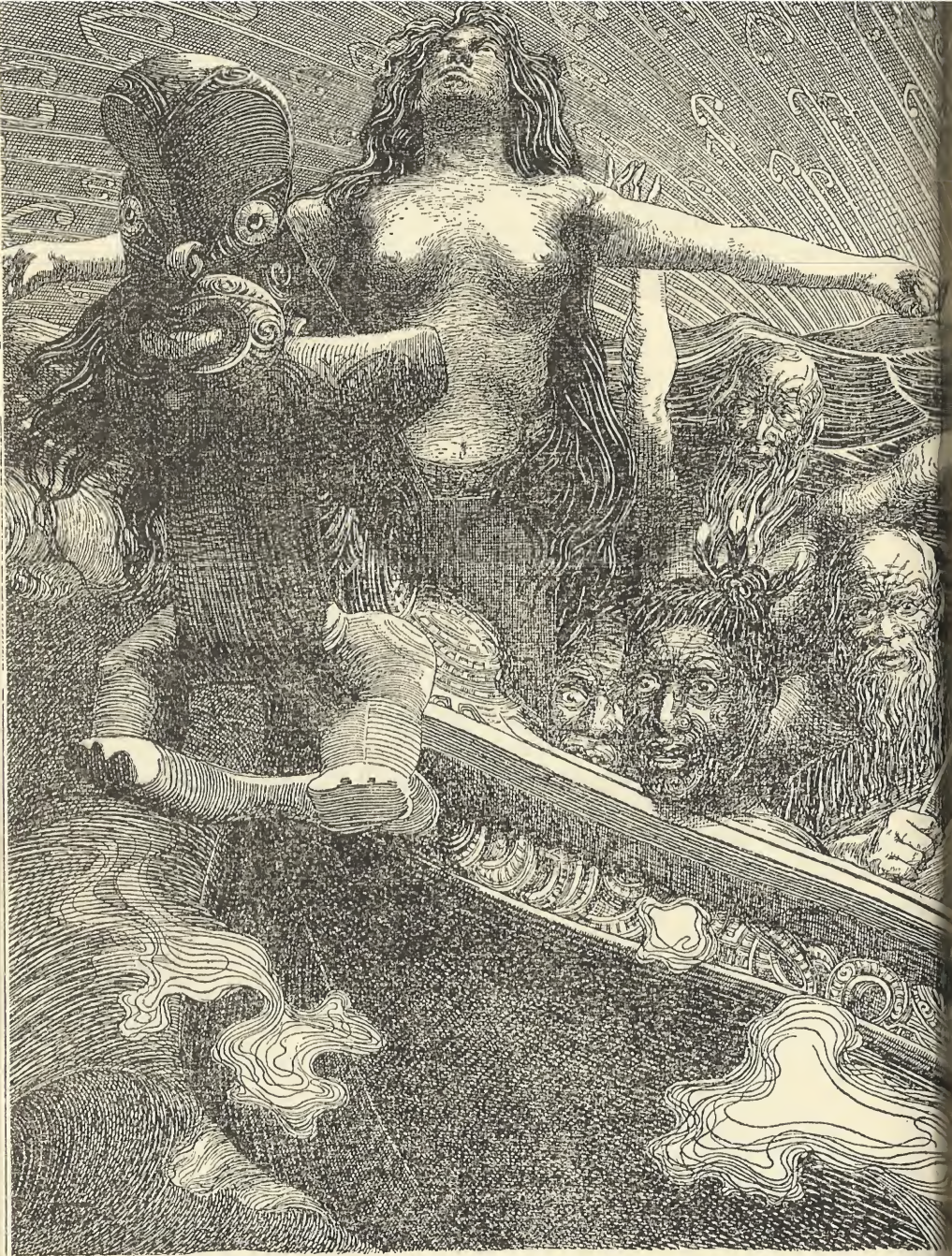
*From *The Story of New Zealand*, by A. H. Reed. A. H. & A. W. Reed, Wellington.

splashboards were fitted. In very bad weather the canoes rode out the storm at a sea-anchor with a heavier one at the stern to keep up the bow. Pointed six-foot paddles were also used, and with both paddle and sail the canoes quickly covered the long leagues of their epoch-making journeys.

There are little wisps of tradition which give us a clue to people who came to this land countless years ago, but we know less of them than of Maui who drew the land up from the home of Tangaroa. It was Kupe who first named the new land when it rose from the depths after many long days of voyaging, a thousand years ago. “He Ao! He Ao!”—“A cloud! A cloud!” cried his wife, and as they sailed on the cloud grew before their eyes as a long bright world, the land of the long-linging daylight—Aotearoa! Kupe, in the canoe Matahorua, and his companion Ngahue, in the Tawiri-rangi, made their landfall in the far north. They sailed down the East Coast, landing at places which we now know as Castle Point and Palliser Bay, and into Wellington Harbour. Their camp-fire twinkled under the karaka trees in the silent bush at Seatoun where now the suburban trams destroy the quietness of the night, and the headlights of motor-cars sweep along the waterfront.

Leaving Wellington, they sailed through the Straits to Porirua. After a brief visit to the South Island they finally turned their prows down (as the Maoris put it) to their own island home. They sailed along the West Coast, finally leaving from Hokianga, “Kupe’s Returning Place,” and across the rolling sea-wastes to Rarotonga, and thence to their own people. They had a priceless gift for them—a new land of peace and plenty with sailing directions for their guidance.

Only this brief story of Kupe’s deeds and place-names along the coast of Aotearoa bear witness to the great adventure. But to the fellow-tribesmen of Kupe and



The first sight of the new land

THE COMING OF THE MAORI

Ngahue the story of what they had seen was enough. The forest was filled with many-hued birds. There were no beasts of prey in that green and lovely land. There was only the moa, the bird with stature so great that in its sight they were as grasshoppers. Yet even the moa was not to be feared. In token of his prowess and as a witness that his story was true Ngahue had brought back some of its flesh. One other thing Ngahue brought with him—pounamu or greenstone which he had found at Arahura. He broke off a piece of it and took it back with him. From it were made a hei-tiki, an eardrop, and two axes which, four centuries later, were used in the making of the canoes of the Great Migration.

Some time after the visit of Kupe and Ngahue, and before the arrival of the next voyagers from Hawaiki, came several canoes of natives of Melanesian origin. They were the Tangata-whenua, the people of the land, poor storm-driven castaways who landed on the coast of Taranaki and made it their new home. They were known as the Moriori, and were a shiftless people who were soon exterminated or absorbed by the hardier Polynesians. They occupied the land from the North Cape, and Cape Egmont on the West Coast and up to the further limits of the Bay of Plenty on the East Coast.

About thirty generations ago a canoe race was held in the lagoon of Pikopiko-i-whiti in Hawaiki. The old chief, Toi, and other elders of the tribe sat on the slopes of a hill to watch the race. The victors were two young men named Whatonga and Tu Rahui. In the pride of their youth they sailed out of the harbour and into the open sea. Before they could return a sudden storm arose and swept them out of sight. Toi was smitten with grief. Whatonga was his grandson, and day after day he kept watch for the return of the canoes, but in vain. When

several moons had passed, and it seemed hopeless to watch for the returning sails, Toi prepared himself to set out in search of his grandson in the canoe *Te Pae-pae-ki-Rarotonga*. He reached *Pangopango* (in the Samoan group) where some of the missing people were found, but *Whatonga* was not among them.

The old warrior set out for the far-distant country which *Kupe* had visited so many years before. He called at *Raratonga* on his way and then set sail for the southern seas. Missing his objective he made the *Chatham Islands* where he stayed for a time. Sails were set once again, and he arrived at *Aotearoa*, landing at *Tamaki*. His search for his grandson had proved fruitless, and at last the old man, wearied and disheartened by his long voyaging, decided to settle in the new country. He made his home at *Whakatane*, far from his own people, his only neighbours being the despised *Tangata-whenua*. Instead of the *kumara* and other foods he was accustomed to, he had to depend on the products of the forest and on fern root, varied only by dishes of fish and fowl. It was here he earned his name, *Toi-kai-rakau*—*Toi the Wood-eater*.

In the meantime *Whatonga* had arrived at *Rangiatea* (*Rai'atea*). He found his way home again, only to learn that his grandfather had left in search of him. He determined to find *Toi*, and in the canoe *Kurahaupo* he set sail with a crew of sixty men and several women. He landed at *Tongaporutu* and there he heard of *Toi-kai-rakau* who lived at *Whakatane* on the other side of the island, so he sailed north again, rounded the *North Cape*, and landed at *Maketu*. With great rejoicing *Toi* greeted his grandson in a *pa maiore* (a village with earthwork defences) called *Kapu-te-rangi*, on a hill overlooking the present *Whakatane*. There, after so long a separation, grandfather and grandson were at last united.

Eventually *Whatonga* moved to *Mahia*, and in his old age his two sons, *Tara* and *Tautoki* settled at *Wellington*

ton Harbour, which was named *Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara*—*The Great Harbour of Tara*.

While *Whatonga* was searching for his grandfather, two chiefs in *Hawaiki* named *Nuku* and *Manaia* were at war. *Manaia*, being the weaker of the two, made his escape in the *Tokomaru* canoe. *Nuku* and his people pursued the vanquished chief in the three canoes *Te Houama*, *Waimate* and *Tangi-apakura*. Both *Manaia* and *Nuku* touched at *Rarotonga* and then came on to *Aotearoa*. *Manaia* passed through the Straits and landed at *Rangitoto* (*D'Urville Island*). When *Nuku* arrived, *Manaia* had gone, but the ashes of his camp-fire were still warm. The chase continued until *Manaia* was sighted at *Pukerua*, a few miles from *Wellington*. A terrible fight ensued until darkness fell, and the friendly night hid the warriors from sight. The two chiefs then agreed to land in peace and take up arms against each other the next day. They went ashore at *Paekakariki*, but all that night a fierce gale blew and the heavy ocean rollers thundered on the shore. This storm was caused by the magic of *Manaia*. The gale was so fierce that it formed all the sand dunes from *Paekakariki* to *Otaki*. The fighting strength of *Nuku* was broken by the storm, so peace was declared and he returned to *Hawaiki*, but *Manaia* remained in *Aotearoa*.

For the next two hundred years many crossings and recrossings of the southern seas were made. Little is known of these voyages. They are but dim memories of the shadowed past.

It is from the Great Migration of the fourteenth century that the Maori loves to trace his descent. It was the last of his long voyages—the final brilliant light before the torch guttered out. Then *Aotearoa* became a different world, cut off from other lands which were kept alive in the memories of men only by the old-time tales and the

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

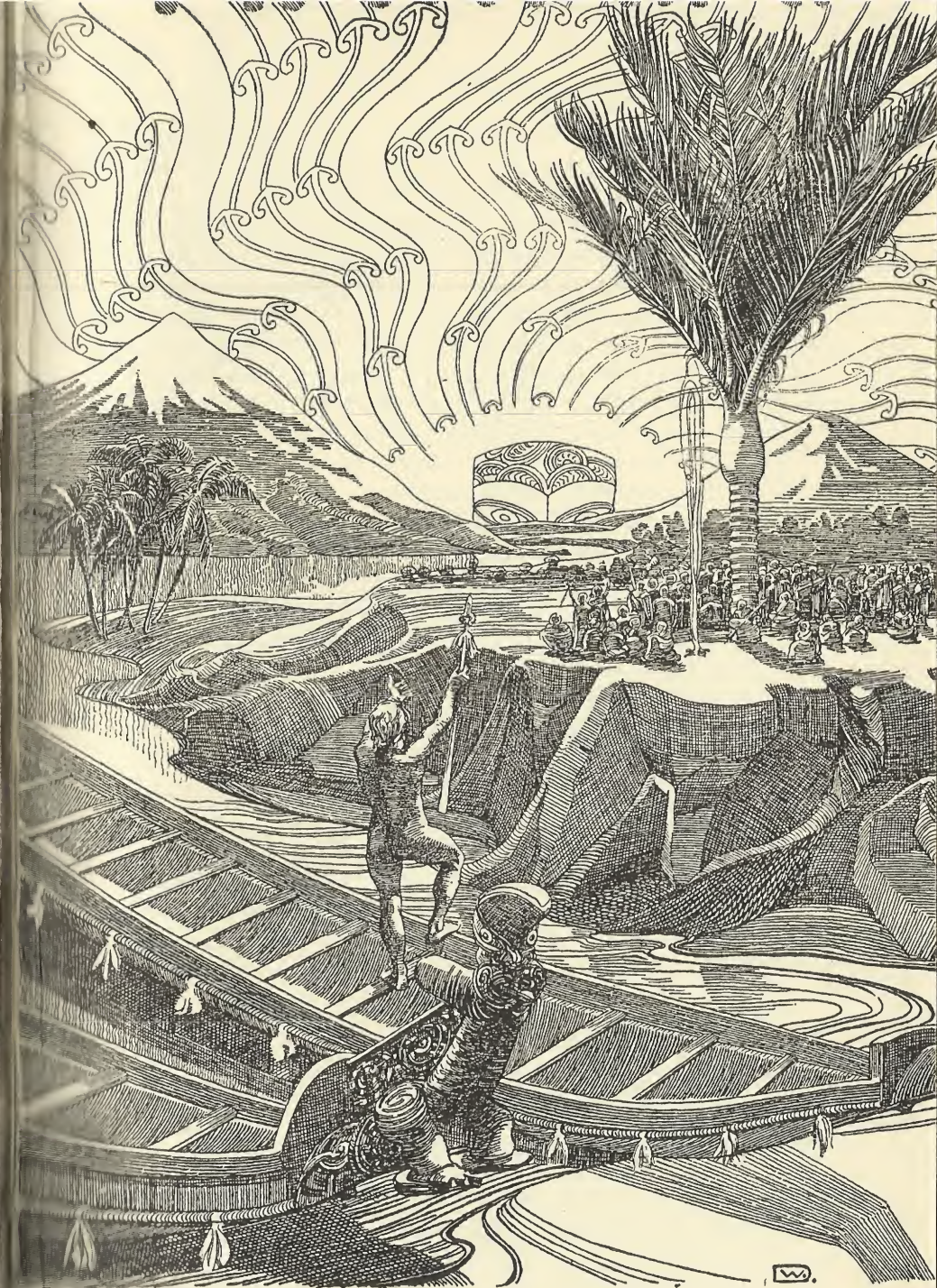
names of the fatherland which were given to place in many parts of Aotearoa to remind the Maori of his loved Hawaiki.

Fierce wars had broken out in the tropic islands. Over-population and shortage of food were the principal causes. For these and other reasons a brave company of people set sail over the trackless ocean in their picturesquely named canoes—Arawa (Shark), Tainui (Great Tide), Mata-atua (Face of God), Kurahaupo (Storm Cloud), and Tokomaru (Shade of the South). In addition there were the Aotea, Takitimu and Horouta which sailed about the same time, but did not accompany the main fleet.

The grey rollers of the Ocean of Kiwa beckoned the hardy seafarers. The canoes moved restlessly as the triangular sails were hoisted, and cries of lamentation and farewell rose above the sighing of the trade winds in the palms. It was farewell, farewell to Hawaiki the Golden, to days in the hot summer sun, to laughter and song and happy memories of the palm-fringed shores of their native land. But it was also farewell to Tu, the War God, who stalked in their midst, whose shadow lay over them. It was farewell to the tropic sun which could not ripen enough fruit to satisfy their hunger.

A sudden hush had fallen. Where the white wavelets lapped the sand stood the grey-haired patriarch Hou-mai-tawhiti. His voice was lifted up in the poroporoaki, the farewell: "Follow not after the God of War in your country of the south; hold to the deeds of Rongo the Peaceful. Haere! Haere! Haere atu ra."

His voice died away into silence; the wind bore away the soft refrain; the waves caressed the canoes as they slid away from the shore. Te Arawa led the way, her three sails carrying her swiftly out into the ocean. The other canoes followed, fading one by one into the distance, frail-winged birds that dared the perils of the open sea.



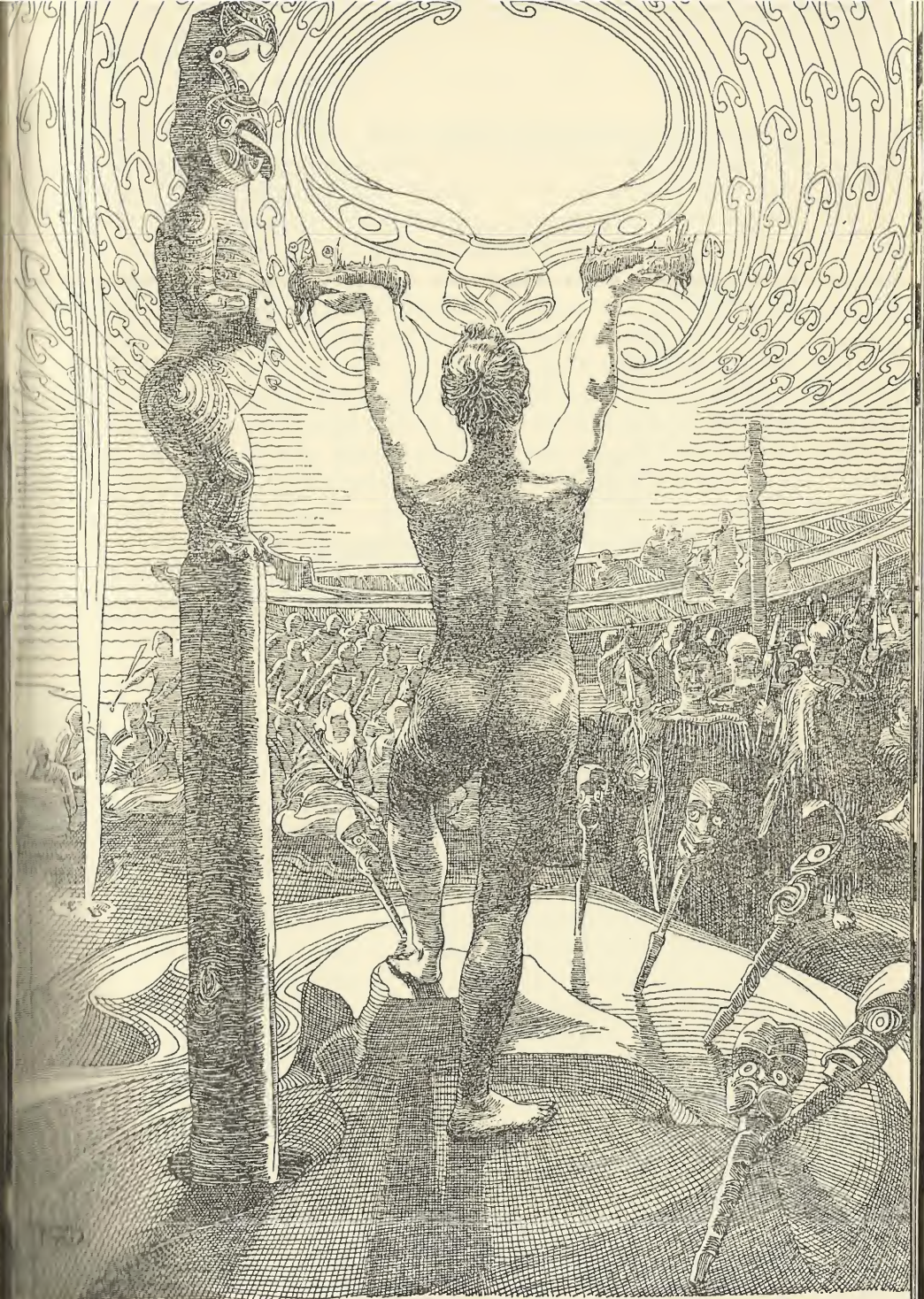
Farewell to Hawaiki

The Arawa was chief of them all; Tama-te-Kapua, Son of the Clouds, the son of Hou-mai-tawhiti, was her captain. He chuckled to himself as the Arawa lifted to the long waves of the ocean. Before leaving he had asked Ngatoro, the famous tohunga, to come aboard to perform the sacred rites which would ensure the protection of the atua and the ancestral spirits. Ngatoro had come unsuspecting, bringing Kearoa, his wife, with him. As soon as they had set foot in the canoe, Tama-te-Kapua had ordered the sails to be raised, and before the tohunga and his wife could protest, they were sailing beyond the reach of the other canoes. This was the reason why the Arawa led the other canoes out of the harbour.

Ngatoro was furious, but Tama pacified him by telling him that his own canoe would follow quickly and that he would hold Te Arawa back until the other canoes caught up with it. But as the Arawa lifted her head to the waves and the rigging sang in the breeze, Ngatoro realised that Tama's words were empty and that he and his wife would have to remain where they were for the whole of the long voyage. By keeping them with him, Tama hoped to win the favour of the gods, for Ngatoro was wise in their ways. The tohunga said nothing, but in his heart he planned revenge.

In Hawaiki, now far-distant from the canoes, incantations to the gods rose each day like smoke in the still air of morning for the confounding of Tama from another whom he had wronged—prayers that changed the stars of the morning to those of the evening, and of evening to morning.

One day Ngatoro climbed to the roof of the house built on the platform connecting the two canoes, and called aloud to the heavens. His power went out in waves from the lonely vessel and great winds sprang to life from a clear sky. The canoe turned its prow towards Waha-o-te-Parata, the throat of the sea-monster, to the steep



The sacred posts set up in the new land

descent where the world ends. The waves licked round the Arawa, the sky grew dull and heavy, and the canoe was drawn into the outer spirals of the maelstrom. The carved prow disappeared, the water reached the first baling-place, then the second in the middle of the canoe. From his place on the house Ngatoro heard the gods splashing in the water and saw the crew grasping the thwarts to save themselves from being thrown out. There was no expression on his carved face, but as one after another of the crew lost his hold on the slippery boards and was drawn into the racing water, he took pity on them and invoked the protection of Tangaroa, god of the sea.

There was no hint of fear in Tama's eyes. He looked calmly at the boiling water as if calculating their chance of escape. A storm-assuaging incantation came from Ngatoro's lips. He called upon the spirits of Ruarangi and of Maui to "clear from perils all the ocean track of Ngatoro," and gradually the wide throat of Parata closed and the boiling waters calmed down.

There were many leagues still to be sailed. Day after day passed by and every evening the sun was engulfed in the endless sea. Then the lonely sails were rocked in the black void and only the sound of the waves, the creaking of cordage and the sough of the wind came to the ears of the sea-farers. The rising moon shone over the empty wastes and only the black shape of a following fin broke the silvered surface.

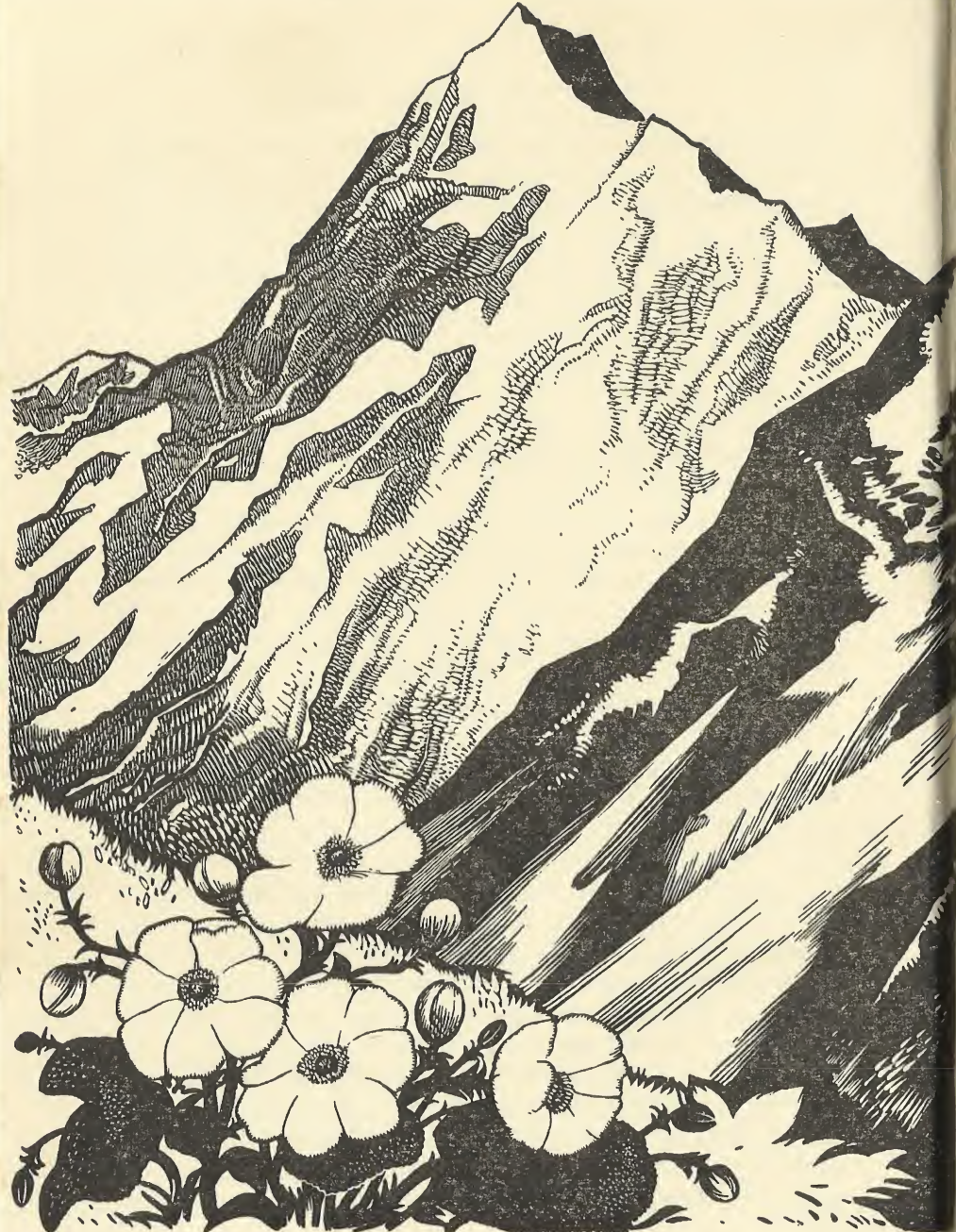
After many days the new land came in sight. As they glided into the harbour the water was like glass, reflecting the blazing glory of the flowering pohutukawa. Vivid crimson flamed on shore and in the water, putting to shame the bright colour of their head ornaments. Immediately the distant glory of the pohutakawa was seen, one of the men threw his red head ornaments into the sea, calling out, "See there, red ornaments for the head are more plentiful in this country than in Hawaiki. I



throw my red head ornament into the water." He and the other chiefs were bitterly disappointed when they found that the glowing colour came only from flowers which withered as soon as they were placed in the hair and crumbled at a touch. The kura, or head ornaments of Hawaiki, were made from the red feathers of a bird and worn only by the highest chiefs.

Most of the canoes of the migration arrived about this time, and disputes rose between them as to who were the first arrivals. A whale was stranded on the beach and the captain of each canoe claimed it as his own. It was on this account that the bay received its name—Whangaparaoa, the Bay of the Sperm Whale. The captains tried to decide matters in a friendly fashion. Sacred places had been set up on shore by the different canoes. When they were examined it was found that the posts set up by the people of Tainui were withered and dried, whilst those of the other canoes were fresh and green. The Tainui, therefore, claimed the whale and the honour of being the first arrival.

The Arawa people planted the kumara at Whangaparaoa, and there it grows to this day. Shortly afterwards this canoe separated from the others. One hundred and forty men under the chief Taikehu explored the north-west coastline. The Arawa then sailed to Motiti, which was named after a place in Hawaiki on account of the shortage of firewood there, and later to Maketu. There the people set up their altar which they named in remembrance of their ancient home. There are rocks at Maketu which are pointed out as the bow and stern anchors of the Arawa. The stern anchor, Tu-te-rangi-haruru, is solid outcrop to which the stern-line was probably tied. The descendants of Tama peopled the Hot Lakes region, those of Ngatoro, Lake Taupo, and so it is said of the Arawa canoe that the bowpiece is Maketu and sternpiece Tongariro.



"Majestic mountains, rough-hewn in ages past"

THE COMING OF THE MAORI

Ngatoro travelled about the country, and when he found dry valleys he stamped on the earth and brought forth springs of water. He visited the mountains and peopled them with patu-paiarehe (fairies). He was making up for lost time, for when the Arawa was beached at Maketu, his duties as tohunga prevented him from selecting land for himself while the other chiefs made their choice. He feared that all the best land might be taken, but his slave told him of a high snow-capped mountain from the summit of which, if he could only reach it, he might survey a large part of the island and thus secure a larger share of the land than the other chiefs.

Ngatoro saw the wisdom of his slave's suggestion. As soon as his duties were over he set off in company with the slave and a favourite dog for the summit of Mount Tongariro. They struggled up the steep sides and at last stood on the summit, their breath going up like steam in the cold air. As Ngatoro looked round him he claimed all the land he could see for himself and his descendants, but in order to establish a claim he had to give names to every hill and valley and forest.

Unhesitatingly he named them, some of them after the places he remembered in his homeland, others on account of their appearance, or of some incident that had happened as he travelled over them. As he came to the end he looked down and saw his slave lying stiff and cold on the snow. He had frozen to death on the cold mountain peak. As he bent over him, Ngatoro felt his own limbs growing stiff. It was an effort to breathe in the thin air and the cold cut him like a knife. He moved over to his dog and clutched the thick fur, and bade it carry him down the mountain. The dog struggled to its feet and began to crawl down the mountain side, dragging its master with it, but gradually its steps grew slower. Ngatoro urged it on, but at last the dog fell to the ground, frozen to death. The tohunga felt the icy numbness that

comes before death. It was creeping up his body. Knowing that he would never be able to get down to the warmer lowlands unaided, Ngatoro called upon his sister in far-off Hawaiki to come to his aid. Across the sea of Kiwa she heard her brother's voice, and snatching a blazing brand from her sacred fire, she plunged into the sea. She swam under water until she reached the Bay of Plenty, where she came to the surface to find out where she was. The water caught fire as she looked about her, and has continued to burn ever since on the spot known to us as White Island. She dived again, and her underground course is marked by the hot springs of the Rotorua and Taupo districts. Finally she reached Tongariro and with the warmth of her body she brought Ngatoro back to the life that was slipping away from him.

Back at Maketu, Tama was dissatisfied and restless. He went further north to Tauranga, where he found Taikehu, but his restless spirit drove him on to Moehau and Hauraki. It was at Cape Colville that he finally made his home, and there he died. Ngatoro and his wife had taken up their abode on Motiti Island, but Tama-te-Kapua was buried by his sons on the forested ridge of Moehau. He was left in peace there, for his relatives went back to Maketu.

His sons said of him, when they buried him:

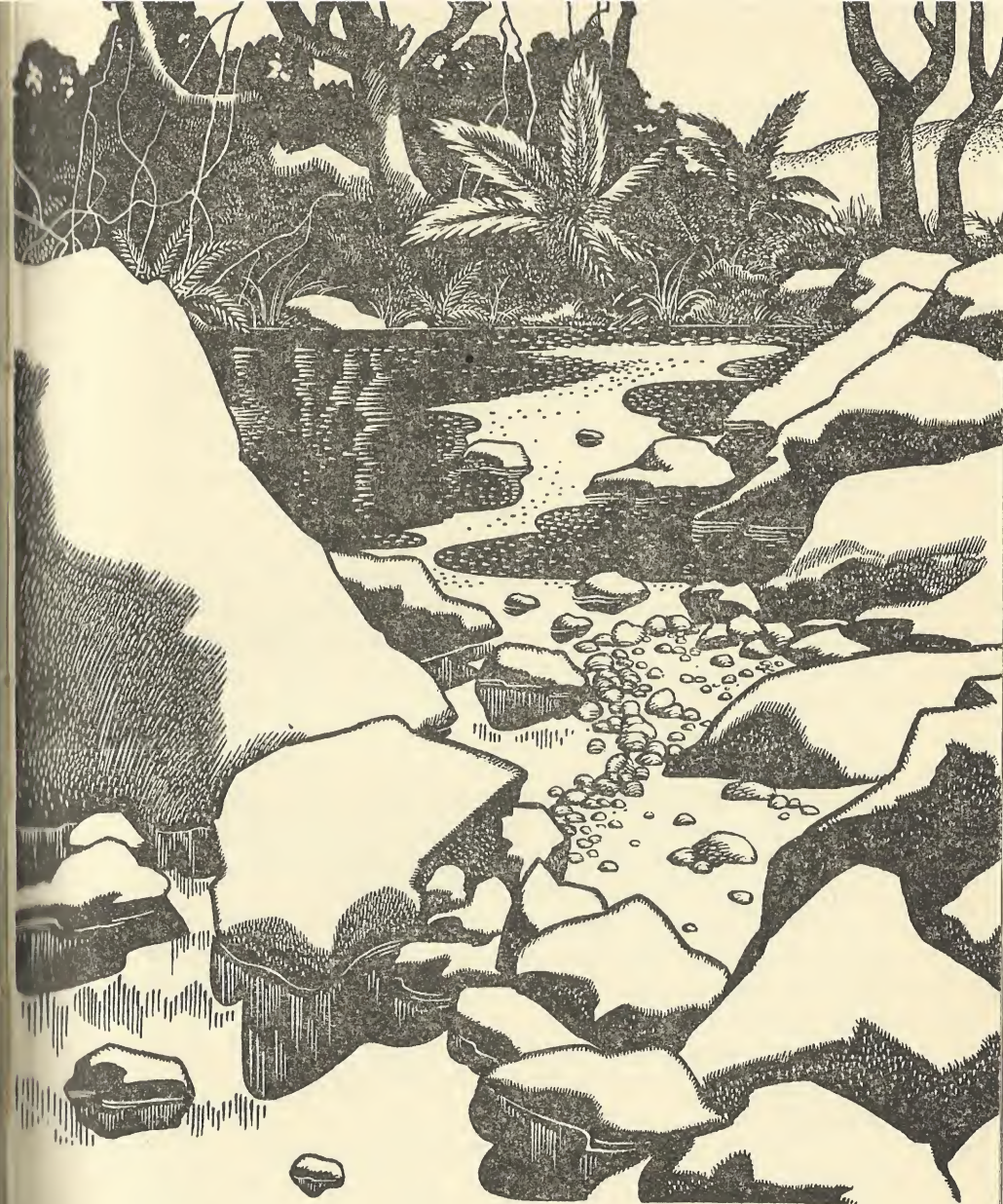
"Let him slumber here where his spirit can gaze far over the ocean and over the land of Aotearoa. And the winds that sweep across the great ocean of Kiwa, they shall ever sing his oriori, his wild lullaby."

It was a fitting funeral song for the famous sailor. His memorial is the name the Maori has for the cape:—

"Te-Moe-hau-o-Tama-te-Kapua,"

"Tama's Windy Sleeping Place."

The Tainui canoe was built after the Arawa. Her history is intertwined with that of the Arawa, for there



"Rippling creek in bush-clad gully steep"

was bitterness of feeling between the men of the two canoes after Tama-te-Kapua's treachery in abducting Ngatoro-i-rangi and his wife. The Tainui, like the Arawa, was a double canoe, and Hoturoa was her captain. After leaving Whangaparaoa, the Tainui came to Tamaki, where the seafarers landed. They went up the river till they came to the portage. There they saw seagulls and oyster-catchers flying overhead from the west and surmised that the ocean on the other side of the land could not be far away. In the distance they saw the silvery gleam of the Manukau, and they determined to drag the canoe overland at Otahuhu and launch her again.

Other canoes had come to Tamaki. The Tokomaru crossed the island first, but the Tainui soon followed, and sailed into the peaceful waters of the Manukau. At Wai-whaka-ruku-rupu-hanga, between the rivers Waihou and Piako, the anchor stone of the Tainui can still be seen. It is a large stone known to tradition as Te Punga-punga. The canoe finally reached Kawhia where it was beached and later buried. The head and stern pieces, turned to stone, can be seen projecting above the ground to this day. The Arawa canoe was burnt by Raumati, of the Tainui tribe, thus causing endless strife between the two peoples. The descendants of Tainui settled in the Waikato.

The Mata-atua canoe was made, it is said, of one half of a tree that fell and split into two pieces, and was made into two canoes. Kura-aura was her captain and her final resting place, Whakatane.

The Tokomaru rounded the North Cape and came down the West Coast as far as the Mohakatino River in Taranaki.

Little is known of the Kura-haupo canoe. The Ngapuhi of the North say it was petrified into a reef on the East Coast, but the Aotea people say it was wrecked and the occupants transferred to their own canoe.

* * * * *

Of the canoes which did not accompany the Great Fleet but sailed about the same time, the Aotea, commanded by Turi, sailed from Rai'atea but did not call at Rarotonga. Instead she was beached at Rangi-tahua (Sunday Island) where she was refitted and a dog killed to propitiate Maru. Ririno also sailed with Turi, but they quarrelled over Kupe's sailing directions and parted company. Some say that Ririno was lost, others that he was wrecked on Boulder Bank, near Nelson.

The Aotea gave its name to a small harbour on the West Coast where the crew first landed. She was abandoned there, Turi and his men following the coast-line by land until they reached the Patea River, where they settled. Their descendants made their way up the Whanganui River. It is said that Turi brought many valuable plants with him.

Five canoes left Hawaiki under Tamatea, but only two survived—the Takitimu and Horouta. A careful choice was made and only the strongest men and women selected for the journey, yet so great were the hazards of the voyage, that three of the canoes were lost on the way.

On account of her speed, and with the help of the tohunga who called upon the gods of the sea for assistance, the Takitimu was the first arrival. She landed near the North Cape, but a heavy storm arose, and she put to sea again. After rounding the North Cape she sailed on to Whakatane. A pa was built and a number of the crew settled there. Tamatea took the canoe back to the Bay of Islands where about one quarter of his followers were left. Setting out again, he came to Waiapu where he found others who had sailed in the Horouta. Still more of his people were left at Waiapu, but the restless Tamatea pushed off, taking some of the Ngati-wai-tahi people with him. They visited the South Island, staying awhile and leaving some of the Ngati-wai-tahi there, then journeying northwards to Whanganui, ascending the river, and travel-



Kauri trees—tall sentinels of the forest

THE COMING OF THE MAORI

ling over to Taupo and Whakatane. Another tradition says that the Takitimu was petrified into a range of mountains in Otago.

So the country was settled. Descendants of the Arawa and Mata-atua voyagers settled in different parts of the Bay of Plenty, those of Tainui in the Waikato, those of Aotea in Taranaki; while the descendants of the pioneering Takitimu and Horouta sailors are to be found in the East Coast and East Cape districts, Aotearoa thus being roughly divided into canoe districts.

There were other canoes. Some of the names have come to us by the paths and byways of legend, but we know little of them save this: That the great deeds of these early voyagers were no isolated acts of bravery. In those days the seas were but highways to the hardy southern mariners. There are records of crossings and re-crossings of the stormy seas, and the bringing of food and other supplies to the pioneers.

And then, isolation. For many generations there were none who dared the Throat of the Sea Monster until at length the great white bird with the pale-skinned mariners sailed into these forgotten seas, heralding the advent of the pakeha to the Land of the Maori.

This is the story of the coming of the Maori. It is history, but history that has come to us through the unwritten pages of ancient legend and story.

Chapter 11

WOODEN HEAD

HEAR now the story of the magical wooden head of the Sacred Mountain.

Puarata was a powerful magician who owned a wooden head which stared across the sea with sightless eyes. This image was the home of the evil spirits of the tohunga. The Sacred Mountain was feared by everyone, and throughout Te Ika a Maui men spoke in hushed tones when the wooden head was mentioned. It was death to pass near the Sacred Mountain, for Puarata seemed to smell out strangers in his country. Then he would whisper to the wooden head and a terrible cry would rise from its evil spirit. It rang through the forest and across the plains and no living thing could bear to hear that cry.

As the years went by the land round about grew deserted and silent, for there were no birds in the forest and the hardy traveller who ventured too near would see the whitened bones of those who had heard the voice of the head and who had died as they listened.

Stories of this evil magic reached the ears of Hakawau, a powerful priest whose spirit hated evil. Sometimes he lay awake at night while the call of a morepork reminded him of that evil cry that came from Puarata's pa. It seemed to him then that some day he would be called on to do battle with those evil powers.

One night he called the spirits to him and fell into an enchanted sleep. While he slept he seemed to see his

WOODEN HEAD

own spirit standing before him. As he watched it began to grow and grow until its head touched the clouds. When he awoke Hakawau felt full of confidence for he knew that his spirit was powerful and he believed that it would overcome the wooden head of Puarata.

Without waiting any longer he set off towards the Sacred Mountain with a friend. They travelled swiftly across country, pausing only to eat the food they had brought with them. When anyone stopped them and asked them to eat, Hakawau said, "We must hurry, for our task is urgent. We have eaten already." Presently they came to Waitara. Hakawau's companion became fearful for even at this distance the wooden head had been known to kill.

"Do not be afraid," Hakawau said, and broke into a chant that cheered his friend.

Then they came to Te Weta.

"I am frightened," said Te Weta's friend. "I can hear my heart beating. Look, there are white bones among the trees."

"The time for being afraid has not come yet," Hakawau replied scornfully.

When they came to Waimatuku even Hakawau went cautiously, for the bones lay in drifts like snow among the trees.

He repeated his spells and the two men went on, putting each foot forward with caution, for who could tell when death might not strike unseen. They went along the path slowly and up a low hill. On the crest they lay down and looked through the fern. The Sacred Mountain with the pa on its summit was straight in front of them. They saw people moving behind the pallisades and sentries walking up and down, but no one noticed the two travellers who were spying out the land.

There were no bones amongst the ferns that spread across the valley and lifted themselves up towards the pa,

which seemed to grow out of the mountain. Never before had anyone come so close to the Sacred Mountain unharmed.

"Now I am not afraid," Hakawau's companion said. "Now I can see that these are men such as ourselves. Here is something we can fight."

"It is now that we must be careful," Hakawau warned him. "The evil spirits of Puarata are swarming round us though we cannot see them. Keep quiet, for I must call up my own spirits. You will not see anything, and you must not speak."

The man looked astonished, for Hakawau was staring in front of him with sightless eyes. The people still walked about the fortress. The smoke of the cooking fires spiralled up in the quiet air. The sentries still stood on their platforms. A low muttering came from Hakawau's lips and he seemed to be giving orders. His eyes were not sightless, for he could see Puarata's evil spirits clustered thickly behind the pallisades. His own pressed round him like fighting men.

"Go down into the valley and challenge them," he said to some.

They rushed down the valley like a wave and began to climb the hill towards the pa. Presently the attackers were thrown back. Some of them began to run down the hillside, then others followed until they were all in full retreat. Puarata's spirits leaped about in silent frenzy. They could not resist the sight of their defeated enemy flying from them. They swarmed through the pallisades and rushed after them. Right into the hollow of the valley they went. Not one was left in the pa.

Hakawau's spirits were hiding in the fern and those of Puarata passed them. Presently they looked back and saw another band of Hakawau's spirits coming over the shoulder of the spur behind them and climbing up towards the pa. The attackers had outwitted them. They

rushed up the hill again, but as soon as their backs were turned, the spirits that had been hiding in the fern leaped upon them and killed them. Only a few of them reached the pa, and there they fell before the weapons of the enemy spirits which had already clustered there.

"Aa!" said Hakawau, and shuddered. "It is over. They are beaten!"

His companion looked at him in amazement. "How can you say they are beaten?" he asked. "Nothing has happened. The sentries have not even seen us. Nothing is changed."

"Puarata is empty," Hakawau replied. "Puarata is an empty canoe. Once he carried evil spirits inside him and sent them out to do his will. Today they went out at his bidding, but they have all been destroyed and Puarata is empty. Let us go forward."

They stood up, and at once the sentries shouted the alarm. They were amazed to see anyone alive so close to their pa. With every step the travellers took they expected them to fall, but still they advanced.

"Puarata!" the sentries called, "Puarata, strangers are coming!"

They had no fight in them; they were all like old women because Puarata's spirits had been their warriors.

Puarata felt his emptiness. He hurried to the wooden head and cried, "Strangers are coming! Two mighty warriors!" but wooden head had lost its power. Instead of the cry that used to come from its lips, petrifying travellers many miles away at Te Weta and even at Waitara, there was only a thin wailing like that of a baby.

When the two warriors had nearly reached the pa, Hakawau said to his companion, "Go straight along the path and through the gateway into the pa. As for me, I will show my power by going over the parapet."

As he climbed the wooden stakes the people shouted

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

angrily, "Get down and go through the gateway as your friend is doing."

Hakawau took no notice. He jumped down from the fence and entered the sacred places of the pa. The wooden head was silent. It had lost its power and was nothing but a carved block of wood.

Puarata watched the tohunga from under lowered brows but dared not say anything. Presently Hakawau and his companion lay down and rested to show their contempt for the magicians of the Sacred Mountain and their wooden head.

The people dared not touch them for they had met a magic stronger than their own.

Puarata was nowhere to be seen. Presently they heard him calling to some of his people and Hakawau smiled grimly.

When they were rested, Hakawau stood up and called his friend to come with him. Some of the people came up and begged them to eat before they left. An appetising smell came from the flax food baskets.

"We ate only a little while ago," Hakawau replied. "We are not hungry."

They continued to press food on him, smiling and pretending to be anxious for his welfare.

"You should not have listened to Puarata," Hakawau said sternly. "He was full of evil spirits. Great wrong was done here. For this reason we came, that the cry of wooden head should no longer beat into men's brains and kill them. This was evil work. I have emptied evil out of Puarata, but now I see that some of it has come back. Had we eaten this food, we should not have lived. Aue! Alas, now it is you who will die."

He struck the door of the house where he had rested and went out through the gate with his companion.

They did not look back until they had crossed the



The wooden head was silent

valley and reached the ridge where they had lain during the battle of the spirits.

The smoke from the cooking fires was the only thing that moved. Wooden head was silent, and Puarata and all his people were dead. And from that day to this, men have passed the Sacred Mountain without any fear of the cry that comes through wooden lips and tears through the tissues of the brain.



Chapter 12

YOUNG HATUPATU

THE story of Hatupatu is a tale which might well have been taken straight from the pages of the brothers Grimm. Hatupatu and his brothers lived somewhere between Rotorua and Taupo where the weird subterranean fires are for ever creeping under the earth, appearing through the cracks in the rocks and heating the mud pools. Hatupatu's brothers spent most of their time snaring birds, which they brought to their whare and preserved in fat in baskets made of bark.

Poor little Hatupatu stayed at home and felt sorry for himself because he was not allowed to go out with them. When they came home to cook their evening meal, they kept the best parts for themselves so that Hatupatu got only the oldest, toughest birds. After a time he became so thin that his ribs could be seen under his skin, but his brothers only laughed at him. Sitting by the fire, red-eyed with the smoke, Hatupatu brooded over his wrongs, and one night he decided that if his brothers would not feed him properly, he would look after himself.

The next day he waited until his brothers had disappeared among the trees and their voices had died away in the distance, and then he hurried to the storehouse. His mouth watered as he looked at the rows and rows of baskets filled with fat, tasty birds. He took some pounded fern-root and sat down to enjoy himself as only a Maori can. He feasted on the tender birds and the fern-root till

his skin grew tight and he could eat no more. Then he began to think. His brothers would see that someone had been at the stores, for several of the baskets were empty. Hatupatu was afraid. He decided to make it appear that some enemy had raided the storehouse. He knocked over several of the baskets and scattered the contents over the floor. He ran a spear into himself in several places until the blood came, but in such a way that he was not seriously hurt.

When it grew dusk and he heard his brothers returning, he lay down near the whare as though he were unconscious. The brothers found him lying on the path, covered with blood, and believing him to be wounded, they carried him inside and bathed his wounds.

"A war-party came and broke into the storehouse," Hatupatu said in a weak voice. "I tried to keep them off but they attacked me with spears, and then I do not remember anything until I saw you."

They poured melted fat over his wounds and sat down to their evening meal. As usual they took the best and gave a small unappetising share to Hatupatu, but after his morning feast he could not have touched the most tempting morsel, so he went and sat on the smoky side of the fire. His brothers saw his red-rimmed eyes and laughed at him. Hatupatu blinked and coughed in the smoke and smiled secretly to himself.

The following day Hatupatu repeated the performance, and the next and the next, until his brothers became suspicious. They left home one morning but returned quietly and looked through the doorway of the storehouse. There was Hatupatu sitting down with a plump bird in his hands, tearing the white flesh with his strong teeth. They watched him get to his feet and begin over turning the baskets, until they could no longer contain their anger. They rushed in and killed him and hid his body under a heap of feathers which had accumulated from all the birds

they had plucked.

Soon after this the brothers returned to their home at Rotorua. Their parents greeted them and said, "But where is Hatupatu, your little brother?"

"We do not know. Is he not here?"

"You know very well that he is not here. Where is he?"

They had nothing to say for a moment, and then everybody began to talk at once. "We do not know. We are not supposed to look after him. Perhaps he has run away some where. Maybe he is playing a trick and will be here soon."

The father looked at each one in turn until their tongues were stilled, and said shortly, "He is dead. You have killed him."

He went inside his house where he spoke to his wife. "Our sons have killed Hatupatu. He is dead. I can read it in their faces."

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"We will seek him out. I will send a spirit to look for him."

He repeated an incantation and a few moments later a blowfly came blundering inside and buzzed round the room. It was Tamumu—he-that-buzzes-in-the-skies.

"Find my son whose body lies somewhere in the hills before you come to Taupo-moana," Hatupatu's father ordered.

Tamumu flew from the whare, lifting himself above the hills which thrust their broken walls up into the clear air. The myriad facets of his eyes reflected every fold in the ground. After a while Tamumu flew to the ground for he had seen a deserted whare in a clearing. He went to the storehouse and found a huge pile of feathers. Crawling amongst them it was not long before he found the body of Hatupatu. He-who-buzzes-in-the-skies had the ear of the gods, and presently the blood began to course through

Hatupatu's veins again, and he stirred. As he rose from his feathered resting-place Tamumu returned to Rotorua.

Hatupatu looked round. His brothers had gone and there was no one there. He snatched up a wooden spear, ran out of the food house and plunged into the forest.

Presently he came upon an old woman who was killing birds. Instead of thrusting a spear gently through the leaves, she crept under the covering of the foliage and speared them with her lips. For a little space Hatupatu stood spellbound, watching her. As she crept quietly up to a tree, he drew back his arm and aimed his spear at a bird. The thin shaft struck a branch and the point flew towards the lips of the woman. She uttered a cry and turned round. Hatupatu ran between the trees, keeping in the shade. Behind him he heard the slow footsteps of the strange woman of the forest, but though he strained every muscle and the sweat dropped from his face, the sound of pursuit grew louder. He stopped under a tree and looked back, his chest heaving, his breath coming in sobbing gasps.

As he watched he saw that there were wings on her arms and she seldom put her feet on the ground. She was coming towards him in long, slow bounds, half flying, half leaping, rising and falling like a bird with clipped wings. In a moment of time she had seen him, and, before he could move, with a little cry she pounced on him. Her bony fingers fastened round his waist and Hatupatu was dragged along a narrow path to a tumble-down whare hidden beneath a clump of nikau palms.

"Lie there," she said as she pushed him through the door.

The following morning Hatupatu sat up and looked round him. His captor had brought in a bird. It had not been cooked, but she fell on it and began to tear its flesh with her sharp teeth. When her hunger was satisfied she handed the remains of the bird to the boy. He pre-

tended to eat it, but the raw flesh sickened him, and when the old woman was not looking he slid it out of sight.

"Stay here," she said presently, "You cannot escape. If you leave this house I will know that you have gone and I shall catch you and punish you."

When she had left, Hatupatu stood up and examined the whare. A beautiful cloak of red kaka feathers hung on the wall. Beside it there was a cloak of dogskin, and another woven of finest flax. "I should like to take them," Hatupatu thought.

He spoke to the tame birds that fluttered in and out of the door, and the lizards that peered at him with their beady eyes.

"Perhaps she has set them to watch me," he said to himself and shivered as the death omens ran in and out of the gaps in the rush walls.

Day after day passed by, and each morning the woman reminded him, "I shall know if you leave." When she said that, Hatupatu felt cold, for her eye was like a lizard's. There was no fire in the whare and he was growing thinner every day for lack of food.

One morning the old woman said, "I am going to a distant part of the country. See that you keep inside the whare. I shall know if you leave!"

As soon as she was out of sight, Hatupatu made a fire and roasted one of the birds. When he had eaten it he lay down to sleep. He was wakened by the sun shining on his face. He looked up at it and said to himself, "She is a long way off now. I may never have such a good chance of escaping again."

He took down the fine cloaks from the wall and made a bundle of them. A taiaha lay in a corner. He picked it up and whirled it round his head, striking down the birds as they fluttered round the house.

"Not one shall escape," he chanted. "I will destroy everything that belongs to the old woman."

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

He killed the lizards and slashed at the reed frames on the wall. Then he picked up his bundle and ran into the forest. In the whare all the birds and lizards lay still in death—all but one. This bird had hidden in a dark corner and when Hatupatu left it flew out through the doorway and straight over the hills to where the old woman was hunting.

Hatupatu ran on swiftly towards his own country with his head over his shoulder. There was no sign of the old woman and he began to feel safe. Presently he lay down to rest. Then he saw the old woman. She was a speck on the distant hills. A few moments later her wings had carried her but a hundred yards from where Hatupatu was resting. The next moment he felt her hot breath on his back. He turned to fly, but his way was barred by a great rock which lay in his path.

"Open, rock!" he called in desperation. The rock swung back and as Hatupatu hurried into the dark it crashed back again. He could hear the old woman beating against it, and the fluttering wings of the little bird. When the sounds had died away, Hatupatu crept out of the rock and hurried on. The sharp eyes of the bird saw him again, and Hatupatu hid under the close leaves of a tree until the old woman had gone past. So they went on until they came to Rotorua.

At Whakarewarewa, where the boiling mud stirs and gurgles in the ground, Hatupatu ran lightly between the pools. The woman was almost on top of him. She stretched out her talons to seize him, but the hot steam rose in front of her and blinded her so that she missed her footing and fell into the boiling mud and sank from sight. Hatupatu waved his weapon in triumph and went on until he reached the shores of Lake Rotorua.

Holding his bundle in one hand and the taiaha in the other, he plunged into the waters of the lake and swam across to Mokoia. It was dusk but he could see the warm



Hatupatu struck down the witch's birds

bathing pool close to his parents' home. He sat down and waited.

When it was quite dark he heard someone coming. The footsteps came closer. Hatupatu could just see a dark shape near the water. He stretched out his hand and seized an ankle. There was a sudden gasp.

"Who are you?" Hatupatu asked in a low voice.

"I am the slave of the old man and the old woman in the whare nearest the pool," was the reply.

"What are you doing here?"

"I have come to get water for them. But who are you?"

"You will see soon enough," Hatupatu said. "Lead me to your whare."

As soon as he entered the dimly lit whare, the old people lifted up their voices. "It is Hatupatu, our son," they cried.

"Be quiet," Hatupatu said in a low voice. "It is indeed Hatupatu. I have risen from the dead. Tamumu brought me back to life, but Tamumu came from my father and mother. I have returned, and I am glad to be here. But you must not weep lest my brothers should hear."

His mother's arms were round him. "We shall protect you now, my son. It is gladness to have our youngest with us. You must not leave us again, Hatupatu."

The boy shook his head. "I know that you will care for me, but my brothers are strong. They must not see me yet. Before daylight comes I will hide in the kumara pit."

"Then I will come and stay with you," his father said.

For several days Hatupatu lay in the kumara pit, but at night he came back to his home again and lay with his father and mother. The nights were long for Hatupatu because it was dark in the kumara pit, and in the whare there was only a smoky fire. His ears caught all the sounds

of the village, and he heard the talking of his brothers. They were grumbling because of the poor food their mother was giving them, little knowing that the best went to Hatupatu.

One morning he heard the sound of voices. He wondered whether someone had seen and recognised him as he ran from the pit to the whare after dark.

"Hatupatu is here! Hatupatu has come home!" was the cry.

"That is nonsense," he heard his brothers say. "Hatupatu is dead. He cannot come home."

"You said you did not know what had become of him," his father said accusingly.

Before they could reply, Hatupatu rose slowly from the kumara pit. A chief's feathers were in his hair, and down from the breast of an albatross in his ear. His eyes flashed fire.

"Oh, Hatupatu!" his brothers jeered when they had recovered from their surprise. "You are pretending to be grown-up, but all the time you have been hiding in the kumara hole like a rat in the ground. You are still a child."

Hatupatu looked at them, only his eyes showing above the ground. "I am older now, my brothers," he said quietly.

"Oh, Hatupatu, you are still a little boasting boy. If you were a man you would come out and fight us."

With a single movement Hatupatu bounded out of the cave, his cloak of red feathers swinging, his taiaha held in his hand.

"This is the weapon I took from Kurangeituku, the bird woman. She lies dead in the mud at Whakarewarewa. These are her cloaks." He twitched the cape off his shoulders, flexed his muscles and leaped high in the air.

Hundreds of his brothers' followers had gathered round.

"Ha-nui, Ha-roa, Karika," Hatupatu shouted, addressing himself to his brothers, "I am ready."

The three brothers leapt at him and attempted to take him off guard. Hatupatu stepped backward and turned the strokes of their weapons on his taiaha. They rattled on the stout wood like hail. Then he sprang forward, the taiaha flashing through the air, the tongue darting at the heads of his brothers.

Hatupatu stood back. His brothers were breathing heavily and they came forward warily. Once more the three blades flailed through the air, and once more Hatupatu caught them on his taiaha. It whirled round his head with the sound of a pigeon's wings. In and out went the striking head; crash! the butt came over. The brothers lay still on the ground with the fight all out of them.

"My sons," said the father, "you are very bold when it comes to attacking your younger brother! You would do better to spend your energy in wiping out the insult of Raumati."

The brothers hung their heads. Te Arawa, the canoe, had been burnt by Raumati and the insult had never been wiped out. The tribesmen were waiting for their reply. Ha-nui, the eldest, rose.

"I will avenge Te Arawa," he said and went off to his whare.

"I will avenge Te Arawa," said Ha-roa, the second son.

Karika, the third-born, stood up. "I will avenge Te Arawa," he said.

Everyone looked at Hatupatu, but he said nothing and walked into his father's whare.

A few days later the three brothers manned their canoes and paddled out into the lake. The canoes were loaded with cooked food and the paddle-songs of the leaders floated across the water to where Hatupatu stood with his father. For some days the boy had been learning



Hatupatu dived into the lake

by heart the tattoo-markings of Raumati.

When the canoes were out of sight, Hatupatu tucked thirty red feather cloaks into his waist-band. He did not take any food, but holding his taiaha and other weapons in his hand, he dived into the lake and swam under water. Now and again he came to the surface like a porpoise in the Ocean of Kiwa, to take a breath of air.

Half way across he took a deep breath and dived to the bottom of the lake, coming to the surface with a handful of mussels, which he ate. In this way he stayed his hunger. Soon he could see the canoes ahead of him going through the narrow opening between Rotorua and Rotoiti.

When the canoes came to land, there was Hatupatu standing on the shore with the feather cloaks hung on the trees to dry.

"How did you get here?" his brothers shouted as they sprang ashore. "Where is your canoe?"

"Never mind," said Hatupatu. "I am here. Now I will go with you."

The canoes were left behind and they marched across to Maketu. There they assembled on the beach, a thousand strong. Ha-nui lined them up and divided them between himself and his two brothers, but none were given to Hatupatu.

"Where are my men?" he asked. "I have proved myself a warrior and it is right that I should lead a taua."

They laughed at him. "While you are with us, you are our little brother again," they said. "No one asked you to come. Eating is the only thing you can do. Go and hide behind the toas. This is war, brother, and your stomach, distended with much eating, might be weak."

Hatupatu had expected that his brothers would refuse his request, so without further argument he went away by himself, taking his thirty cloaks with him. After a little search he found a glade where he could sleep undisturbed. He woke up early the next morning and even

in the half light he saw at once that the place he had chosen was ideal for his purpose. Dotted about the slopes were clumps of fern and tussock and creeping plants. Working quickly, he tied the bushes with flax and dressed them with the flax cloaks until at a little distance they looked like a band of warriors crouching for the attack.

The sun was now creeping over the hills. Hatupatu looked round him. Far away he could see the converging lines as the enemy tribes gathered together from their pas. A scout had brought them word of the invasion of their tribal grounds, and the chiefs were advancing to the attack.

Closer at hand his brothers were marching up and down in front of their men. Their voices came to him clearly in the still air. When they had finished, Hatupatu sprang to his feet and began to encourage his tussocks and bushes. His brothers' warriors turned to look at him. His long hair was tied in four knots, in each of which was a bunch of feathers. A murmur of admiration ran through their ranks, for Hatupatu was a toa's toa—tall and straight with a quickness on his feet and a length of reach which would stand him in good stead in any fight.

When he had finished, Hatupatu ran behind the bushes and unloosened three of his head-knots, leaving one over his forehead. He threw a red feather cloak round him and, stepping out again, he addressed his mock troops.

To the warriors by the shore, it appeared as though another chief was exhorting the little band. He sat down, and presently stood up in another place wearing a flax cloak with his hair hanging loose. Many times did Hatupatu sit down, and many times he rose. Each time he was dressed differently. His cloaks were of dogskin, feather and flax, and in his hand he waved mere and patupatu and taiaha. At length he stood up naked, ready for the fight, with his white bone mere quivering in his hand.

"Aah!" breathed his brothers' warriors, and "Aah!" said the men of Raumati who had drawn close. They were brave men, eager for the fray, but they avoided the tiny band of warriors with the many powerful chiefs.

They ran swiftly towards Ha-nui's men, and as they drew near they threw their light manuka spears until the air seemed full of the flying weapons. Raumati's men pressed home their advantage. Ha-nui's line of warriors wavered and broke and the men of Raumati were amongst them like a breaking wave on the sand. Ha-roa's men were close behind and the defence stiffened. A double row of warriors waited the assault, but again Raumati and his men swept through them and on to the third line which was held by Karika. Here the brothers of Hatupatu made their last stand. The line held. Karika plunged into the thickest of the fight and his men began to edge forward so that Raumati's warriors felt the pressure against them. They began to give way. Then Raumati's voice was heard above the roar of battle encouraging his men and calling on them for further effort. They were seasoned warriors and the response was instant. Once more they surged forward right through Karika's toas who broke and fled for their lives towards the shelter of the forest.

As they pursued the retreating forces of Mokoia, Raumati and his men heard a loud voice chanting a war song. They turned round and saw, far away, the small taua near the bush with its leader standing in front waving his mere.

"Turn on them again; turn on them again," came the strong voice of Hatupatu.

Raumati called his men who made their way cautiously towards the forces of the many rangatira. For a while they were lost to sight, for the ground rose and fell. Before they reached the crest of the last rise the bushes were brushed aside and Hatupatu stood in front of them.

He had flung off his cloak, his hair was unadorned, and in his right hand he held his mere. A chief sprang forward from the advancing taua and struck a blow which would have ended the fight at once had his weapon reached its mark, but Hatupatu deflected it with his mere. He closed on the chief and in the time that is taken in drawing a deep breath, Raumati's man lay lifeless on the ground.

Panic seized the warriors, for the chief had been a fighter of renown. They turned round and fled down the slope. Hatupatu filled his lungs and his song of triumph rose above the clamour of the retreating toas. Lurking in the distant forest, his brothers heard that jubilant cry. Peering through the undergrowth they saw Raumati's warriors streaming towards them. They called their men together hastily and fell upon the rout, while Hatupatu ran to and fro seeking a chief who bore the tattoo marks that he had learned from his father.

In Mokoia the old men, women and children crowded to the water's edge to see the returning warriors. The chant of victory swelled across the lake as the rowers sent the canoes surging over the water to run halfway up the shelving beach.

The old man, the father of Hatupatu, stood erect on the beach facing his sons.

"You have conquered, my children," he said as the song ended.

"We have conquered," Ha-nui replied. "The enemy has perished. This is the great deed of your sons, of Ha-nui, of Ha-roa, of Karika, that will be sung by our children in days to come."

Ha-nui stood up in the canoe. "Raumati has fallen to my hand," he said, holding up the head of a warrior.

But see, Ha-roa is holding up another head, and Karika yet a third.

"This is Raumati!" Ha-nui said fiercely. "He led his people. With my own hand I killed him."

"No, this is Raumati," shouted Ha-roa.

"You, my father, will judge. From Karika has come the vengeance that was spent on Raumati," said the third son.

Their father turned from one to another and then bent his head and looked at the ground. "Aue!" he said. "Aue! You could not tell. Raumati has escaped."

Then Hatupatu stood up. He had been seated in the midst of the warriors where he could not be seen. He brought his hand from under his cloak and held up a tattooed head.

"Truly you shall be the judge, my father," he said softly, but everyone heard his voice in the silence that had fallen. "Is this the head of your enemy?"

His father lifted his eyes and light came back to them. "Yes," he said, "yes, that is Raumati. Now is our triumph. It is Hatupatu, my youngest, who has avenged the insult to our people. It is Hatupatu who will be honoured!"

The firelight danced on the people as they gave themselves up to rejoicing that night, and of all who were there, Hatupatu, bravest and strongest, was the honoured chief. But in the darkness of their lonely whares the songs and laughter were bitterness to Ha-nui, Haroa and Karika.

Chapter 13

HINEMOA AND TUTANEKAI

IN the midst of tales of battle and sudden death, of gigantic feasting and fabulous monsters, of the unearthly patupaiarche, the strange fairies of the forest, comes the simple love-tale of Hinemoa and Tutanekai.

On the island of Mokoia, set like a jewel on the shining surface of Rotorua, Tutanekai lived with his mother and step-father and his half-brothers. Cut off from the people of the mainland, they lived their placid island life untroubled by the tribal wars that raged among the people of the lake-shore. But they were not entirely isolated. Now and again the canoes that visited the mainland brought back news of the outer world. It was in such a way as this that Tutanekai and his brothers came to hear of Hinemoa, the beautiful high-born girl of Owkata. All who spoke of her told of her gentleness and beauty and strength of character. These reports so stirred the brothers that they fell in love with her before ever they saw her. The brothers of Tutanekai each boasted that he would take her to wife, but Tutanekai himself said nothing. He went out on the balcony of his hillside whare at night and looked across the dark water towards Owkata. Then he would sigh, and after a while he would bring out his flute and breathe a love-song into it.

The music carried clearly across the water and Hinemoa, sitting in the moonlight with her friends, would fall silent. The steam by the lakeside drifted above the

manuka, restless and lost, like the thoughts of Hinemoa. She had heard of the brothers of Mokoia, and she would smile to herself and say, "That is the music of Tutanekai."

One day there was a great meeting of the tribes on the mainland. Hinemoa was there with her people, and her eyes sought out Tutanekai. Some instinct seemed to tell her that the tall, handsome young man was the flute-player of the moonlight nights. As for Tutanekai, he had not seen many young girls, but of all the lovely young women of Rotorua who were gathered together in the house of meeting, it was only Hinemoa who attracted him. In this way they became lovers, yet neither Hinemoa nor Tutanekai declared their love. The young woman of Owkata was a high-born, of the line of the chiefs, a puhi, and although he loved her, Tutanekai feared to risk a refusal. Yet at every gathering he sought her and spoke to her in friendly fashion. Finally he decided to send a message to her. It was taken by a friend. When this friend had told of Tutanekai's love, Hinemoa said simply, "Eh-hu! Have we then each loved alike?"

The next time the tribes gathered together, the lovers met outside the meeting-house. No one missed them for the whare was full. While the laughter and cries of the dancers were loud in their ears, they sat outside in the darkness, and Tutanekai told Hinemoa his words of love. "How shall we meet?" he asked. Hinemoa's voice replied softly, "I will come to you, Tutanekai, my beloved. I must go when no one suspects, and you must be ready for me. How shall I know when you will be waiting?"

Tutanekai thought for a moment. "Already the music has carried my love to you across the waters of Rotorua. Now let it bear another message—the message that I am waiting for you. When you hear the music in the silence of the night, you will know that I am looking for your canoe to steal across the shadowed lake."

The next night Hinemoa heard the distant flute, and

stole down to the shore of the lake where the canoes were kept. They were all there, but alas, someone had beached them, and they were high up on the sand. Not a single canoe was floating in the water. She could hear the music clearly across the water where the island of Mokoia lay sleeping on the quiet lake.

"Hinemoa! Hinemoa!" called the flute. "Hinemoa!" and her heart was heavy in her because of her longing for her lover. She turned away. Her people must have seen the manner of Tutanekai's glance in the meeting-house. Perhaps someone had heard them whispering together in the darkness, for it was unusual for all the canoes to be beached at the same time.

The following night she went to the lakeside, but still the canoes were high and dry, and her suspicion turned to certainty.

Every night Tutanekai's music called to her. The moon waxed and waned while love for him stirred in her so that she could not sleep, and the distant flute seemed to thunder in her ears. With her eyes closely shut, she could see Tutanekai on the balcony of his house blowing into the long putara and then putting it down and straining his eyes to see if he could catch sight of the darker shape of a canoe amongst the shadows.

Then came the moonless nights and she could wait no longer. The rows of canoes had mocked her every night and she did not even glance towards them. She had prepared six large dried gourds, tying them together with flax so that they would support her in the water.

As she went towards the little beach, Tutanekai's music sounded again and quickened her resolve. She threw off her single garment, a cloak of finely woven flax, tied the gourds under her armpits and waded out until she found herself being lifted by the waves. She struck out boldly. She felt like a bird which has escaped from a cage.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

Presently the lapping of the waves seemed to drown the sound of the flute. Perhaps a current of air had carried the sound away from her, but she felt a moment of panic. The darkness pressed down on her like a solid wall. She tried to lift herself up to see if the island was close at hand but the darkness closed in on her. She had lost her sense of direction. She could not tell where Mokoia lay, nor the beach she had left. Her arms were tired and the gourds seemed to have lost their buoyancy, so that the little waves struck cruelly against her face, and the water was cold.

She gave a cry of despair as something brushed against her face. Then with a sob of relief she caught hold of it and rested against it. It was a tree trunk floating in the water. As she held closely to it and raised herself a little above the waves, the wind brought the sound of the flute back to her ears. She pushed away from the log and began to swim steadily towards the music. The gloom had lightened and she could even see the bulk of the island against the faint starlight. Sometimes she grew tired and rested, but her panic was over. Once the current carried her away from the island, but she swam more strongly and felt the water surging under her. The time passed slowly and the water grew colder. Then the music stopped and the only sound was the ceaseless lapping of the waves against her breast. She stopped and listened. At first she could hear nothing. Then a tiny sound—a crash and a hiss like a wave falling on the sand and running up the slope of the beach. Another hiss as it drained away, carrying a myriad grains of sand with it. A moment later she felt the ground under her feet.

She stumbled up the beach, half frozen. The cold wind numbed her flesh even more than the lake water. Feeling her way with her hands in front of her, she came upon some rocks. They were warm, and she could smell the sulphur-laden steam of a hot pool. Once before she



The little waves struck cruelly against her face

had been on the island, and she knew where she was. This was the hot pool of Waikimihia, directly below Tutanekai's whare.

She lowered herself gratefully into the water and felt the warmth soaking into her chilled body.

Now that she had reached her lover's home and the dangers of the journey were behind her, she felt suddenly shy and reluctant to appear before him. Her clothes lay far away on the beach at Owkata. Then came the sound of footsteps descending the path toward Waikimihia. In a flash she pulled herself towards the bank and crouched under an overhanging rock.

The footsteps stopped, something dropped into the pool, and she heard the water gurgling into a calabash close by her side. Disguising her voice, she said in a deep voice, "Where are you taking the water? Who are you?"

The man who was fetching the water started at the voice coming from the darkness.

"I am the slave of Tutanekai. I am taking the water to him."

Hinemoa's heart leaped. "Give me the calabash," she said, still pretending to be a man. She spoke so confidently that the slave handed the calabash to her without protest. She put it to her lips and drank. Then, raising her arm, she hurled the empty vessel across the pool so that it smashed against the rocks on the further side.

The slave cried out, half in fear and half in anger, "Why have you done that? That was Tutanekai's calabash."

Hinemoa made no reply, but only drew back further into the shadow of the rock. The slave looked carefully over the stones but could see nothing. "Who are you?" he called shrilly, and when there was no reply, he turned and ran up to the whare.

"What is the matter?" Tutanekai exclaimed as he saw the slave's face. "What has happened? Where is the

water I told you to bring?"

"The calabash is broken."

"Who broke it?"

"The man in the pool."

Tutanekai looked at him closely. "Can you not speak more clearly? Who broke it?"

"The man in the pool," the slave repeated doggedly.

For a moment Tutanekai thought of going down to find out for himself, but he changed his mind. Night after night he had played his flute, but Hinemoa had forgotten. He turned his face to the wall and said wearily, "Oh, take another calabash and fetch the water."

The slave departed on his errand a second time. He looked round cautiously but there was no sign of any stranger, yet no sooner had he dipped the calabash in the pool than the deep voice called out, "If that water is for Tutanekai, give it to me."

The slave's legs trembled, but he held out the calabash at arm's length. A hand came out of the shadows, and again the calabash crashed against the rocks and broke.

This time the man did not wait to protest. He ran up the winding path as swiftly as his legs would carry him.

"The second calabash has been broken by the man at the pool," he gasped.

Tutanekai shut his eyes. "Take another calabash," he said in a flat voice.

In a little while the slave stood before him empty-handed once more. At last Tutanekai felt the anger rising swiftly in him. He forgot his longing for Hinemoa. With one swift movement he sprang to his feet, caught up his mere and ran down to the pool.

Hinemoa heard him coming and knew it was her lover. The slave's footsteps had been heavy and slow; Tutanekai was running lightly and swiftly. She crouched

still further under the rocks and held her breath as the footsteps stopped on the brink of the pool. The moon was rising and she saw his shadow lying across the water. Under the rocks the darkness lay heavily.

"Where are you, breaker of pots?" called Tutanekai. "Come out so that I can see you. Show yourself like a man instead of hiding like a koura, a crayfish in the water."

There was no reply. Peering through her hair, Hinemoa saw the shadow moving across the water, coming closer and closer. A hand reached down and touched her hair. "Ah!" cried Tutanekai, "I have found you. Come out, you rascal." His grip tightened. "Let me see your face."

Hinemoa stood up. Climbing slowly on to the bank, she faced her lover, beautiful and shy like the silver heron which is seen but once in a hundred years. "I am Hinemoa," she whispered.

The harshness fled from Tutanekai's face like summer clouds before the sun.

"Hinemoa!"

The smoke from the cooking fires rose straight up in the morning air as the people ate their breakfast.

"Where is Tutanekai?" someone asked.

There was no reply until his slave stepped forward. "I have not seen him since he went down to the stranger at the pool in the night," he said.

"What stranger?" they asked, and he told them of the breaking of the calabashes, and how Tutanekai went down himself to meet the stranger.

"This is strange to my ears," one of the old men said. "Perhaps something has happened to Tutanekai? He is a bold fighter, but in the night even the bravest may be worsted when the shadows conceal the thrust of a hidden

weapon. Hurry to his whare and see if all is well with him."

Their eyes followed the slave as he hastened to the home of Tutanekai. In the stillness the sound of the sliding door striking the frame came like a thunder-clap.

He peered into the gloom and then went back to the people waiting on the marae. "There are four feet there," he cried. "I looked for Tutanekai and I saw four feet instead of two."

A murmur of voices came from the men and women. "Who is with him?" the old man called, raising his voice so that he could be heard.

The slave did not answer but ran back again to look. He returned, shouting with excitement, "It is Hinemoa!"

His cry was taken up by the people. "Hinemoa is here with Tutanekai!"

Now Tutanekai's brothers were jealous for they had each thought that Hinemoa would choose him for her husband. "It cannot be Hinemoa," they shouted angrily. "There is no canoe on the beach, so she could not have come during the night. The slave is lying."

Then Tutanekai came out of the whare, leading Hinemoa by the hand. She held herself proudly, wearing a cloak of her husband's, and walking by his side. A great cry of welcome went up from the people, drowning the brothers' angry exclamations. "It is indeed Hinemoa. Welcome to Hinemoa!"

That is the love story of Hinemoa and her daring journey across the lake to her lover, which will be told so long as the Arawa people live by the steaming waters of Rotorua.

Chapter 14

THE FAIRY PEOPLE

RUARANGI AND THE TUREHU

MANY stories are told of the fair-skinned fairy people who live in the forests of Aotearoa. The Maori called them Turehu or Patupaiarehe. They were a weird race, not human, yet with the shape of human beings. They loved the dense bush country and were at home in the hills, where they lived in the remote fastnesses of the forest.

On the slopes of Pirongia, the sentinel of the Wai-kato, lived Ruarangi and his wife. While the husband was absent on a journey, one of the Turehu crept from the forest and carried off his wife.

Poor Ruarangi was distracted when he returned home and found that his wife was gone. He knew that she had not run away, as some of his friends suggested, because they were very happy in their married life. Taking his spear and his greenstone club with him, Ruarangi searched far and wide. He even went up the steep gullies of Pirongia where the trees met together overhead and long festoons of creepers trailed from the gnarled, moss-covered trunks, and the half-light of the evening was caught in a mesh of green leaves. This was fairy country indeed, but Ruarangi's eyes glowed fiercely and there was no fear in his heart, only hate for the fair-skinned half-men who he believed had stolen his wife.

As he lay back on the damp moss after eating his food one day, just as twilight dimmed the bush, he rubbed his eyes and sprang up with a shout. On the other side of the creek he saw his wife, and with her one of the dreaded Turehu.

To his amazement, his wife looked at him and then turned away and began to run between the trees. For a moment Ruarangi could hardly believe his eyes; then he knew that she must be bewitched. Pausing only to snatch up his weapons, he ran after the escaping pair.

The Turehu man ran noiselessly, but Ruarangi could hear his wife as she broke through the twigs and branches. Soon he knew he was overtaking her, for the sounds grew louder. He came to a place where the trees had fallen and grass carpeted the level ground. The Turehu was urging his wife across to the shelter of the trees.

Ruarangi stopped and took careful aim. His slender spear sang through the air, straight for the half-man; but some power seemed to turn it aside and it slid past and stuck quivering in the ground.

In a moment the fugitives would be gone. The light was growing very dim, and Ruarangi was afraid he would lose them in the darkness. He still had the remains of his cooked dinner with him, and his hand closed over a steamed kumara. His wife and the Turehu were now right on the edge of the forest, but the missile went true to its mark and struck his wife on the back.

Ruarangi's heart leaped, for he realised that cooked food would break the spell that had been cast by the fairy. For a moment his wife stood still, then she pulled her hand away from her captor and turned round. There was her husband, standing waiting for her! With a cry of joy she ran to him and threw herself into his arms.

Husband and wife made all the haste they could through the trackless bush, bumping into trees and tripping over roots, anxious to get away from the fearful home

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

of the Turehu. At last they came out of the forest and saw the lower slopes of Pirongia lying quiet and unafraid in the silver moonlight.

At first Ruarangi would not listen to his wife as they lay in the whare, but soothed her with comforting words. She could not remember much about her life with the Turehu. She shivered when she heard the dreaded name, and Ruarangi would not speak about them. But the next morning she seemed more like her old self and said, "We must be very careful. The Turehu man will come back for me."

"How can we prevent him?" asked Ruarangi. "Is there anything the Turehu are afraid of?"

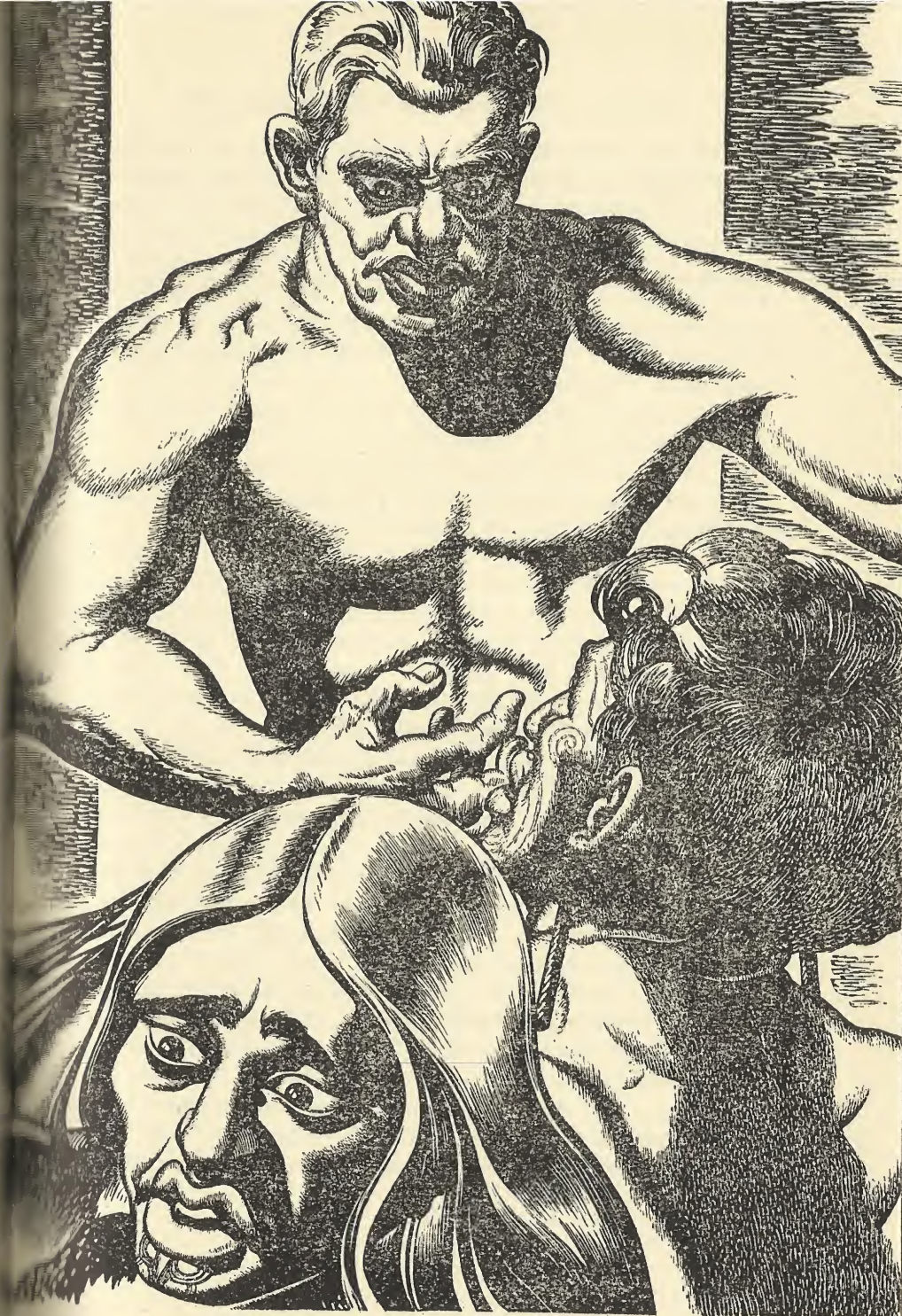
His wife thought for a moment. "Yes," she said, "kokowai! Red ochre! They are afraid of the sacred colour."

Several days went by and there was no sign of the fair-skinned people of the forest. Ruarangi's wife was beginning to lose her fear. But one evening, as they stood before the whare, she gave a shriek. "Look!" she cried. The Turehu half-man was coming towards them with great strides.

Husband and wife both ran inside their whare. Ruarangi snatched up the red ochre and smeared some on his wife. At that moment the half-man sprang inside the door. He seemed enormous in the dim light. His teeth were bared and his white skin glowed with a cold radiance. Coldness seemed to come into the whare with him.

Ruarangi smeared the kokowai over himself and shouted, "You cannot touch us."

The half-man shrank back as he saw the sacred colour. Ruarangi brushed it against the door. With a low moan the fairy visitor sprang through the window. The infuriated husband followed. He smeared the kokowai on the ground while the Turehu man sprang from one place to another. Presently there were few places



The half-man seemed enormous in the dim light

left on the marae for him to stand. When he saw that everything was protected by the sacred colour which he dared not touch, he jumped to the roof of Ruarangi's whare in a single bound, looked round the kainga sorrowfully and began to sing a song of farewell, for he too had loved Ruarangi's woman. The people of the village crept fearfully from their homes at the sound of that ghostly voice. There were tears in it, and they never forgot it, the song of farewell from Turehu to Maori.

Then he leaped to the ground and was gone, like a ghostly moth in the moonlight.

Ah, it is true, they say. And if you mark your door with red ochre, you will never be troubled with Turehu or Patupaiarehe in your home.

HOW MEN LEARNED THE ART OF CARVING

The boys of the kainga came up to Rua-pupuke, the water running from them and falling on the ground.

"Your son!" they panted.

Rua-pupuke raised his head sharply. "My son? What have you to say about my son?"

"We were swimming," one of the boys said, "when suddenly he disappeared. He did not cry out and the sea was calm. We were playing in the water, and when we looked he had gone."

Rua sprang to his feet and ran down to the beach and along the reef that stretched out into the deep water, casting his cloak from his shoulders as he ran.

"Where did you last see him?" he asked.

They pointed to the place. Rua slid silently into the water and disappeared from view. The boys waited for him to come up, but nothing broke the surface and the eddies died away.

Down and down went Rua, swimming into the dim underworld of the water like a fish. He was a powerful chief and a tohunga. Even as he ran he had been prepar-

ing himself for his quest by calling on his spirit, for he knew that his son had been captured by the Ponaturi, the water fairies or goblins who live on the seabed.

Presently the shape of a house seemed to swim waveringly towards him. It was not like the plain houses of the men of that far-away time. Every board was carved into wonderful designs, and for eyes the figures had shining silver paua shell cunningly set in them. On the gable of the house was a life-like figure set as a tekoteko. It was his son.

Rua took no notice of him but entered the richly-ornamented doorway. There was no one inside except an old woman whose eyes lit up when she saw him.

"I knew you would come. You are Rua-pupuke," she said.

"Where are the Ponaturi?" asked Rua.

"They are away at their work. If you help me to block up the holes in the walls, we can hold them until the light comes and they will die."

Without a word Rua helped to block up all the chinks in the boards. At nightfall the Ponaturi rushed into the house with a noise like that of a thundering waterfall.

During the night Rua lifted his son from his place on the gable and swam with him to the surface and took him to the kainga. Then he returned to the home of the Ponaturi.

When the sun was high and the water had turned to greenish-gold, Rua and the guardian pulled away the thatch and let in the sunlight. Rua kindled a fire and set the house alight. The timber and the reeds in the walls flamed fiercely under the water until, by the steam and the flooding sunlight, the Ponaturi perished in their thousands.

While the fire crackled and roared, Rua tore away the carved barge boards, the side posts, the ridge pole and

the door and window frames of the house and swam with them to the beach. He drew them up on the dry land and set them in his own house to be an example to men for all time of the craftsmanship of wood-carving.

Chapter 15

KAHUKURA AND THE FAIRY FISHERMEN

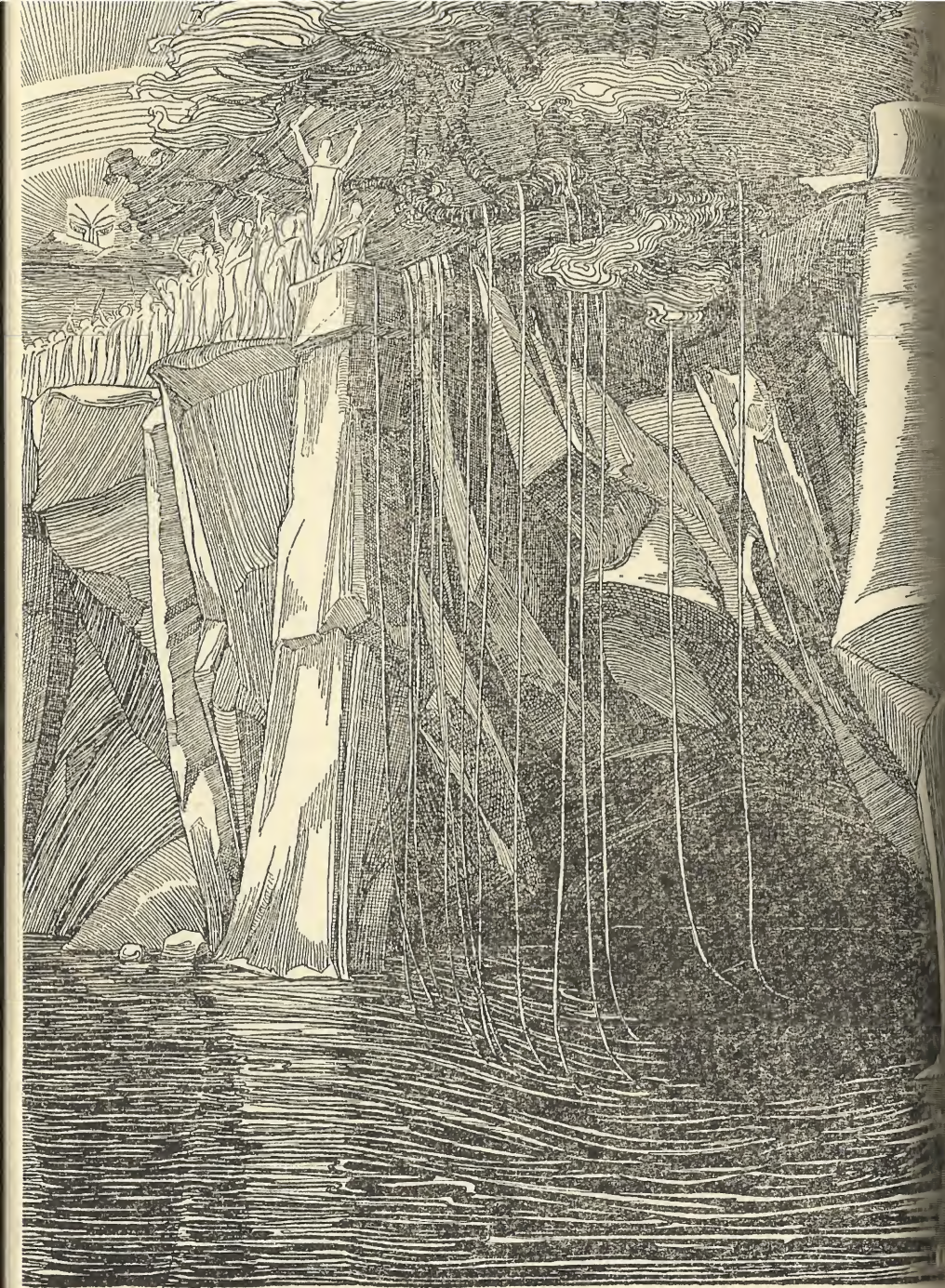
KAHUKURA was a chief. He was not like other men, for his skin was fair like the sand on the beach below the pa. His hair was tinged with the copper-coloured glow of the sun, and in his wide-set eyes there was a look of something unearthly and far-seeing.

The old men of the tribe would talk about it in the low rumbling voice of aged warriors when the shadows were short on the ground and the young men were at work in the kumara plantations.

"See him now," said Tohe, the old fighting man with the bright scar that cut through the whorls of the moko on his cheek. "Now is the time when the old men see once again the days of their youth. When the time comes that we shall make the long journey to the Reinga, we shall see strange sights in our dreams. But Kahukura is young. What does he see over the Ocean of Kiwa that is hidden to our eyes?"

There was no movement amongst the men, but bright eyes looked over the busy pa and the tall pallisade to the distant headland where a figure stood, black against the sky.

Kahukura was dreaming. His eyes were open and he stood with his feet firmly braced, facing the sea and the breakers that crashed on the rocks below. A roller burst at the base of the cliff and spray hissed past him, but he made no movement. His spirit was wandering in the land



The leaping-place of the spirits

KAHUKURA AND THE FAIRY FISHERMEN

of the far north, in the beautiful country of hill and forest, of river and sand, where the gulls wheel and cry and the spirits of the dead march steadily on to Te Reinga, to the giant pohutukawa tree that overhangs the Doorway of Death.

Time after time this dream had come to Kahukura, the dream of something waiting for him in the distant northland, something that called to him, urging him to venture into that country where the land ends and only the ocean surges await the warriors of Aotearoa.

The chief sighed and turned his back on the sea. When he was old he would tread that path, with slaves to accompany him. But before that time came he would go alone, while he was still young and the breath of life was in his nostrils. As he walked back to the pa he could see the young men examining their fishing lines and sorting out the bone hooks. In Kahukura's coastal pa there were many mouths to feed and the canoes went out in all weathers with trailing lines so that their meals of ferri-root and kumara, birds and rats, might be varied with a tasty morsel of fish.

In the House of Entertainment that night the young people danced and played games while the old men and women looked on, remembering the days of their youth when their bodies were supple. Kahukura took no part in the dances. He sat in the corner with unseeing eyes, for suddenly, in the midst of the laughter and noise, a ghostly voice was sounding in his ears. "Go north, Kahukura," it said. "Go alone. Go to Rangiaowhia, to Rangiaowhia, to Rangiaowhia."

When the games were over and his people lay silent on their sleeping mats, Kahukura rose softly and stepped over the sleeping forms. Only Tohe was awake. His bright eyes watched the departing chief as he stood in the moonlight for a moment and then departed. Tohe was wise. He said nothing, not even when the tribesmen

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

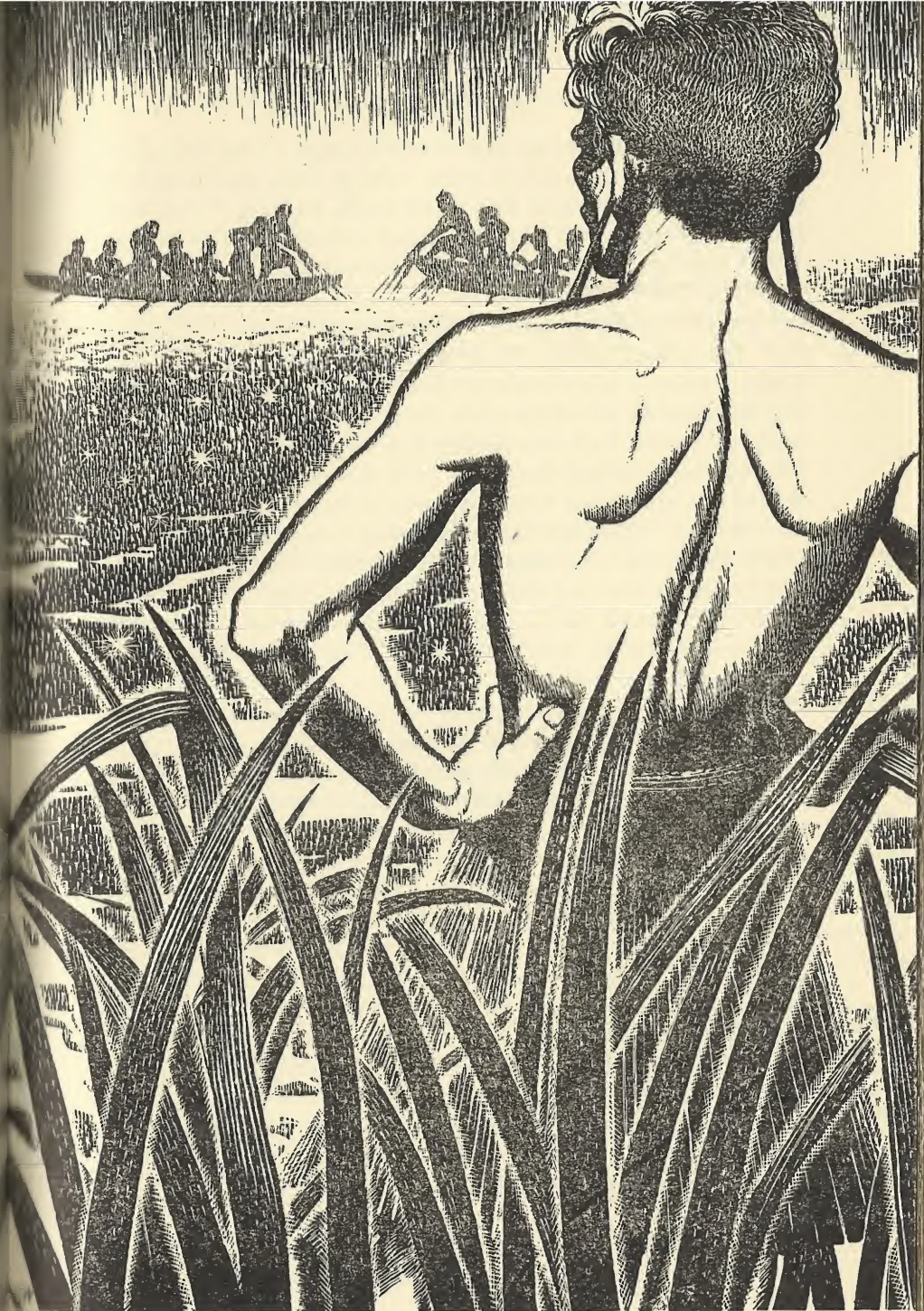
made their vain search for the missing chief in the morning. It had seemed to him as though Kahukura knew what he was doing and it was safer not to meddle.

Day after day Kahukura travelled north. He stopped only when weariness overcame him. He took his rest in the shelter of rocks and on mossy patches in the forest, and in the tall grasses. Sometimes the rain chilled him, and sometimes he walked under the hot sun as it moved slowly across the heaven, held by the ropes with which Maui and his brothers had tied. Sometimes Marama, the Moon, looked down and smiled at the tiny figure that pushed on so steadily towards the end of the land.

Kahukura came to a place where flax plants thrashed their long leaves in the autumn winds. Some of them were knotted firmly together and he knew that the souls of the dead were passing by. At night he seemed to hear the thin cries of the departed ones, but above them rose the insistent whisper, "To Rangiaowhia."

Then came a night when he heard the voice no longer. There was a great emptiness of sound and the hissing of the waves on the sand was like an echo from a spirit world that had movement and life in it but scarcely any sound. Kahukura closed his eyes but sleep would not come to him. He shivered, for a faint music was coming across the water. It was coming nearer and he heard paddles and then voices laughing and singing. He looked across the beach and in the darkness he saw shining lights — the lights of Turehu, the fair-skinned fairy folk of Aotearoa. Canoes were gliding on the water which broke into little dancing lights. The Turehu were fishing.

Kahura remembered that in the half-light when he had thrown himself down to sleep that night, he had seen parts of fish lying on the beach, yet there had been no marks of human feet to show where the fishermen had been. This must be Rangiaowhia, the fishing ground of the fairy people



Canoes were gliding on the water which broke into dancing lights

He crept down to the water's edge. The friendly night hid him from their eyes. They were much closer to the shore now, and he heard them saying, "The net here! The net here!" He could not understand the words. What was the "net?" The only ways Kahukura knew of catching fish were by hook and line and spear. These were fairy words and this must be fairy magic.

The canoes drew closer to the shore. They were far apart, and in a great crescent between them was a gleaming line, inside of which were flashes of fire that darted to and fro in the darkness as the fish leapt from the water. The canoes touched the shore and the fairies sprang out. Kahukura could see that the strange bubbling line must be the net. The fish were jumping everywhere and he could hear the slap-slap of their bodies as they sprang out of the water and fell back again. The fairies were pulling the ends of the net. Kahukura came closer and mixed with them. His skin was fair like theirs, and in the darkness they did not notice that they were being helped by a mortal. Kahukura pulled at the flax rope. He felt wet knotted rushes passing through his hands.

There was a last rush of fairy people up the beach with Kahukura in the middle of them. The small crescent of net was alive with a struggling mass of silver. In the meshes was a great haul of fish. The fairies dropped the ends of the net and ran back to the water's edge. They seized the flapping bodies and strung them on cords, each working by himself in haste lest the dawn should come before they finished. Kahukura strung his cords with fish, but he did not tie a knot at the end, so that when he lifted his string the fish slid off on to the sand. A fairy saw them falling and he dropped his own load and came to help Kahukura tie the knot properly. When he had gone, Kahu untied it again. Then he raised his load, and again the fish slid off. Another fairy came to his assistance.

Time and again he played this trick on the unsuspect-

ing Turehu. He was watching the eastern sky. Far over the sea there was a faint tinge of light. It grew stronger until he could see the bushes above the beach and a big rock standing out of the sea like some guardian of the deep. The fairies were running to the canoes with their strings of fish, but still Kahu's fish dropped off his unknotted cord, and still the fairies helped him. The light was growing stronger. The fish would all have been taken away had not Kahukura delayed the fairy people.

A bright beam of light shone over the ocean, lighting up the clouds. A cry of dismay rang out from the Turehu. At last they had seen that a man was with them. They rushed down the beach to their canoes, but they were too late. Tama-nui-te-Ra, the bright shining sun, was sending his rays over the long miles of ocean. The sand turned gold in the light. The fairies scattered and disappeared; the canoes shrank and crumbled until nothing remained but a few bundles of rushes and flax stalks. The fairy voices died away.

Kahukura stood alone on the shining beach. The fish were gone. Only one thing remained. In his hands were cords of flax tied in a strange pattern, and wet with sea water. He remembered the cry of the Turehu: "Here the net!"

It was Tohe who was first to see him return, Tohe the wise who gave the greeting. "Welcome!" he said. "Chief who went forth in the night as one with a purpose, thou hast returned in the daylight, and as one who has fared far and gained rich treasure."

Kahu's eyes shone. Over his shoulder he carried a tangle of woven flax. The people had come at the call of Tohe, but they feared that his mind had left him, for in reply to their greetings, all he said was, "Here the net! Here the net!"

* * * * *

The young men took out the long nets that Kahu had taught them to make, for he had studied the tying of the knots as he journeyed home. Instead of a single fish flapping on the hook or on the barb of the spear, the young men now brought in a teeming harvest of fish, and there was plenty for rangatira and toa, for wives and sons and daughters and even for slaves.

That was the gift which Kahukura won from the fairy fishermen at Rangiaowhia in the long ago.



Chapter 16

PEHA AND THE GOBLINS

PEHA-ANE-TONGA picked his way through the undergrowth, staring up at the tall trees. He was in search of a strong totara for the sternpiece of his canoe. He found what he was looking for in a little shadowed glade. Taller trees hemmed in the one he had selected, but there was plenty of room to swing his axe. He sat down on a fallen log and looked at the tree critically. Yes, he could see the sternpiece taking shape in his mind, flowering into an invisible tracery of delicate curves and whorls. Then his face clouded over. He remembered his enemy, Parukau of the river pa. Parukau was skilled in magic arts and a dangerous man to have for an enemy, but he was low-born. Peha had heard that he had been boasting, telling his people that his canoe would be the best on the coast when he had finished it.

He stood up and brushed Parukau from his mind. He grasped his axe-handle firmly. The greenstone blade bit into the solid wood, but there it remained! Peha stood petrified. A horrid screech had come from the tree. He listened but the forest was silent again. The birds were still and even the wind in the trees had died away so that the leaves stood stiff and motionless as if waiting for something to happen. The air was cold on his body. He realised at once that he must be standing on sacred ground.

Then it happened! A hollow, mocking laugh rang through the glade. He turned round, his keen eyes search-

ing the undergrowth, but no one was there. Again came the jeering laughter, and he looked up into the tree. He recoiled in horror. A few feet above him, on the bare branch of a tree, was a round, hairless face. It was alive, for the skin crinkled and the eyes closed to a slit as it laughed again. Only the head was there, resting on the limb of a tree, without body, arms or legs to support it.

Peha recited incantations and called on his ancestors for help. Presently he felt the blood running warm in his veins once more and lost his fear of the ghostly head. But no sooner did he touch his axe than the unearthly shriek rang out again. This time it was followed by mocking laughter which came from every side—not one laugh, but many. The voices came nearer until they seemed to be but a few inches away and he was almost deafened by the sound. A chip of wood rose from the ground, lifted by invisible fingers. It was jerked backwards and then launched at him like a dart. It glanced off his shoulder, and was followed by a rain of chips and splinters of wood which came from every direction, while the grinning face still stared at him from the branch and the weird laughter rose and fell around him. A sharp piece of wood struck him in the face and he felt the blood running down his cheek.

Then the fighting spirit rose in Peha. Seizing a stout branch which lay by the tree, he swung it round his head. A hoot of laughter sounded in his ears. He dashed the rude club with all his might in the direction of the laugh. It stopped at once and gave place to a moan, while he felt the club check and sink into flesh that could not be seen. He laid about him, hearing the dull thud of wood on bone and flesh, feeling the tingling in his fingers. The laughter died away and presently he knew he was alone, save for the head which nodded and blinked at him from the tree.

Peha picked up his axe and made his way out of the forest. He heard the laughter again, but more faintly.



The head accompanied him, leaping from tree to tree

But the head accompanied him, leaping from tree to tree, jumping ahead and falling behind, with its eyes fixed on him all the while.

He heaved a sigh of relief as the trees thinned out and he came out on to the open plain. In the distance lay his own village and beyond it the river pa where Parukau lived. Just in front of him was an old deserted pa which had been used for many years as a burying place.

The head gave a whoop and sped past him, nearly brushing him so that he felt the cold wind of its passing. It hung over the graveyard for a moment and then plunged into the ground which opened to receive it, closing over it again.

Peha still had his club in his hand. He hurried to the graveyard, climbed the weather-worn ramparts and began to turn the soil over, using his club as a ko. Presently he came upon the body of a man standing upright but buried under the earth. He dug round the body in the soft soil until it was free and could be lifted out.

"This is a device of the tipua," thought Peha. "I am not a slave to be deceived by this foolishness."

The lifeless figure stood stiffly on its feet. Peha stepped back and hit it with his club. The outline of the man wavered and changed as he watched. There seemed to be something familiar about it. Peha stared in bewilderment. The man he had drawn out of the ground was no longer there; he had changed into the form of Parukau, his enemy of the river pa. Parukau looked at him and then turned and ran into the gathering dusk. Peha felt an added strength surge into him.

The following day he went down to the river pa. He saw Parukau in the distance but took no notice of him. When night came he joined the others in the big whare.

"Why do you come to visit us here, Peha-ane-tonga?" the chief asked. "Are you tired of your own place?"

Peha sprang to his feet and strode to the end of the

house between the lines of men and women and returned to the foot where he had been sitting.

"In the forest I began to cut down a tree. The place was haunted . . ." His eyes flashed fire as he told the tale of his adventure. "Now why do you think I have come to your pa, O chief?"

The chief beckoned to him. "Stand by me, Peha, son of warriors," he said. "Parukau is but the husk of a man. His mana has entered into you. You have the spirit of two men."

Peha left the house, passing Parukau who sat sulking by the doorway, and strode up the hill to his own pa, fearless of the spirits and ghosts that haunt the darkness, for he had the strength of two men. The spirit of Parukau had joined itself to the spirit of Peha-ane-tonga.

Chapter 17

LITTLE STORIES OF THE MOON AND STARS

RONA AND THE MOON*

RONA and his wife and three children lived by some flat, damp land near a warm spring in the Kaipara district. They were not happy together, and after a quarrel, Rona's wife left him and went to live with her own people in the Pae-roa sandhills, leaving the children with her husband.

Because he was only a man, Rona did not know how to look after his children properly. One night the children began to cry out asking for water. Rona had forgotten to bring it to the whare while it was daylight. The children kept crying, "O Rona, some water! We want some water to drink!" till the father grew tired of hearing their voices.

He got up from his mat and took up a calabash in each hand, but like a thoughtless, stupid man, he did not take a fire-brand to wave about and light up the path. As he went towards the spring he struck his foot against the root of a tree which grew in the path and hurt himself. A second time he struck his foot. He sat down and held his foot in his hand to ease the pain. He could still hear his children crying, "O Rona, some water!" He looked up into the sky and saw the stars, but they did not shine brightly enough to show the path.

*Rona is usually spoken of as a woman. This version of the story is adapted from *Revenge*, by John White, edited by A. W. Reed.



The moon-god carried Rona up into the sky

The pain had made him bad-tempered, and he shouted, "Cooked-head moon!" which was a very bad curse. "Where are you now, cooked head moon? You have left me in darkness so that I will kill my feet with stumps and stones. Cooked head moon for not showing light to me!"

He stood up and went on down the path, but the moon had heard his curse. He left his place in the sky and rushed to the earth. Before Rona had time to run, he was seized by the moon and swung up into the air. As he felt his feet leaving the ground he put both calabashes into his left hand and grasped the thick branch of a ngaio tree to try and hold himself down. His struggles were in vain. The moon dragged him away, and as Rona held fast, the ngaio was pulled up by the roots.

The children kept crying for water and even at that great distance Rona could hear them. Parched with thirst, they had come out of the house and called, "O Rona, where are you? Where are you? You are a long time getting the water!"

Rona called from his place in the moon, "I am up here with the stars and the moon. No water here! Here I am, up above!"

The children looked up and stared at the moon, but it had nearly reached its place in the sky and Rona's voice grew fainter and fainter until they could hear him no longer. They were afraid to go and get the water themselves. The next day they went to their mother and told her how their father had cursed the moon and was now up in the sky, where he would have to stay for ever. The mother came back to her old home with the children and took another husband; but she never said an angry word to him for fear that Rona and the moon would come some night and take him away too.

While she lived with her new husband she would not go out of her house in the nights of the moon, especially

at the time of rakaunui, for then Rona and his calabashes and the ngaio could be seen in the moon.

THE LITTLE EYES

The seven bright shining stars which are known to the Pakeha as the Pleiades have been known and loved by people of many lands. The ancient Greeks called them the daughters of Atlas and Pleione; the Australian aborigines knew them as seven sisters. The Maori people looked up and pointed out these stars to their children and told them that they were the left eyes of seven great chiefs. Throughout the islands of the southern seas the Pleiades were always welcomed, and when they first appear in the west the new year begins with feasting and dancing and the singing of songs.

There is a story about these seven stars which comes, not from Maoriland, but from another island in the Pacific. It is told here because it is about the ancient gods of Maoriland.

Once upon a time there was one star which shone so brightly that other stars dared not go near it lest their own beauty should be dimmed in its radiance. Like another moon it matched the beauty of all the other stars together so that the living things of earth loved it and waited nightly for it to light everything with its soft radiance.

Far up in the hills there was a tiny lake that loved this star. The hot day passed slowly until the star rose in the western sky. Then the lake shivered a little as it saw the beauty of the star. All through the night it mirrored the star in its calm waters.

One day the little lake was drowsing through the sunny hours when it heard the voice of Tane. You will remember that long before, Tane had brought all the stars in the Basket of the Milky Way and had scattered them over the blue robe of the Sky Father. Tane had become

jealous of this star that had become so much brighter than the Shining Ones he had given to Rangi, and he planned to destroy it.

The little lake had overheard Tane's plan. All that night it watched the star and longed to tell it of the danger that threatened it. When Hine-ata, the Dawn Girl, rose and the sun shone on the lake, it whispered its secret to Rangi. The Sky-Father was angry. He was powerless against Tane, but he caused the sun to shine fiercely on the waters of the lake until they dissolved in mist and rose above the earth. The wind carried the mist on its back far above the mountains until it reached the star, shining again in beauty with the coming of night. The misty lake waters rolled round the star until its light was dimmed.

When Tane and his followers came sweeping down the sky, the star was prepared. It fled through the heavens. All through the night Tane gained slowly on the star until, as the Shining Ones paled before the growing light, in desperation it fled to the Highway of Tane, hoping to hide its light within the light. Then Tane snatched a Shining One from Rangi's Canopy and flung it at the star. There was a crash that reverberated through the heavens and the star broke into pieces. Tane scooped them up in his hand and flung them away.

But where he threw them so carelessly they can still be found. The Little Eyes, men call them. Matariki is the Maori name—Little Eyes that men love, that twinkle for ever in the silent heavens.

THE SHINING ONES WHO FALL FROM THEIR PLACES

Whanau-marama is the name the Maoris give to the stars. It means the Children of Light, but sometimes they are known as Ra Ririki, the little suns. We, who know so much about the universe in which we live, should remember that many years ago, when our fathers thought the

world was flat and that the sun moved round the earth, some Maori thinker looked up into the clear night sky and wondered. He saw the twinkling lights that starred the robe of Rangi, shining down through endless space. He felt they were more than the playful children of Uru and, wiser than he knew, he called them the "little suns."

But the laughing children, the busy mothers and the fierce warrior fathers had no time to think thoughts as deep as these. They could see Tane busily scattering the Children of Light over his father's body. They saw the long, softly shining basket that stretches over Rangi's body and guards the little Shining Ones. They saw the Children of Light playing together as they did long ago at the foot of Maunga-nui. The Children pushed and scrambled together, and every now and then one of them tumbled out of the folds of Rangi's robe and fell in a long flash of light across the sky.

When we see a meteor fall towards the earth and burst into flame as it rushes through the heavy air, we say, "There is a shooting star." The Maori looks at it and thinks of the Child of Light who has fallen out of the garments of the sky as he played with his brothers and sisters.

SHINING LIGHTS OF THE SOUTH

In the far north the sky is sometimes lit by that strange phenomenon, the Aurora Borealis. In the south, when the cold polar light wrinkles and gleams far away, we call it the Aurora Australis.

The Maori called it Tahu-nui-a-rangi—Glowing-big-of-Rangi—the great glowing of the sky.

A thousand years ago, when the Maori sailed his canoe between Hawaiki and Aotearoa, some bold sailors went even further south, down to the land of unending snow and ice. There they stayed, and while the long years have passed, still they remain in that bleak, un-

friendly land. Sometimes they remember the warmth of their island homes and they light great fires which shine across the seas and light up all the southern sky. Then the Maori, looking out of his whare, sees that cold glow and in his musical language he calls it Tahu-nui-a-rangi—The Great Glowing of the Sky.

* * * * *

We have never been able to learn all the star-lore of the Maori, and now it is too late. In olden days he watched for the rising and setting of the stars, he planted his crops when they were favourable, and guided his canoes by them on his long ocean voyages. He loved the beautiful Children of Light, the ra ririki of the Southern Hemisphere.

Chapter 18

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT BIRDS

THE GREAT BIRD OF RUAKAPANGA

THE *Manu nui a Ruapakanga* was the name the Maoris gave to the moa, and the Great Bird of Ruapakanga was the meaning of the name. Ages have passed since the moa stalked over our hills and plains, but in the days of long ago there were many of these long-legged children of Tane.

Ruapakanga was one of the first men to come to Aotearoa. He roved through the bush in the Bay of Plenty district with his companions, hunting the wild birds and living on berries and fernroot, until one day he espied in the distance the huge birds which might well have hunted him. Ruapakanga and his friends had never seen such a sight before. On the canoe voyage from Hawaiki they may have seen whales, but they had never dreamed that such huge creatures lived on land.

Conquering the fear in his heart, Ruapakanga prepared a trap for the moas. He and his friends worked diligently, twisting and plaiting vines to hold the giants. The trap was baited and when, after much watching, a moa ventured inside, a shout of triumph arose from Rua and his men. But they had shouted too soon. With its tree-like legs the moa kicked and slashed at the vines until they were tossed aside, and it strode away. Rua patiently baited the mended trap again, but his next moa escaped

as easily as the first. Many times he snared a moa, but each time it escaped.

Then Rua called his men together and they fashioned a trap that even Paraoa the Whale might have despaired of breaking. When an unsuspecting moa walked into it and turned in anger at the shout of the hunters, it found it could not fight its way to freedom. The spears of the warriors were soon buried in its body and it died.

So Pouakai, which we know as moa, and the scientist as *Dinornis*, was called the Great Bird of Ruakapanga, the dauntless hunter.

POU AND THE GREAT BIRD

Pou-rangahua the strong, who lived at Turanga where Gisborne now stands, had a little boy whom he loved greatly. Anything that his baby's hands reached for, Pou-rangahua was ready to procure at any cost. As he grew older, Pou noticed that he was always putting out his tongue, and always in the same direction. When he was lying down he would roll over to poke out his tongue, and when he was standing he would turn round so that it would point in the same way.

Pou talked it over with his wife and they decided that the little boy was hungry, and that he was pointing in the direction where he knew there was good food.

"Then I'll find it for him," said Pou-rangahua the strong. He girded himself with his weapons, took some food with him and pushed his canoe into the breakers. His wife watched him as he paddled away. She saw the muscles standing out on his broad back as he swung the paddle. She saw the canoe, looking small and lonely, growing smaller every minute, and the flash of the paddle-blade as it reflected the sunlight at every stroke. Then the canoe was only a tiny speck; then it was lost to sight. Pou-rangahua was facing the countless leagues of open sea to find food for his son.

Over the endless plains of ocean he sailed, day after day, until at last the canoe grated on the beach of a distant country. Pou leaped ashore, glad to feel the firm ground under his feet. He soon made friends with the people of the land, and they shared their evening meal with him. He cried out in delight as he tested the steaming vegetables in the basket they put before him. It was sweeter than any fern root he had ever eaten. It was the kumara. Pou had never even heard of it before. It did not grow in the long bright land he had come from, and he knew at once that this was the food for which his son was craving.

He stayed in the new country for a while, but all the time he longed to be back in his own home at Turanga and to see his son's face when he tasted the kumara. Alas! Pou's canoe had gone. Perhaps the storm had battered it to pieces on the shore; perhaps the tide had gently lifted it until it floated away. Pou had no means of returning to his own home.

The ariki Tane was his friend and that night, as they lay side by side on their sleeping mats, while Pou looked at the same bright stars that shone over his home in far-away Turanga, he told his troubles to Tane. Tane raised himself on his elbow.

"There is only one way," he said. "It is a dangerous way, but a man who seeks his home after long journeying thinks little of danger."

"I have faced dangers, and been in peril of the waters as I sailed the Ocean of Kiwa," said Pou. "What greater dangers could I find than the peril that is in the sea, when I had only a hollowed log between me and the endless waters?"

"You were in peril then," Tane agreed, "and you will be in peril on your return. You must travel on the back of the great bird of Ruakapanga."

Pou clenched his hands until the knuckles showed white under the dark skin.

"Te Manu nui a Ruakapanga," he whispered. "But how will he take me, O friend?"

"I have said there will be dangers," replied Tane. "You may mount on his back, if you dare, and hold closely to him. He will carry you swiftly to your home. Half-way there, on a high hill called Hikurangi, which rises from the deep ocean, lives Tama the Ogre. Of him you must beware, for if you fall into his clutches, your strength will not help you."

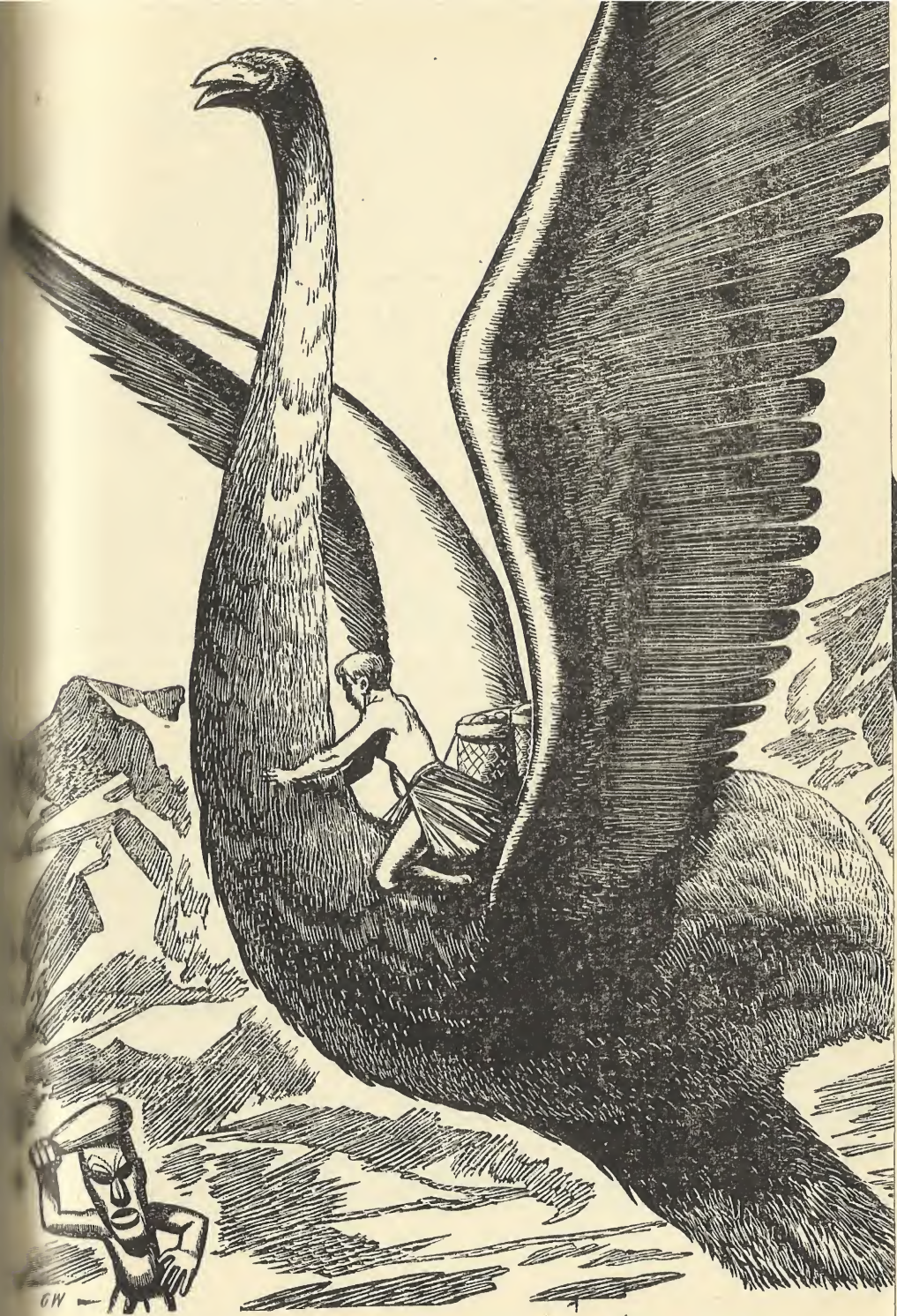
"How can I avoid the monster?"

"You must wait until the sun is setting. Just before it sinks into the ocean the level rays will blind the ogre, and if you are bold, you may fly past before he can catch you."

Early the next morning Pou-rangahua took two baskets and mounted on the back of the moa. In those days the great bird of Ruakapanga could fly. It beat its wings and lifted Pou and his heavy load without effort. Flapping its wing lazily, it headed south. Pou looked down and saw the tiny figures of his friends far below. On a cliff nearby Tane was standing, shading his eyes as he watched Pou begin his perilous flight.

As many miles as Pou had travelled in a day in his canoe he now covered in an hour, and as the sun begun its swift tropic descent, he sighted the hill Hikurangi. Pou tugged at the moa's neck and it flew more slowly until lower edge of the sun touched the sea. Then in a blinding glory of light they sped past the hill. There was a roar when Tama heard the beating of giant wings, but before he could see them they had passed, and the danger was over.

When the shores of Aotearoa came in sight, Pou's heart leaped at the thought of seeing his wife and child again, and of the joy they would find in his treasure. In



There was a roar when Tama heard the beating of mighty wings

his eagerness to reach home he was guilty of two evil deeds. First he plucked two of the feathers of the moa, and this was a grievous sin. Then he forced the moa to carry him right to his home. Tane had warned him to descend as soon as he reached his own country, but Pou was anxious to get home, and in his eagerness he was selfish, as men sometimes are.

Great was the welcome that Pou received, and great his gift to Aotearoa, for in every pa and kainga men have cause to bless Pou-rangahua and the new food he brought to Turanga.

Far over the sea the days passed slowly as Tane looked in vain for the bird he had lent to Pou. It had been detained too long and Tama of Hikurangi caught it with his spells in the hot noonday and destroyed it.

Te Manu nui a Ruakapanga is dead. Only fragments of giant eggshells and bones remind us of him—only these and his tiny brother the kiwi, and a leaning rata tree which we may see and chance to remember that it was trampled on by a moa long years ago.

HOKIOI AND THE HAWK

When the sun has departed and Marama the moon is swallowed up by the clouds, when the firelight gleams on the pillars of the house and the talk and laughter have died away, sometimes in the dark night you can hear the rustle of wings. There is nothing to be seen, but you hear a cry, a dreadful laughter floating down from the heights. "Hokioi—Hokioi" is the cry, and as it ceases you hear that eerie whistle as a bird swoops down and up again into the blackness and silence of the night sky.

It is Hokioi, the unseen bird, calling its own name in triumph so that Kahu the Hawk may hear and be ashamed. This is the story.

In olden days Kahu and Hokioi quarrelled.

"You are large and clumsy," said Kahu, "and for all



Kuku, bellbird, tui and kiwi

your size and strength you can only flutter about amongst the flax plants like Tauhou the Silvereye."

"You are a boaster, an empty boaster," Hokioi screamed. "I can fly far higher than you. I could fly right out of your sight." He was nearly blind with rage. "Quickly, quickly," he screamed again, his eyes bright and hard as he looked at Kahu, "I challenge you. Let us begin at once and all the birds may see who is the clumsy one."

Kahu saw that all the birds had been listening so he accepted Hokioi's challenge. They flapped their wings and flew up into the sky. Hokioi kept looking up, straining his muscles to fly farther and faster than Kahu. The hawk flew with his eyes on the ground, as he always does, and presently he saw a cloud of smoke rolling up from the forest and red tongues of flame licking up above the trees. In a moment he had forgotten Hokioi's challenge and with a cry of joy he glided swiftly down wind to the edge of the forest to wait for the rats and lizards which would come scurrying away from the fire.

Hokioi knew nothing of this. His eyes were still fixed on the blue sky, and his tireless wings beat the air as he went up and up. He flew so far that the watching birds lost sight of him. Day changed to night and all the stars came out, and still Hokioi flew on. The morning rays flushed the sky before he stopped and looked down. There was no sign of Kahu and the very earth itself had disappeared.

That is why he has never been seen by mortal man; but on dark nights he flies low once more and mocks Kahu by calling out his own name:

"Hokioi—Hokioi!"

POPOIA THE OWL

In the days when Mataora rescued his wife from the torch-lit land and took her up to the world of light,

Tiwaiwaka the Fantail was the chief of the birds of the Underworld. The path that Mataora and his wife travelled was long and dangerous, and Tiwaiwaka sent Popoia the Owl and Peka the Bat to bear them company and to show them the way.

Mataora had to fight his way out and he feared that his guides would be killed, so he hid them in the overhanging bush, in caves, and in every dark place that could not easily be seen. That is why Popoia and Peka love the darkness. They have become used to the gloom and cannot see clearly in the daytime.

When you see Popoia the Owl blinking sleepily in the daylight you will know that he cannot see very well in the sunshine, and that perhaps he is thinking of the mice he will be eating when the friendly night comes round again. And you will remember how he and Peka helped Mataora and Niwareka to reach the wind-blown spaces of the sunlit world.

MIROMIRO THE TOMTIT

The white-breasted tomtit is a cheery, bright-eyed little fellow, always on the watch for insects. "Ma te kanohi miromiro," says the Maori when he sees anyone looking for a lost article—"Oh for the eye of a tomtit."

Father Miromiro loves his wife and when she is busy building a nest for the brown-speckled eggs, he takes great care of her, bringing grass and twigs to help in the building and supplying her with food.

That is why he is sent to bring back runaway wives and husbands. Sometimes men and women get tired of their homes and run away. The cheeky little miromiro is sent to bring them back. No matter how far they have gone, Miromiro flies after them. When he finds them he lights on their heads and straightway they long for their own homes once more.

Happy little Miromiro, the Messenger of Love!



Friendly fantails

WHAT KAKA STOLE FROM KAKARIKI

WHAT KAKA STOLE FROM KAKARIKI

Once upon a time Kakariki, the beautiful parakeet, had a red breast. He was a handsome fellow with his crimson breast and green coat. The Kaka was jealous of that red breast. His plumage was dull and brown and he longed for the bright colours of Kakariki.

"Foolish bird," he said to Kakariki, "foolish one, you should hide your red breast."

Kakariki chattered indignantly. "Why should I hide my colours?" he asked. "Red, red as the blood of Tawhaki, everyone admires them."

"Ah, little one," said Kaka gently, "how foolish you are. When Tane gave me my brown feathers, he gave me his best gift. Brown is the colour of our Mother Earth and the insects do not see me until my beak darts out and their lives are ended. Brown is the colour that Tane loves."

"But Tane has clothed Mother Earth in robes of green," said Kakariki, coming closer to Kaka, "and red is the sky at sunset. Surely Tane loves green and red the best."

"Not so, Kakariki. You may grieve, but he has not loved you, else he would not have given you those gaudy colours."

Kakariki looked in shame on his red breast and tried to cover it with his wings. "How can I lose my red feathers?" he asked sadly.

"There is only one way," said Kaka. "Give them to me. For love of you I will take the red feathers and hide them under my wings where none can see them."

Kakariki stripped off his red feathers and Kaka fastened them to his wings. With a hoarse cry of joy he spread them and sailed above the tree-tops. Into the glow of the setting sun he rose. Then Kakariki saw how beautiful Kaka had become and he knew that with his honeyed words Kaka had robbed him of his heritage.

Kakariki's coat now is green but Kaka glows with his bright red feathers for all the world to see.

You can hear the song of Kakariki as he mourns for his feathers; but he chuckles too, as he chatters with his friends in the trees. Perhaps he thinks Tane cares more for him now that he is no longer red.

KAWAU AND THE TIDE RIPS

When Kupe came to Aotearoa he brought Rupe the Dove and Kawau the Shag with him. Rupe was given the task of finding seeds and plants in the new land and Kawau was sent to explore the harbours for tidal and river currents.

On arrival at the Manukau harbour, Kupe sent Kawau on ahead to explore every harbour from Manukau, where the Pakeha built the city of Auckland a thousand years later, to Whanganui-a-tara where the capital now stands. On his return he reported that the currents were not strong, so Kupe sailed for the southern harbour and pitched his camp there. After a while birds from the Canoe of Maui¹ came to visit Rupe and Kawau.

"Where do you live?" asked Rupe.

"We come from the other island."

"What sort of food do you eat?"

"Many, many seeds that are good for the children of Tane."

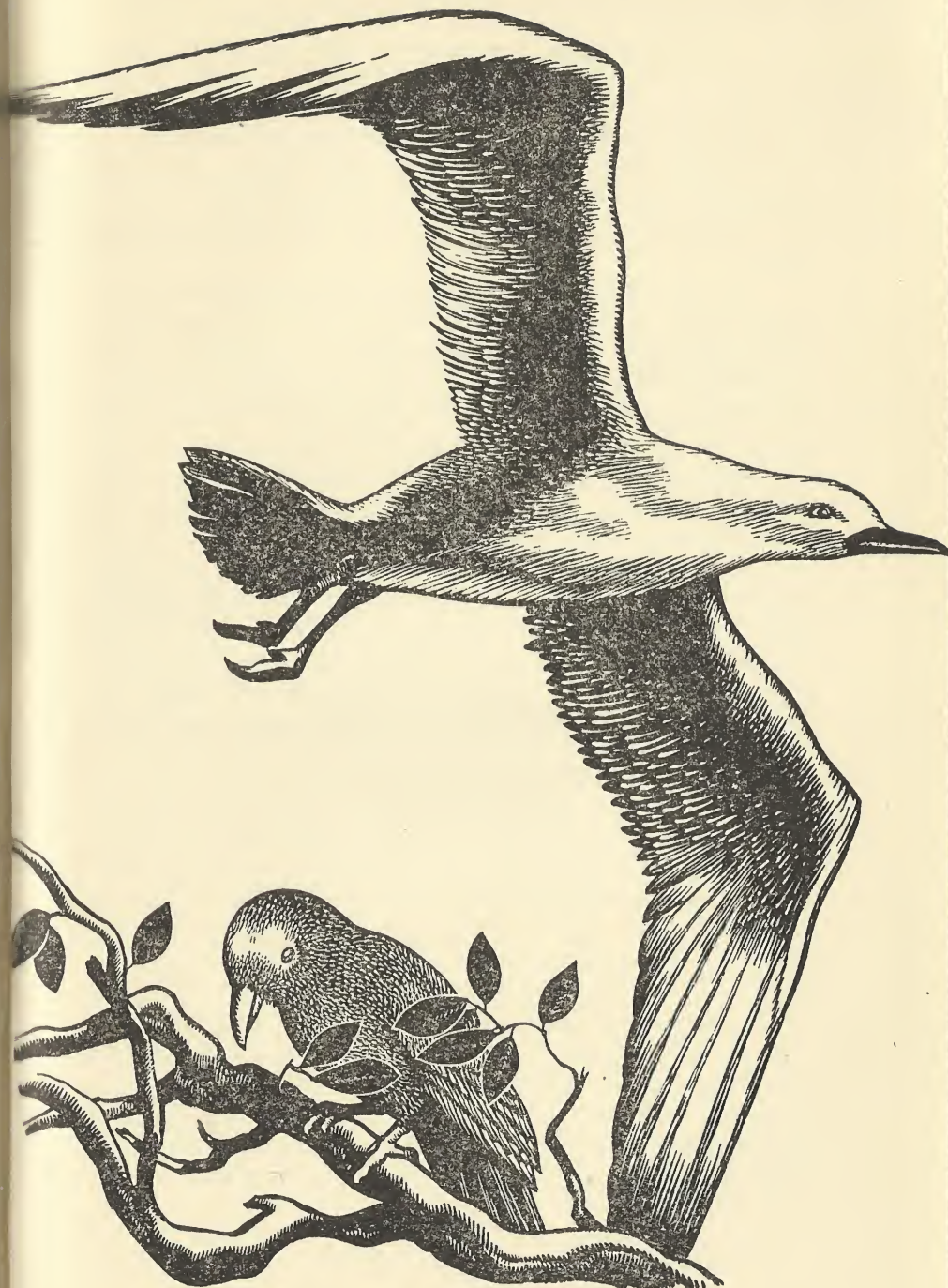
Kawau thrust his head forward eagerly. "What are the currents like in your land?" he asked. "I have seen Raukawa,² but only in name is it great. Its currents are weak."

The birds of the south set up a deafening outcry.

"In our land the currents are strong. Come and see for yourself. We will guide you."

¹The South Island.

²Cook Strait.



Seagull and kaka

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

Kawau took wing and the other birds led him to the pass that lies between Rangitoto¹ and the mainland.

"Look!" they cried. Kawau saw below him the fierce tide rips and currents of the famous pass.

"Here is water worthy of a test," he cried, and flew down.

It was not like the gentle heaving of the tide on the broad ocean, nor yet like the angry waves of the storm. Rather it was like water plunging down a precipice. One of Kawau's wings touched the water and was drawn below the surface as if a giant hand had plucked it down. He fell on his knees and stretched the other wing in an attempt to span the pass, but the water seized him and hurled him down its steep slope, breaking his wing. So died the brave one of Kupe.

Kawau remains at the place where he fell, for there is a rock in French Pass which they say is Kawau, Kupe's bird. Had he overcome the water, the pass would have been blocked, but because his wing was broken, Maori and Pakeha may dare the strong currents and tide rips of Te Aumati, the pass between Rangitoto and the great southern island.

¹D'Urville Island.

Chapter 19

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT INSECTS

THE ANT AND THE CICADA

IN the summer the New Zealand forest quivers with the song of Kikihi the Cicada. The air trembles with sound, the sun shines through the leaves as the warm wind gently stirs the foliage, and winter seems far away. That is the burden of the song of Kikihi. "The winter is past and summer is here. Let us sing our song on the warm bark of the trees and be glad, for cold and darkness have gone away for ever."

But there is another song that few have heard, because they are deafened by Kikihi. It is a little song, sung by those who are working through the summer days, near the ground, close to the warm earth. It is the song of Papakorua the Ant. "Winter is coming," he sings, as he scurries round, collecting food and storing it away. "We need food to keep us alive in the cold days of winter. Let us work to live."

The days pass and winter comes. The leaves that danced in the sunshine shiver in the cold wind and icy rain flows over them down to the sodden earth.

Then Kikihi, who was warm and happy and carefree in the summer time, grows thin and cold and in the end he dies, clinging to the unfriendly bark. But Popokorua is warm and snug in his home, well-fed, and looking forward once more to the coming of summer.

THE MOSQUITO AND THE SANDFLY

In their home by a dark pool in the forest, shaded from the sun by giant trees and the raupo that fringed it, Naeroa the Mosquito and Namu the Sandfly met one day.

"What deed of bravery can we do?" asked Namu.

Naeroa beat his gauzy wings till they whined in the still air. "There is a deed we can do that will bring fame to us. Let us attack man!"

Namu danced in the air in his excitement. "Yes," he cried, "let us go now. Let us taste the blood of man!"

Naeroa the Mosquito shook his head. "You are too impatient, friend Namu. If we attack him now he will see us coming and we will be defeated. Wait until night-time. Man cannot see at night. Then is the time to plunge in and draw his blood.

But Namu was impatient to be gone. "I shall not wait. I am not afraid of Man," he boasted. "You may wait for the cloak of night to be drawn across the sky. My people will attack in the light of the sun. Many will be killed, but we shall defeat him."

With that he called softly and his brothers rose up like a black cloud and flew above the trees. Naeroa settled down on a leaf and watched them go.

The pool drowsed in the sunshine, for the sunbeams had broken through the overhanging trees, and Naeroa slept undisturbed.

When the sun had gone and the pool grew blacker in the shadow of the trees, he looked up. Namu the Sandfly was circling round the pool. He flew lower and settled close to Naeroa.

"How did the battle go?" asked Mosquito with a gleam in his eye.

In reply Namu sank his head and sang the song of defeat. "We tasted blood," he said when the song was ended. "He could not stop us. But man is very strong.



Slap! went his great hand, and my brothers have died in thousands. Slap! went his hand again wherever we settled, and only I have returned. My brothers are dead."

"You did wrong to go in the daylight," Naeroa said. "I warned you."

Namu lifted his head proudly. "We were defeated," he said, "but we are not beaten. Man is our enemy. We shall attack again and again. We shall never give in."

"Ah, but you have been defeated now," Naeroa said. "My way is best."

He sprang lightly into the air, and as he winged his way up in the faint starlight the mosquito people followed, flying silently in the darkness.

Man did not know of their coming. He lay down in his whare and closed his eyes. But presently he moved. A shrill whining filled the air. It came closer. It was a sound to chill the blood.

Suddenly the whining stopped. "Ah ha," said Man. "It is Naeroa. He has settled on me, but as I killed Namu and his people, so I will destroy Naeroa." He slapped his arm, but Naeroa was not there. Close to his ear came the shrill song of battle. Man struck himself till his head rang with the blow, but Naeroa had settled on his leg and was drinking his blood.

He felt the sting of it and sat up to strike the place, but Naeroa was gone and one of his people was gliding down to Man's shoulder.

For hour after hour Man fought with Naeroa. Naeroa's silence was as terrifying as his high-pitched whine. When morning came, Naeroa flew away with his warriors, leaving Man battered and swollen and blood-stained.

Namu heard him coming, singing the song of victory, and he was glad because his defeat had been avenged.

So it is that Namu and Naeroa are the enemies of Man, and so it is that they still attack him, Namu by day and Naeroa by night. But Naeroa is he that is dreaded by Man!

Chapter 20

LITTLE STORIES OF GIANTS, FLYING MEN AND WALKING MOUNTAINS

THE FLYING TANIWHA

A CURIOUS grey mass lay on the beach at Patea, looking like a rock in the dusk. A hunter hurrying home to his kainga saw the unusual sight and went across the sand to see what it might be. The waves washed round it and scooped the sand from its sides as they ran back down the slope of the beach. When the hunter touched it with his spear it yielded like flesh so, believing it to be some strange fish, he plunged his weapon into its body. The sleeping monster roared with pain and hurled itself at its tormentor. A horny claw shot out and grasped him round the waist. Two wings like the sails of a canoe unfolded themselves and flapped in the air. The hunter was picked up from the beach and borne aloft, for the strange monster was a flying taniwha.

The hunter looked at the sand streaming past just beneath him. Overhead the wings were beating strongly, rising higher into the air. As the moon rose it grew colder. Forest and lake spread themselves out far below like another world. Presently they left the land behind them, and nothing could be seen but tiny white-capped waves shining in the moon light, and filmy wisps of cloud that clung to them for a moment and were lost behind them.



The monster hurled itself at its tormentor

All night long they flew, and when morning came the sun rose on another land. It was Hawaiki, the homeland of the Maori people. The taniwha circled round and landed in a clearing surrounded by tall trees. The hunter had no eyes for the lovely tropical flowers and fruit that hung on the trees and rioted over the ground. Everywhere he looked were taniwha, huge creatures with unblinking eyes, folded wings and strong bird-like claws.

The taniwha that had captured him began to speak in a voice that sounded like the rumbling of an avalanche, but the hunter could understand most of the words.

"This common fellow wounded me. He must die the death."

"Where does he come from?" asked an older taniwha.

"From Kupe's land. He is a man who lives on the Fish of Maui."

"What were you doing there, O taniwha?"

"I was resting."

"Where were you resting, O taniwha?"

"On the beach at Patea."

"Were you on the sand or in the water?"

"As I lay asleep on the beach the water caught me unawares."

An old taniwha, bleached white with the passing of a thousand years, heaved himself to his feet and stretched his tattered wings.

"O taniwha," he said in his deep voice, "your own tongue has judged you. The air is your home; the land for you and us when we are tired. The air is not the place for water-taniwha; the water is no place for taniwha of the air. This man did right to try to kill you in the place where you were found."

The circle of taniwha nodded in agreement.

"What shall we do with the man?" asked one of the younger ones.

The oldest taniwha pointed a horny talon at him.

"You shall bear him back to the Fish of Maui, youngest of taniwha," he said. "Take him now."

So the hunter was taken home. As they drew near to Patea he reached up and plucked a few feathers from the taniwha's wings. These feathers became a precious possession. One of them he gave to Tama-ahua of Whanganui. Tama had another home at Wai-totara, but the journey there was long and tiring. With one of the taniwha's feathers he became a sort of taniwha himself, and in the cold moonlight he would float above the tree-tops from Whanganui to Wai-totara with the magic talisman clasped in his hand.

MATAU THE GIANT OF WAKATIPU

In the high country of Otakou¹ lived Manata, daughter of an ariki, and her lover Matakauri. Manata's father would not let the lovers marry. He planned to give his daughter to a powerful chief who lived on the Taieri plains.

One morning Manata was missing. No trace of her could be found and she had taken nothing with her, for her sleeping mats and cloak lay where they had been tossed when she left. It was a mystery until one of the searchers found the print of a huge foot in the soft clay by the river, and another remembered that the earth had shaken in the night.

"It is Matau who has taken her away," the chief said when they brought these reports to him.

The people drew closer together when they heard the dreaded name, for Matau was a giant who lived among the snow-capped mountains of the hinterland, and was feared through all Otakou.

"I will give Manata in marriage to any man who will rescue her," the chief said in his grief.

¹Otago.

No one stirred except Matakauri. In the silence he hurried to the door and began to climb up the mountain steps to Matau's lair. In the broad daylight he came upon Manata sitting beneath a flax bush by the river. When she saw him coming she ran to him and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Go back, my beloved," she said. "I cannot escape. You will be killed if the giant awakes."

Matakauri smiled. "While the warm north-west wind blows, Matau will sleep. It is only when the wind changes that he will wake."

"But you do not know what has happened. See, he has tied me to his waist with this cord."

Matakauri laughed as he raised his axe and struck the cord, but the axe bounced off it, for it was made from the hide of the two-headed dog which cannot be cut by greenstone.

Manata's tears rolled down her face. One of them fell on the thong and as if by magic, it parted. Smiling through her tears, Manata helped her lover to make a raft of manuka, tied with tough vines and interlaced with korari to give it buoyancy. They sprang aboard and were soon back at their home, where Manata's father greeted them as though they had risen from the dead.

"I have not finished my work," Matakauri said. "The north-west wind still blows, but the time will come when the giant will wake up. We shall never be safe then, but now he is asleep and a man may take him unawares."

No one offered to go with Matakauri as he climbed the hills for the second time. He passed the flax bush where he had found Manata and followed the dogskin cord which lay along the river flat and up the hill that cast its shadow over the valley. The giant lay across the mountains with his head pillowed on one mountain peak and his feet on another, miles away towards the setting sun. Matakauri worked day after day while the

warm wind blew, piling bracken and dried grass round the sleeping giant.

When his work was finished he kindled a flame with his fire-stick and set the bracken alight. The mountain tops burst into flame and a cloud of smoke veiled the bright sunshine.

The giant was consumed in the flames. They blazed so fiercely that the earth itself was set alight. A thousand feet deep was the hole they made, following the form of the sleeping giant. Then came the rain and the mountain streams poured their waters into the steaming hole and filled it to the brim, where they lie sleeping quietly through the centuries.

Wakatipu men call it, this lake of the cold south. Deep beneath its surface Matau's heart lies beating. It was only the heart of the giant that resisted the flames, and as it beats the lake waters gently rise and fall.

THE GIANT AND THE WHALE

There is a mark on a rock at East Cape which is just like the print of a giant human foot.

Eighty miles to the south, not far from the present town of Gisborne, there is a creek, and in one of its banks is the fossil skeleton of a whale.

At Tokomaru Bay, which is half way between East Cape and Gisborne, there are three hills quite close to each other, like the corners of a triangle.

Once upon a time there was a giant who lived in the southern island. One day he paid a visit to the northern island. When he came to the waters that divide the two islands, he took a stride that carried him from one to the other. In the strait of Raukawa a whale was lying on the water. The giant saw the puff of steamy vapour floating on the breeze, and in a flash he stretched out his hand and picked up the whale. Tucking it under his arm he went along the coast until he reached the bank

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF MAORILAND

of a little river. There he sat down and ate the whale, skin and all, leaving only the bony skeleton which was too hard for his teeth. Then he stretched himself out on the soft mattress of the trees and slept.

The Maoris who lived in that place were not pleased to see the giant. One of his feet had flattened all their young kumara plants, and even now his arm blocked the entrance to their pa. While his breath swayed the tree-tops they prepared a trap for him at Tokomaru. It was made with a tall tree which was stripped of all its branches and fastened to the ground with rope. They hoped that the giant would put his foot in it and be caught.

He woke up, and when he had taken a few paces he saw the trap. As he passed he kicked it contemptuously. The released spring crashed into a hill and split it into three separate peaks. Another step carried him on to the East Cape, where he dived into the sea and was never seen again.

Is the story true? Who knows? But on the East Cape is the mark of a giant's foot. At a creek near Gisborne is the fossil skeleton of a whale. At Tokomaru Bay there are three small peaks, close together like the corners of a triangle.

RESTLESS MOUNTAINS

In the days of the gods, many mountains lived happily together at Taupo in the middle of the Fish of Maui. They ate and worked and played and loved together, but with the passing of time quarrels arose between them. Some of the younger ones travelled north and south, striding swiftly through the night until they were stopped by the rising sun.

Tongariro, Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe were the only ones who remained. Tongariro took to wife Pihanga, a dainty little mountain who lived nearby. Their children



The angry mountains

were Snow, Hail, Rain and Sleet.

Pihanga loved the white-headed Tongariro, and when broad-shouldered Taranaki tried to win her affections, her husband rose in his anger and drove Taranaki to the west. As he rushed to the sea he left behind him the narrow deep-cut channel of the Whanganui river. When he reached the sea he felt safe from Tongariro's vengeance, although he could still see the wind-blown smoke pouring from the summit of the angry mountain.

Taranaki shrugged his shoulders and wandered slowly up the coast. He rested for a while at Ngaere, and when he moved on again a great depression was left in the ground, which afterwards became the Ngaere swamp.

As daylight broke, Taranaki reached the end of the land, and there he will remain for ever. Sometimes he is veiled in mist, for then he is weeping for Pihanga. And sometimes Tongariro remembers the impudence of distant Taranaki and the flames of anger leap in his breast until a dense cloud of black smoke hangs over his head.

Chapter 21

LITTLE STORIES OF TANIWHA

AOTEAROA is peopled with taniwha and ngarara, strange monsters of land and water. The white man's magic has sent them to sleep, but they lie hidden under hills and deep water. Every tribe has its story of these man-eating monsters, so we must remember that the tales that are related here are the tales of night-time, told by the old men of the tribe when the children are asleep and firelight flickers on the reed walls of the whare and the darkness becomes alive with strange things out of the past.

Here are tales for a single night; but the stories of taniwha are endless, like the nights of a man's lifetime.

THE LIZARD TANIWHA

Ah, you would have shuddered to see Kaiwhakaruaki. His skin was damp and bleached from living in the dark cave in the forest. When he dragged his repulsive body over the ground, even the birds flew away. While searching for food one day, he surprised a woman in the forest. Ignoring her screams, he dragged her to his cave and kept her there as his wife. He had no fear of losing her, for when he entered the cave his body blocked the entrance, and when he left it he tied a long rope of flax to her hair and held the other end. From time to time he pulled the rope to make sure that she was still there.

As the days passed the woman spent all her time planning to escape. She could not outrun the monster and her freedom could only be won by guile. At length she thought of a plan and put it into operation at the first possible moment.

When Kai left the cave to go in search of food, she went outside and cut the rope that bound her hair with a sharpened shell. Holding the end of the severed rope in her hands, she tied it to a young sapling. In the distance she heard the taniwha crashing through the trees while the startled birds flew overhead. Presently the rope jerked tight. The sapling bent to the strain and straightened itself again. She held her breath for a long minute. Then she heard the taniwha going further away, and she knew that she was safe.

She hurried straight to her village and told her story to her friends, who resolved to make an end of the taniwha. The men worked at the building of a house big enough to take the gross body of Kaiwhakaruaka. When it was finished they sent one of the young men into the forest to invite the taniwha to come and live with them.

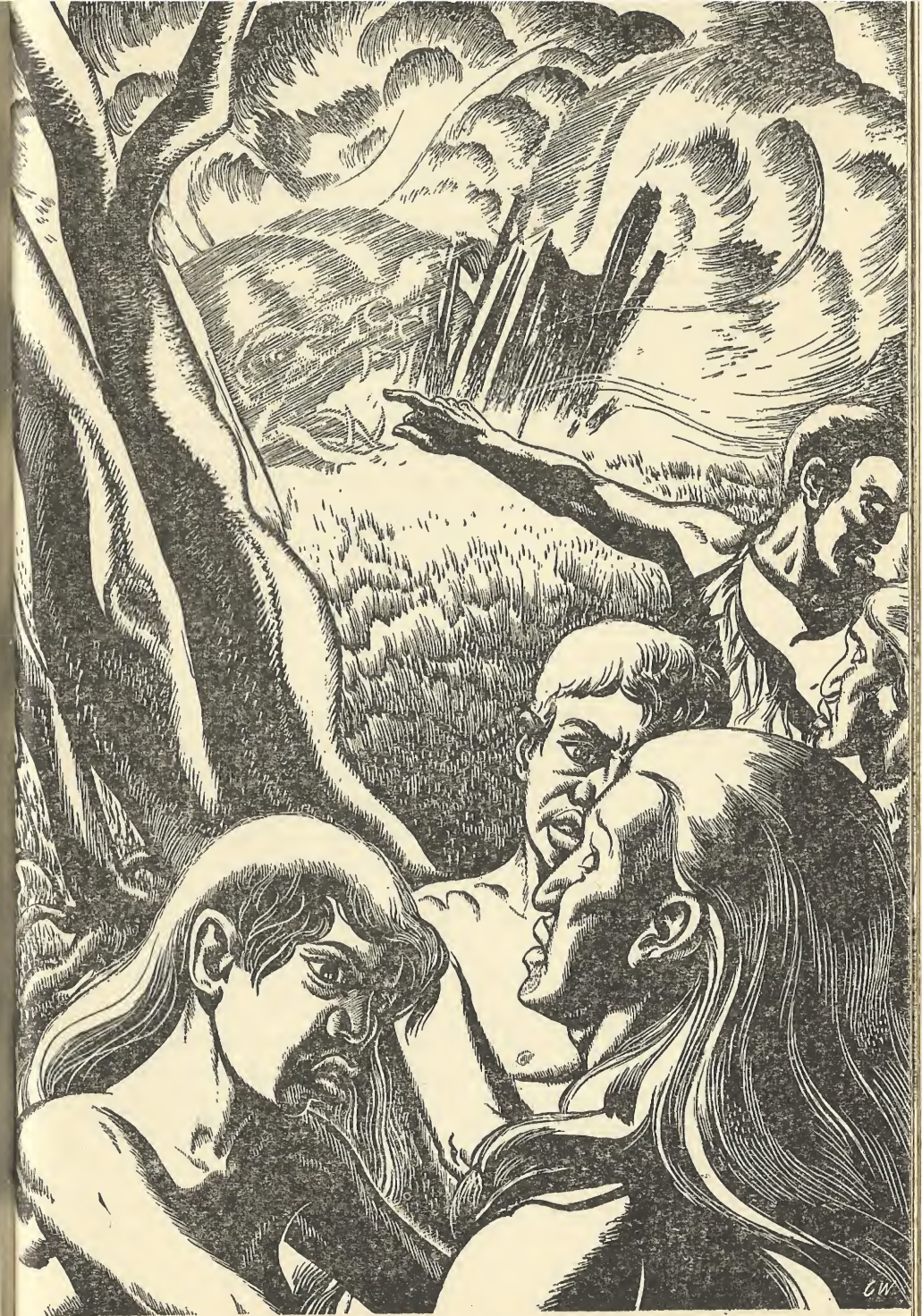
He went cautiously into the forest, shouted his invitation at the top of his voice, and ran back to the kainga.

Everyone was seated on the marae, anxiously watching the forest where it crept up to the nearest whare. In a little while the bushes were pushed aside and Kaiwhakaruaki came out. The little children hid their heads on their mothers' breasts, and even the warriors edged backwards as the horrible beast waddled forward, his head over-topping the whares, his eyes gleaming like the embers of a fire.

"Where is my wife?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

The woman stepped forward boldly, putting the toas to shame.

"Do not fear, Kaiwhaka," she said gently. "It is I,



The walls of the whare were ablaze

your wife."

"Why have you run away?"

"I grew weary of the cold and damp in your cave," she said. "This is my home, but you must come here to live with me. See, the men of my tribe have built a house for us.

Kaiwhakaruaki turned his head and looked at the huge whare that had just been built. He seemed satisfied and said, "At first I thought you had turned into a tree, but if this is where you are, I will remain."

He thrust up his head and looked at the people. "See that I am well fed," he said. "The anger of Kaiwhakaruaki is to be feared. Now I go to sleep. Send my wife to me," and he lumbered into the whare.

"Now is the time," the woman whispered. "You know what to do!"

They piled brushwood and manuka against the walls of the house.

"Where is my wife?" Kai rumbled. "Send her to me for it is growing dark."

While the pile of wood grew higher, they took a piece of timber, dressed it in the woman's clothes, and thrust it through the door, closing it again quickly. The woodpile was soon finished. The chief thrust a torch into it and the fire took hold of the dry twigs and ran through the brushwood, crackling and leaping to life in the darkness.

They heard Kai turn over, for the earth shook under their feet. "What is the noise that I hear?" he called.

"Hush, it is the wind roaring in the tree tops," they shouted. "A storm is coming up."

By now the walls of the whare were ablaze and Kai realised that he had been tricked. He rushed to and fro in his narrow prison but the flames drove him back until, as the rafters sank slowly inwards and a gout of flame rushed up to the sky, he died.

But not the whole of Kaiwhaka was killed. His tail escaped. Falling from his body, it wriggled under the blazing wood and escaped to the forest, where its children live to this very day in the form of the moko papa, the little tree lizard.

Ah, it is another story that is true, for do not these little descendants of the tail of Kaiwhakaruaki have the power to lose their tails without hurt to themselves?

THE TANIWHA OF WAI-KARE MOANA

Wai-kare moana, loveliest of lakes, sea of rippling waters, lies placidly now under summer skies, but in the far-off days there came the pokaretanga¹ that gave to this moana, this little sea, its name.

Mahu was thirsty. He told his daughter, Hau-mapuhia, to go to the spring to bring him water. Hau refused to go, and although Mahu shouted at her she remained stubborn, and in the end he had to go himself.

As he bent over the water he felt his anger mounting. His other children had disobeyed him and had been turned into stones, but a worse fate would befall Hau. He stayed by the lake until night fall. Presently he heard footsteps. It was Hau, searching for her father. When she came close to him he stepped from behind a bush and thrust her into the water. The girl sank down until the water closed over her head. Mahu pressed down on her until her struggles ceased. Then he left the lake and went straight to the sea.

Hau was not dead. She lost the soft rounded form of a young woman. Her hands turned into fish-like fins and her legs were joined together. Her body was covered with scales, her face became ugly and her long hair turned into straggling waterweed. For a while she lay still on the bottom of the lake. Then the cold blood stirred in

¹Agitation.

her and she swept out into deep water. Hau had become a taniwha.

There was little room for her to move in the tiny lake. She plunged into the earth and forced her way through the rocks, thrusting hills aside, shouldering the soil from her as the point of the ko turns the kumara patch. She was stopped only by the great Huia-rau range that stood across her path. The water rushed into the channel she had carved, but she turned and swam through it and attacked the land to the east. She was foiled again, but she hurled herself at the outlet of the lake at Te Wharawhara. While she struggled the arms of the lake extended in her wake and the waters tossed and rippled in the shallows.

Far away she could hear the murmur of the Ocean of Kiwa, and she struggled frantically in her narrow bed.

Foot by foot she crept forward, threshing the water and crying in the unaccustomed voice of a taniwha. Mahu heard her and sent her fish to satisfy her hunger—fish that still swim in placid Wai-kare moana. When she had eaten she was still hungry, and Mahu sent her shellfish, which remain embedded in the rocks from that far-off day to this. Then the sun rose and Hau-mapuhia the taniwha lay still in death with the waters of the lake running down her body and her hair trailing in the rippling waters.

The Pakeha sees her as a rock, but the Maori knows better. She is Hau-mapuhia the taniwha who made the winding water-ways of Wai-kare moana, made them ripple during the long night of her struggle for the freedom of the wide-spreading Ocean of Kiwa.

THE PET TANIWHA

Tu-ariki went from Rangitikei to Whakatu¹ on a fishing excursion. When the canoes were in deep water

¹Nelson.

Tu-ariki caught a young shark. As it threshed about in the bottom of the canoe, Tu-ariki was attracted by the fish. It seemed different to other sharks. The look in its eyes was almost friendly. All the way back to Whakatu it lay on the floorboards looking at him in such a way that Tu-ariki could not bear to kill it.

As soon as the canoe was beached he picked it up in his arms. The shark lay still and allowed him to carry it along the shore to the rocks where there was a deep pool, fringed with great boulders. Tu-ariki slid the fish into the pool. It swam slowly round the circle of rocks and then came to the side where Tu stood, nosing the bank.

Every day Tu-ariki came and fed it. The shark swam to him and would not leave him until he left. By the time the fishermen were ready to return to Rangitikei, Tu-ariki had grown fond of his fish and could not bear to be parted from it, so he took it with him and released it in the river.

"Why do you keep Tutae-poroporo?" his people asked him. Everyone knew Tutae-poroporo, Tu's pet shark.

"As the kuri is to the kiwi-hunter, so is this shark to me," said Tu.

With constant feeding Tutae-poroporo grew as big as a whale and nearly filled the river. But it was not like a whale, nor yet like a shark, and it dawned on Tu that Tutae-poroporo was really a taniwha.

One day a war-party came to Rangitikei from Whanganui and Tu-ariki was killed and eaten. That night Tutae-poroporo waited for his master, but he did not come. All night the taniwha was restless. When morning came and Tu-ariki still did not come, Tutae-poroporo heaved his monstrous body out of the river and explored the paths that Tu had travelled. He could smell the man-scent strong upon them and he roamed to and fro, breaking trees and crushing plants, searching every-

where, but in vain.

In his grief he plunged into the river and floated with it until he reached the sea. As he felt the waves under him he lifted his head out of the water, turning it from side to side and sniffing the breeze. To the north there was nothing; in the west there was only the clean scent of the open sea; to the south, ah, from the south the blood smell came heavy and strong. With a flick of his tail he turned round and sped south until he reached the Whanganui. There the smell was stronger still and his heart raged in his body. He swam up the river until he reached a deep water pool, and there he made his home, under the shadow of Tau-maha-aute.¹ He was no longer Tutae-poroporo the gentle pet of Tu-ariki; he was Tutae-poroporo, the scourge of the Whanganui. No canoe ever passed his hiding place. As soon as the paddles echoed through the walls of the canyon, Tutae rose from the river bottom and swallowed the travellers.

At first the Whanganui people knew nothing of the taniwha up-river, but soon there were so many canoes missing that they sent out search parties. When they discovered the truth of the man-eating monster they fled from their pas.

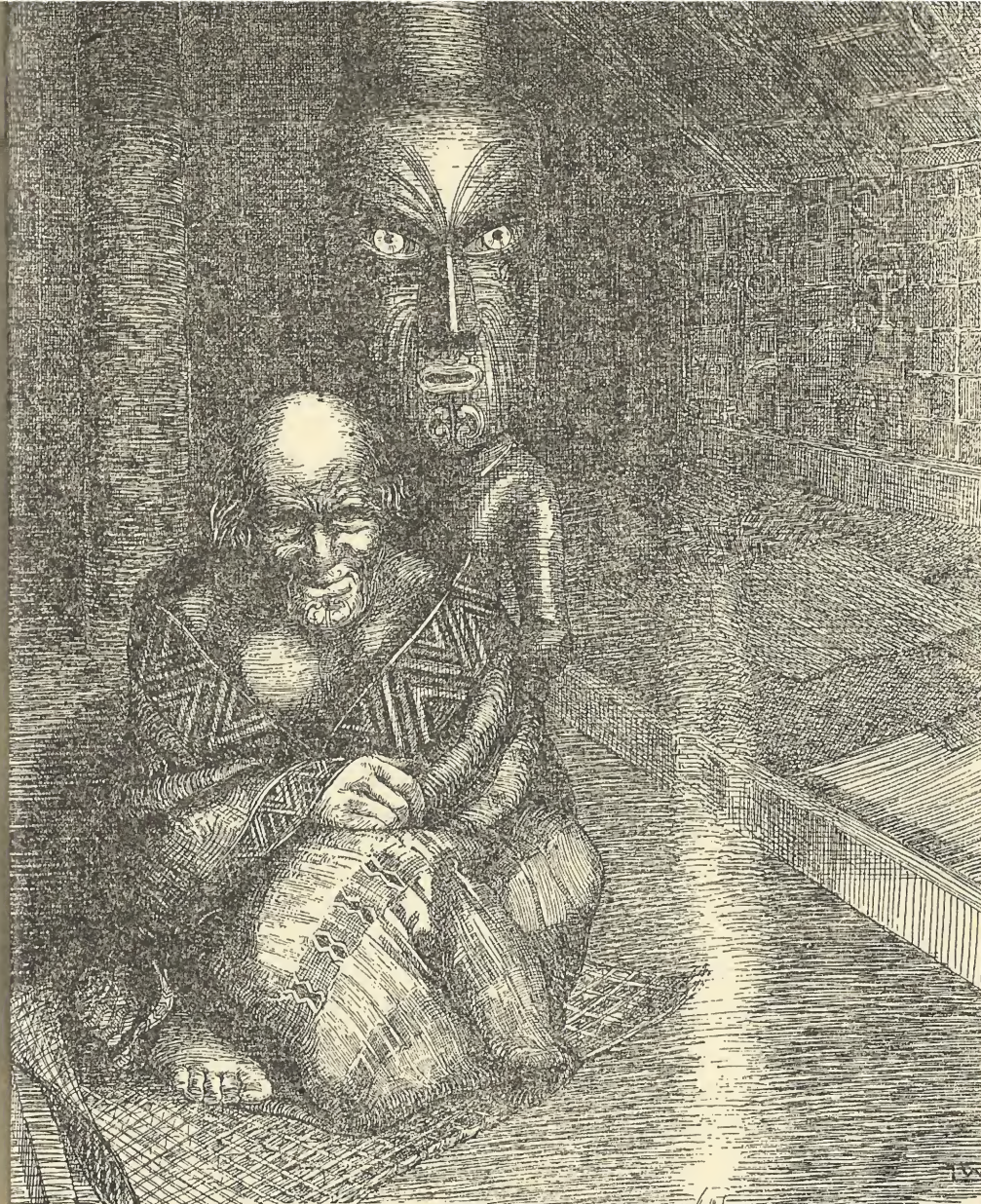
Then Tama-ahua, he who owned the magic feather,² flew to his pa at Waitotara and pleaded with a famous taniwha-killer, Ao-kehu by name. "The land is desolate because of the taniwha," he said. "Children mourn their fathers and wives their husbands."

"I shall come," said Ao-kehu.

A few days later he arrived with seventy of his people, bringing with him his two taniwha-killing weapons, Tai-timu and Tai-paroa, which were shaped like saws with sharks' teeth set in their edges.

¹Well known to the Pakeha as Shakespeare Cliff.

²See page 216.



·AUPENE·

Teller of Tales

Without wasting time, Ao-kehu set his people to making a box with a close-fitting lid, long enough to hold him and his weapons. The box was taken up-stream. Ao-kehu got into it with Tai-timu and Taiparoa and the lid was closed and lashed firmly. Clay was pressed into the holes and cracks in the wood to make everything air-tight, and the box was carried to the water and floated down the river.

As it came to Tau-maha-aute, Tutae-poroporo smelt the man-scent. The people, watching from the ridge which faced the cliff, saw Tutae-poroporo rise from the water like some great weatherworn rock. His mouth opened and engulfed the floating box, and then he was gone with nothing to tell of his passing except the waves that boiled under the rocks.

Crouched in his narrow box, Ao-kehu repeated incantations to the gods. He felt the sudden plunge as the box was swallowed and the taniwha sank to the bottom of the river. Lifting up his weapons, he sawed through the lid of the box and attacked the taniwha's body from the inside. The monster hurled himself from side to side and Ao-kehu was thrown about in the dark body, but after a final flurry, the taniwha fell on its side and died.

Presently the waiting people saw its body drifting down the river and they followed it till it came ashore. Setting to work at once, they cut it open and released Ao-kehu, and then removed the bodies of the people the taniwha had killed, and gave them decent burial.

Tutae-poroporo they left as food for the birds, and everyone rejoiced at its death. But in his home in the dim underworld, perhaps Tu-ariki knew and grieved for the passing of a faithful friend.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Maori Religion and Mythology*; Elsdon Best.
Polynesian Mythology; Sir George Grey.
Legends of the Maori; James Cowan and Sir Maui Pomare.
Revenge; John White.
The Lore of the Whare Wananga; S. Percy Smith.
The Story of New Zealand; A. H. Reed.
Old Tasman Bay; J. D. Peart.
Myths and Legends of Polynesia; Johannes C. Andersen.
Tuhoe; Elsdon Best.
Maoriland Fairy Tales; Edith Howes.
The Ancient History of the Maori (six volumes); John White
Legends of the Maori; Colonel Porter.
Maori Legends; Kate Clark.
Te Ika a Maui; Richard Taylor.
Te Whanganui; T. H. Downes.
Tikao Talks; Herries Beattie.
Maori Lore of Lake, Alp and Fiord; Herries Beattie.
Folk Talks of the Maori; A. A. Grace.
Maori Place Names; Johannes C. Andersen.
Te Tohunga; W. Dittmer.
Polynesian Journal.

MAORI WORDS USED IN THE BOOK
AND THEIR MEANING

ariki: chief or leader.
haka: dance; frequently a war-dance.
kainga: unfortified village.
kaka: bird—a kind of parrot.
karakia: spell or incantation.
kiwi: bird—a wingless bird.
ko: a tool for digging.
korari: the flower stem of the flax. It is very light.
kumara: sweet potato.
kuri: dog.
makutu: magic.
mana: influence, power, authority or prestige.
manuka: shrub or tree, often called tea-tree.
marae: courtyard or open space in the village.
mere: a short, flat weapon made of stone or greenstone.
moko: tattooing.
ngarara: monster reptile.
pa: fortified village.
pakeha: white man.
patu-paiarehe: fairy.
patupatu: weapon.
poi: light ball attached to a string, and twirled rhythmically to the accompaniment of a song or dance.
ponaturi: sea fairies.
puhi: unmarried girl.
putara: a trumpet made of a shell with a wooden mouthpiece.
rakaunui: full moon.
rangatira: chief.
rangi: the sky or sky-father.
reinga: the spirit-land, or leaping place of spirits.
taiaha: weapon about five feet long, made of hard wood.
taniwha: monster.
tapu: sacred, forbidden.
taro: cultivated plant used for food.

taua: war party.
tekoteko: carved figure on the gable of a house.
tipua: goblin or demon.
toa: warrior.
tohunga: priest.
toetoe: long-leaved plant with lofty plumes.
totara: forest tree.
tuahu: a sacred place in the village.
turehu: fair-skinned fairy people.
whare: house.

THE STORY OF NEW ZEALAND

Second Edition

By A. H. REED

New Zealand's romantic story from earliest times to the Centennial. 30 N.Z. Crossword Puzzles. Over 500 pages of good, clear type, with maps, and scores of illustrations. A N.Z. Quiz Supplement of 400 Questions, with key.



"All teachers and young students owe a debt of gratitude for the compilation, within the covers of one volume, of such wide, detailed and yet apparently accurate material."—OLIVER J. BEGG, M.A., Head of Dept. of History and Social Studies, King's High School, Dunedin.

EXTRACT FROM FOREWORD

The present work is designed to interest the general reader and the youth of our land, and those to whom New Zealand history has not perhaps made a very strong appeal. Its purposes are to foster increasing esteem of our goodly heritage, recognition of the debt we owe to our forerunners, and the obligation that lies upon us, by serving our own generation, to pave the way for those who shall follow us.

PRICE 20/-

THE GARDEN OF TANE

By MONA GORDON

This is a book written for the forest-lovers of New Zealand. Well illustrated with photographs and a frontispiece in full colour, and, written with sympathy and knowledge, it is a book to keep.

The chapter headings show the nature and content of the book better than any eulogistic summary:

Myths of the Forest
The Garden of Tane
The Botanists of Early Expeditions
Hooker: From the Garden of Tane to Kew
Cheeseman Completes the Story
Cockayne Watches Things Grow
Elsdon Best and Maori Nature Lore
Rakau Rangatira—the Lordly Trees
Rakau Tapu—Sacred Trees
The Forests
Fruits of the Forest
Colour in the Garden of Tane.
Pohutukawa and the Underworld
Symphony in White
Long Leaves—New Zealand Lilies
People of the Trees
Mothland
Kahukura the Butterfly
The Maori Fairyland

PRICE 15/-

